

SUPERMAN

SUPERMAN

Post-



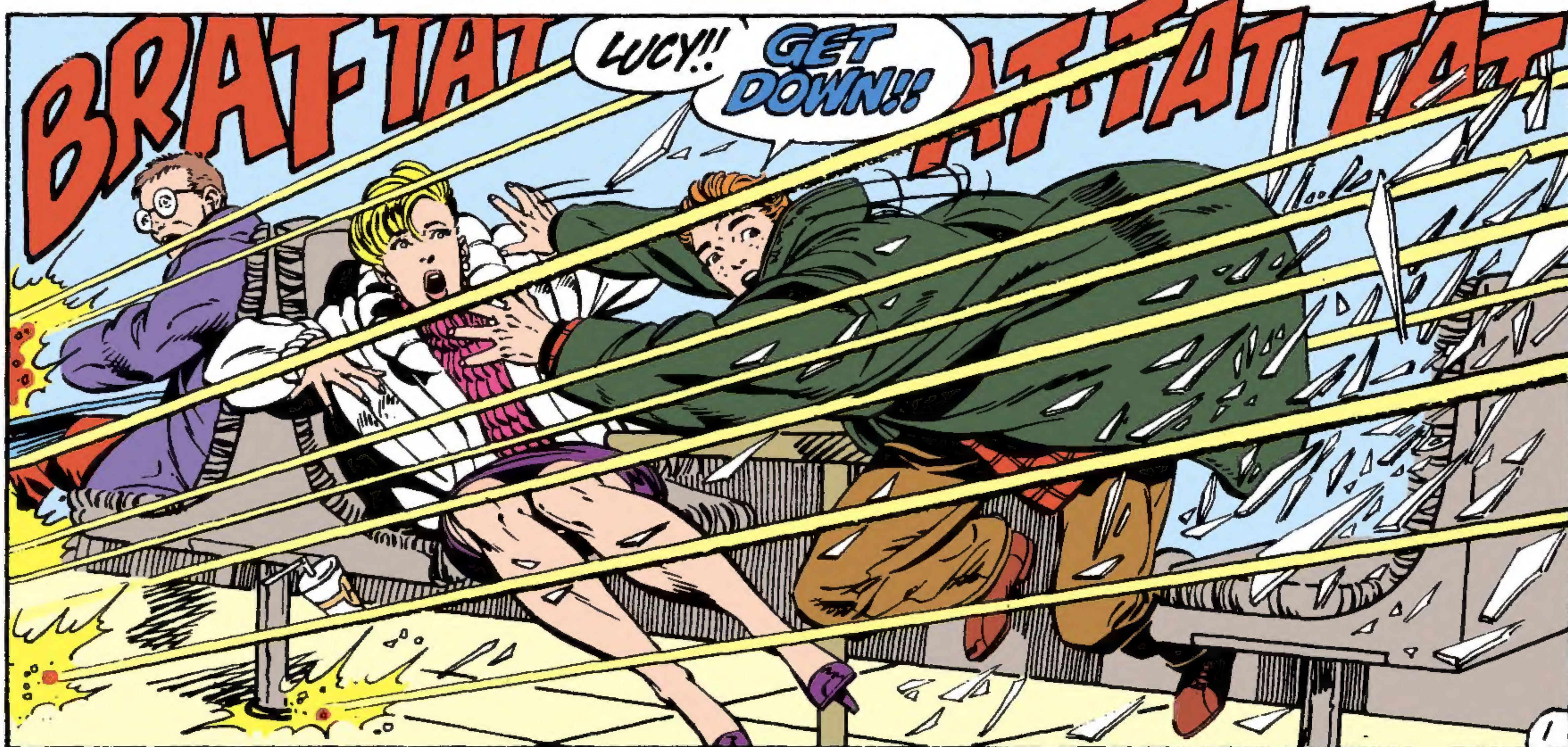
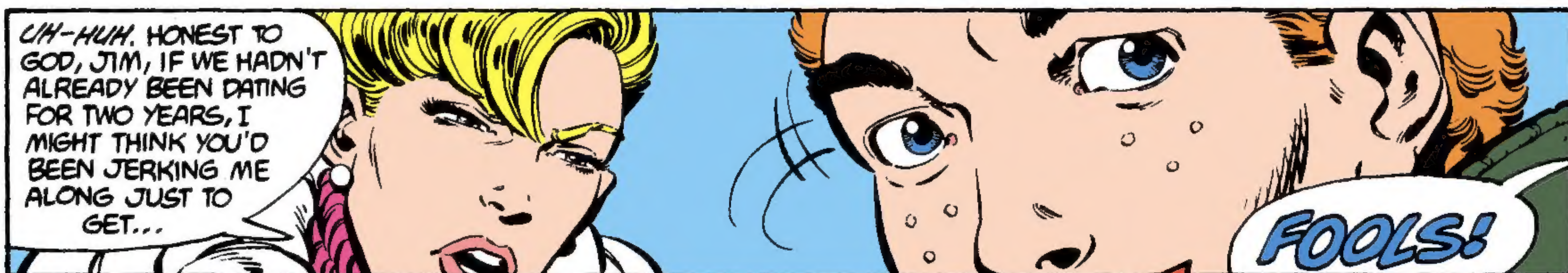
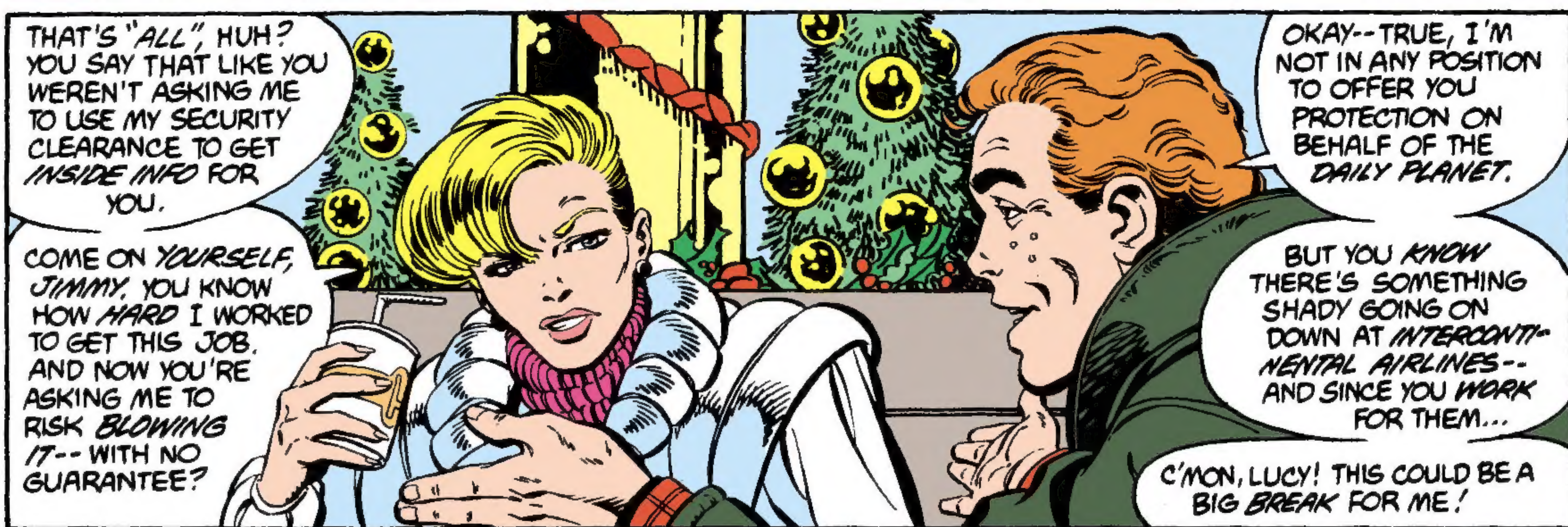
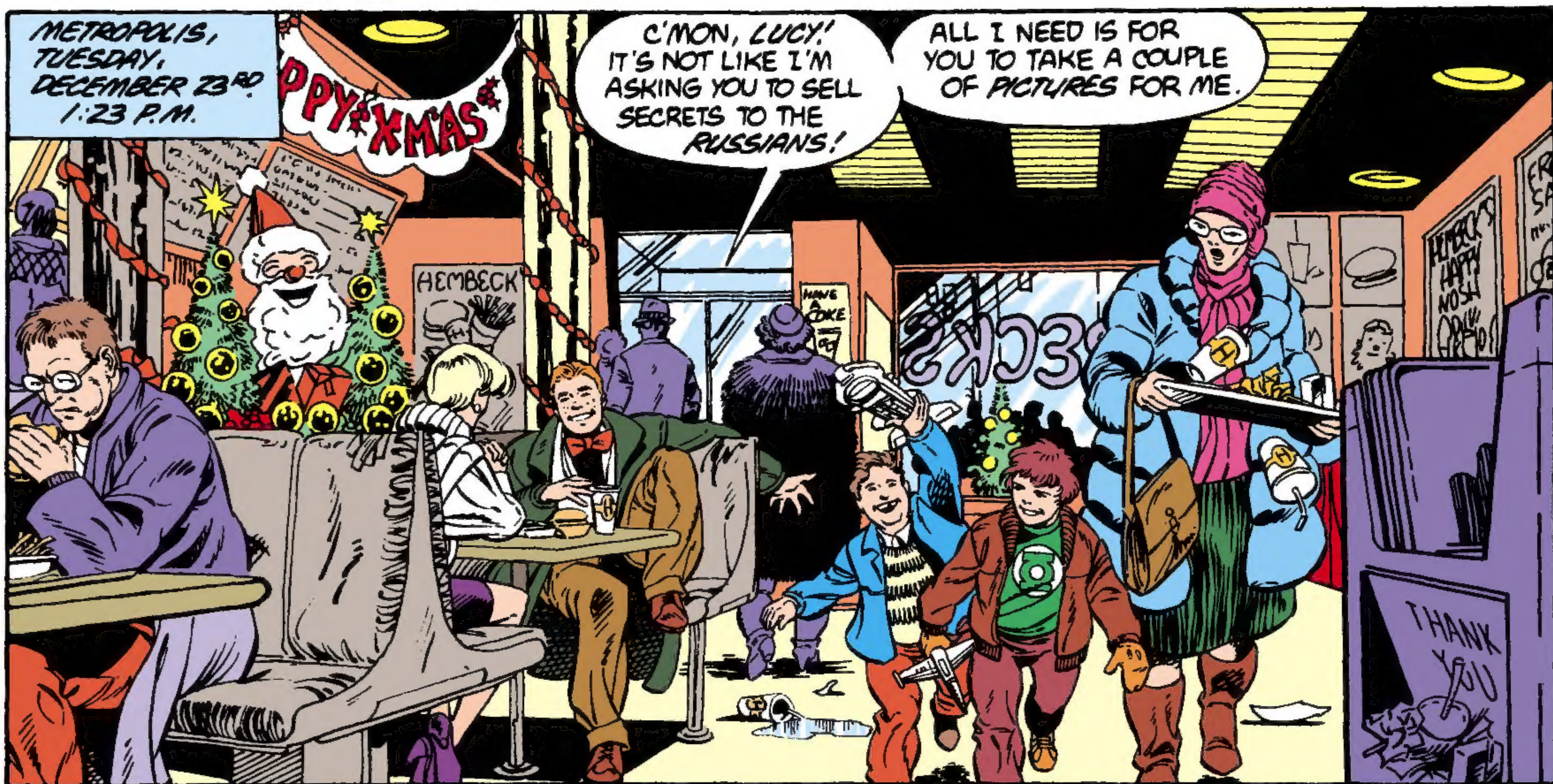
Post-**CRISIS**

The Last Five Hundred

The Last Five Hundred

Volume
12

12



A comic book illustration of a muscular man with a red mask and a large gun, running towards a large, futuristic vehicle. The man is wearing a black tank top, yellow and orange patterned pants, and green boots. He is holding a large, silver, multi-barreled gun. The vehicle is a large, brown, futuristic car with a large, white, cylindrical object on top. The background shows a city street with a building and a car.

J-JIMMY...

WHAT... WHO... WHO WAS THAT LUNATIC?

I... DON'T KNOW, LUCE...

BUT I KNOW SOMEONE WHO'S GONNA WANT TO FIND OUT!

2

THIS BETTER
NOT BE ANOTHER
FLAT TIRE,
JIMMY!

SUPERMAN'S PAL JIMMY OLSEN

Created by
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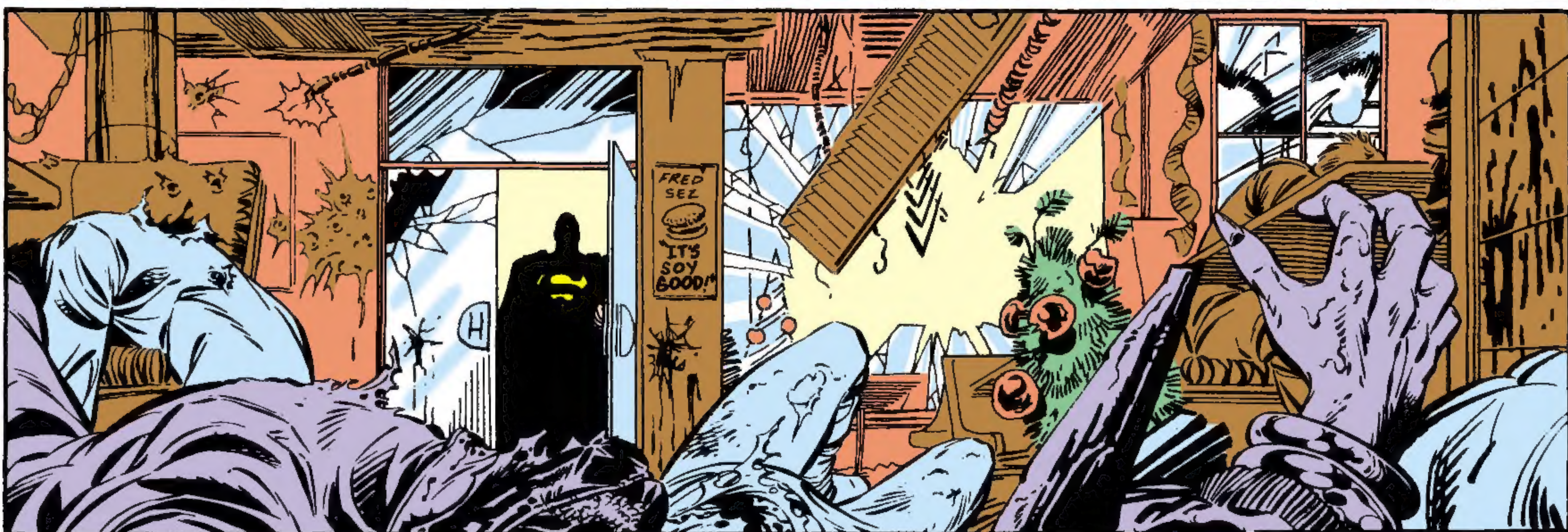
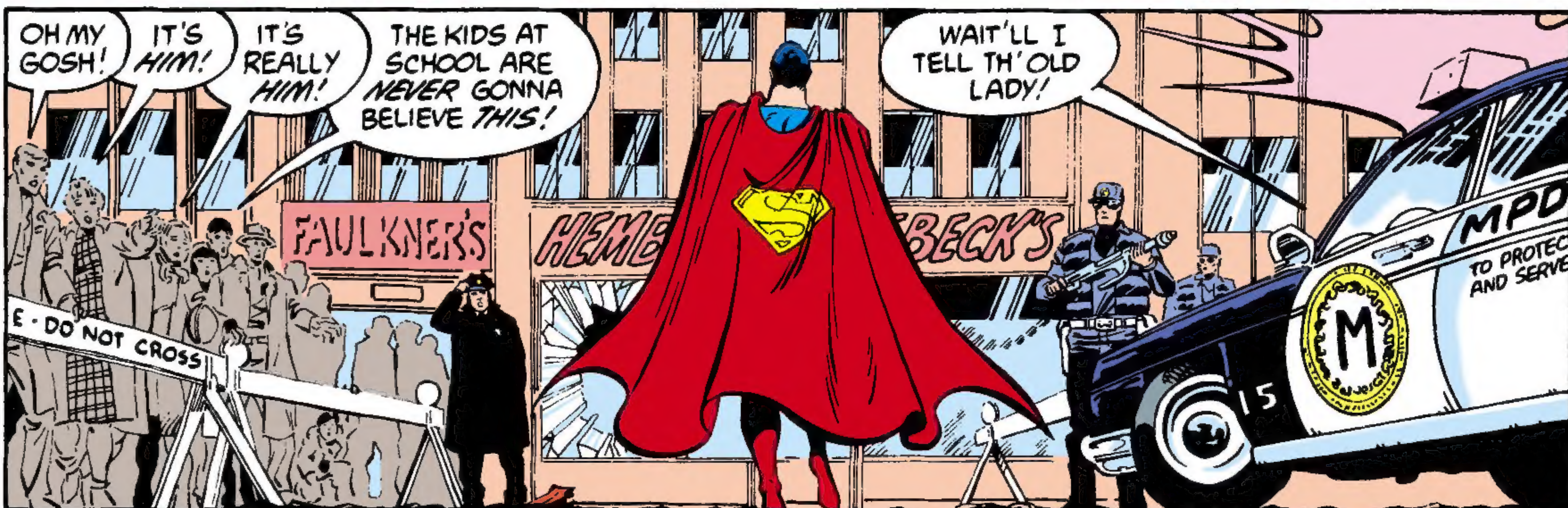
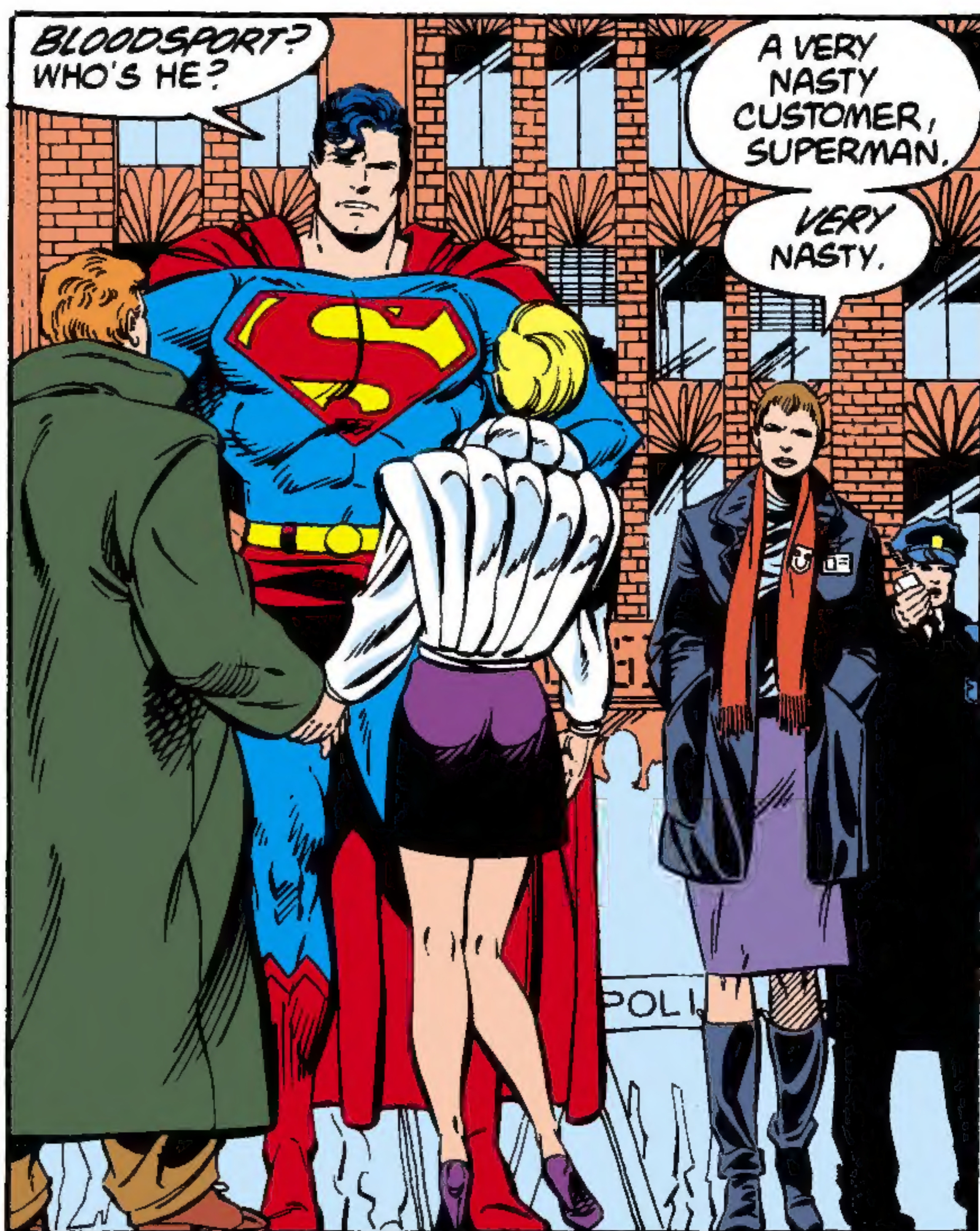
Heifer
Carlin
editors

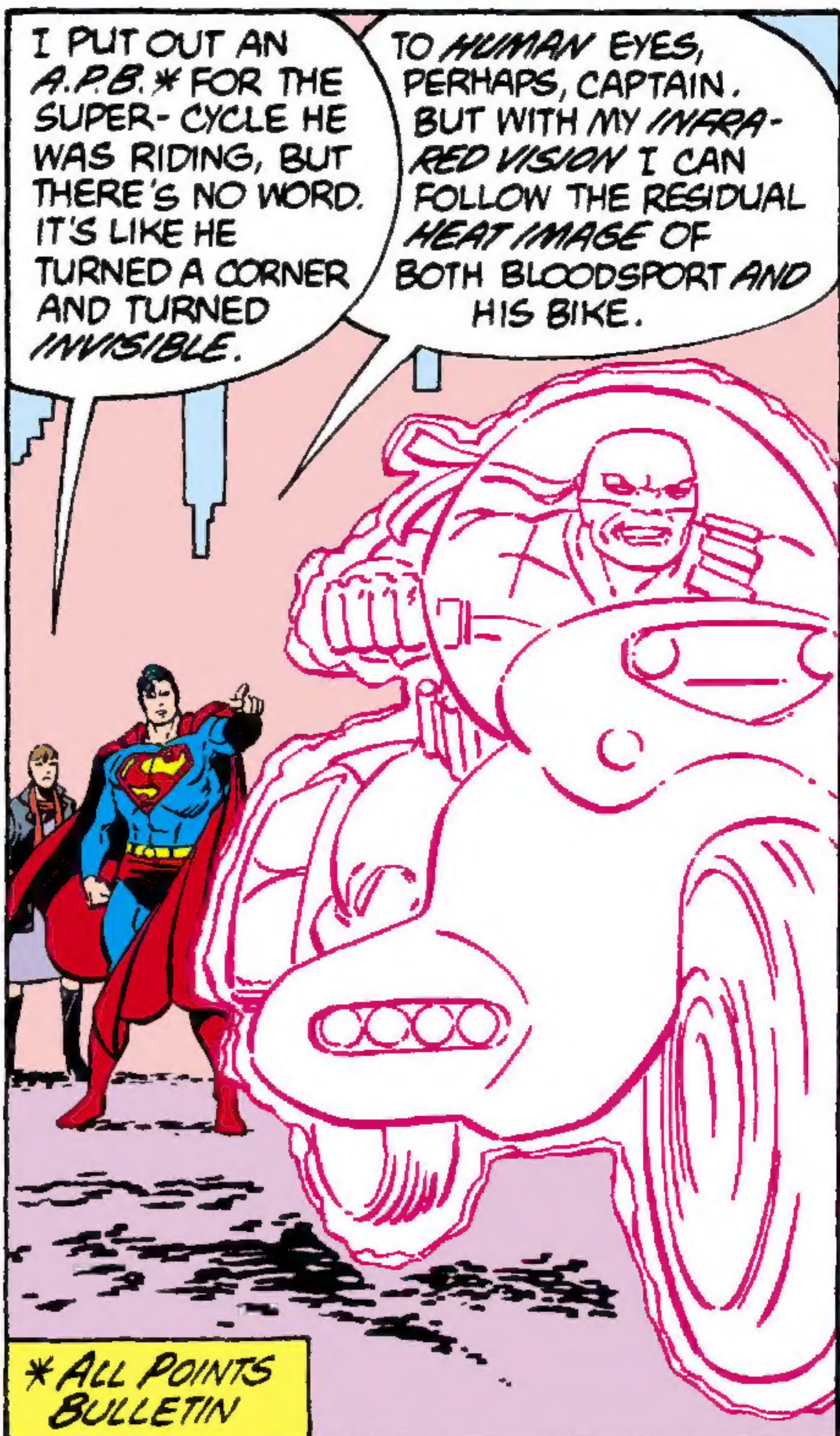
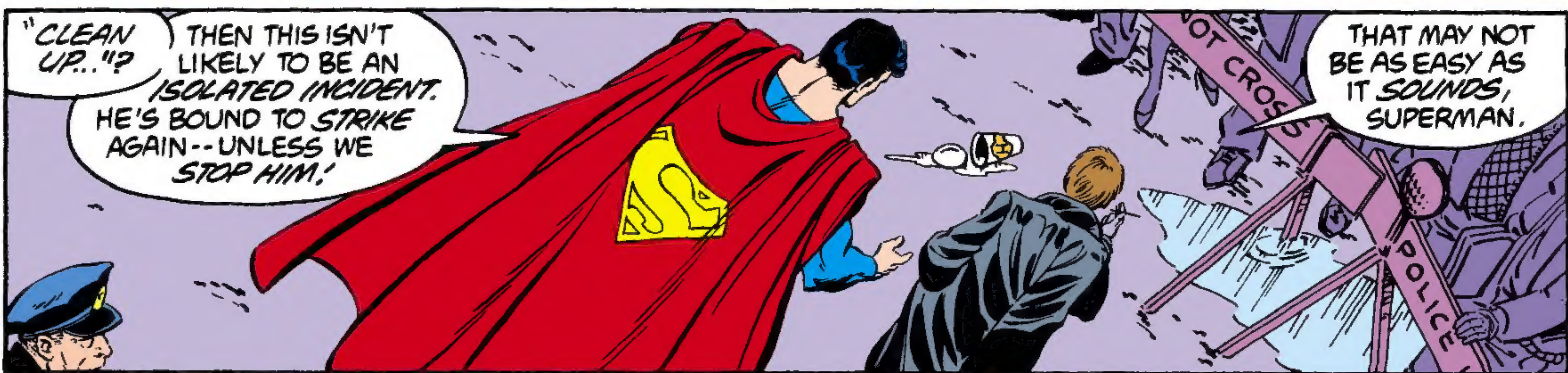
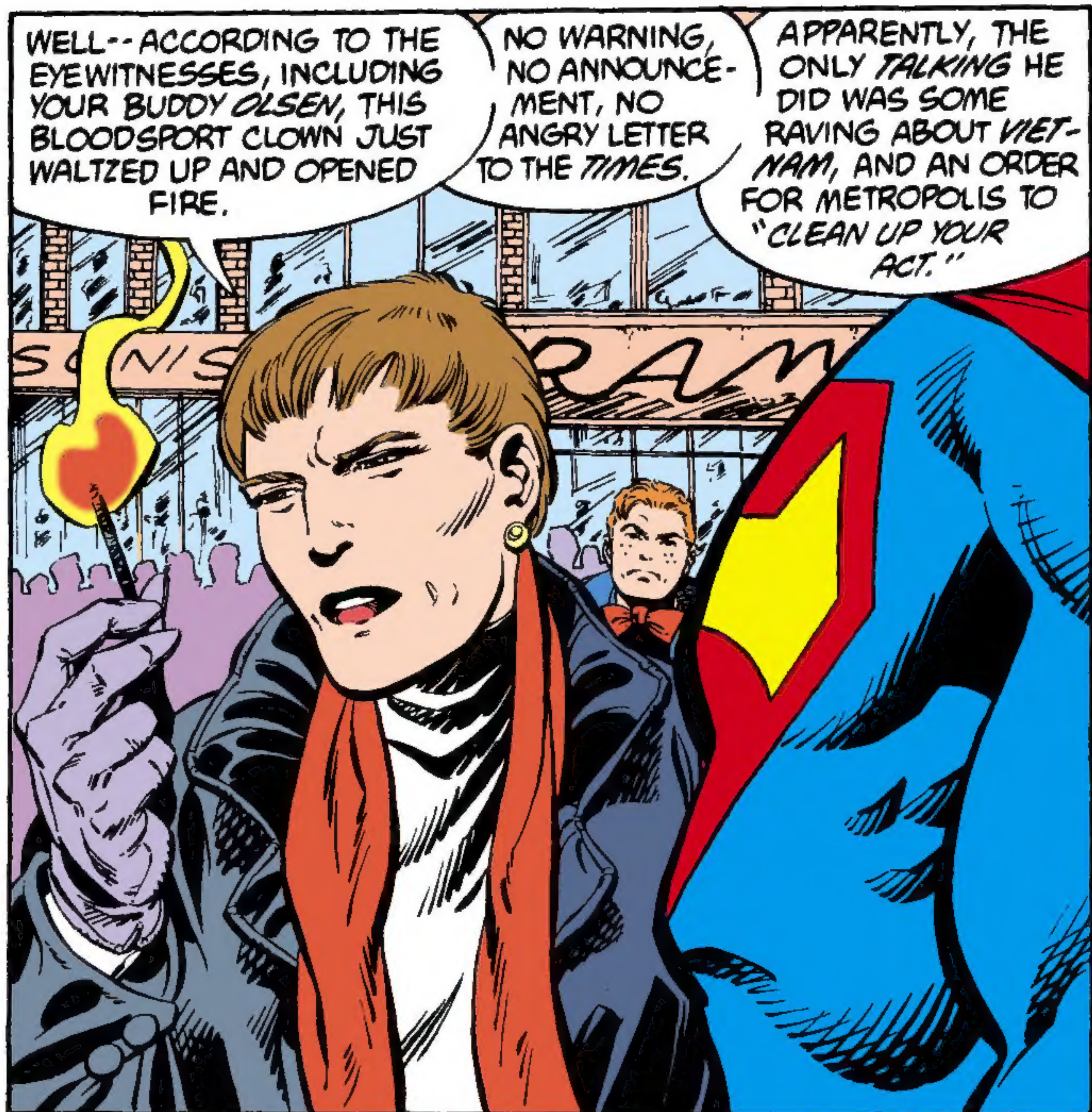
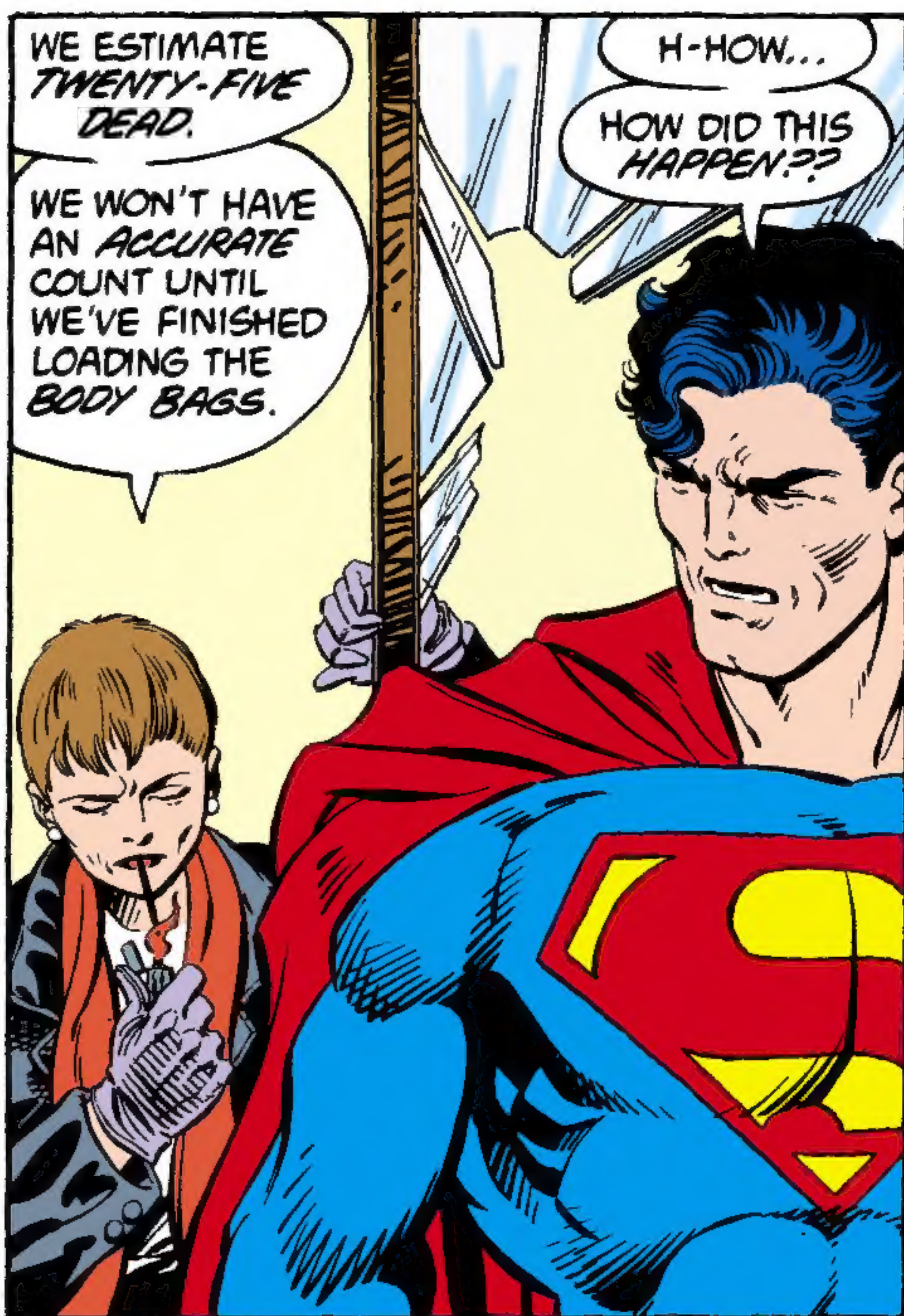
NO WAY,
SUPERMAN!

I PROMISED YOU
I'D NEVER USE THIS
SIGNAL WATCH
FOR ANYTHING TRIVIAL
AGAIN--AND BELIEVE
ME, THIS ISN'T TRIVIAL!

THERE'S A MADMAN
ON THE LOOSE, SUPERMAN.
A CANNON-SLINGING
LUNATIC WHO CALLS
HIMSELF...

BLOODSPORT!







JIMMY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING??

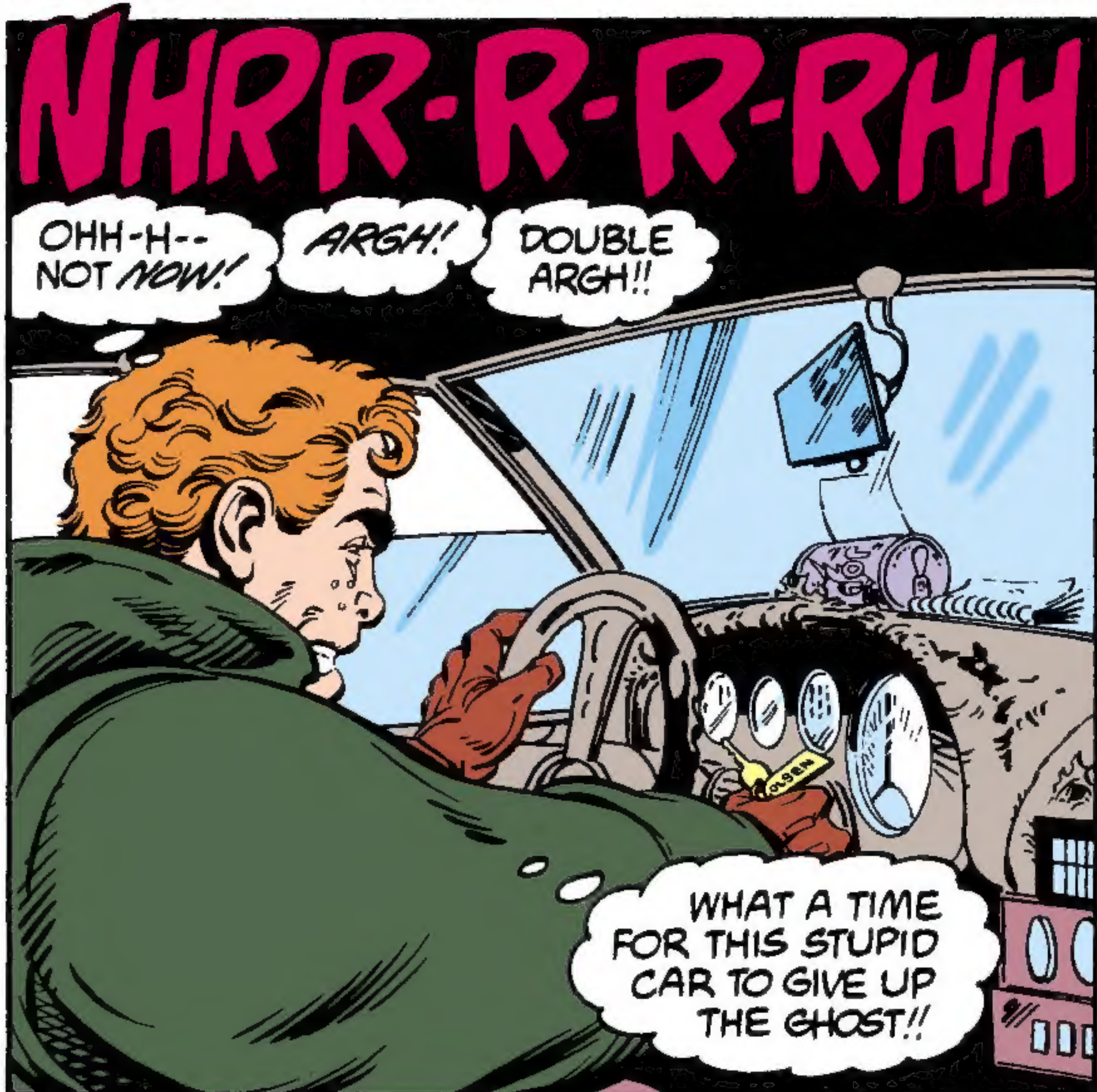
YOU HEARD THE MAN, LUCY.



IF SUPERMAN'S GONNA PEG BLOODSPORT, I'M GONNA BE THERE!

THIS IS ONE SUPER-SCOOP I'M NOT GONNA LOSE TO CLARK KENT OR YOUR SISTER, LOIS!

SEE YA LATER!



NHRR-R-R-RHH

OHH-H-- NOT NOW!

ARGH!

DOUBLE ARGH!!

WHAT A TIME FOR THIS STUPID CAR TO GIVE UP THE GHOST!!



OKAY, OLSEN, GET YOURSELF TOGETHER. YOU'VE STILL GOT YOUR POLICE BAND RADIO. LET'S HEAR WHAT...

... SIGHTED AT KENMOORE LANES IN QUEENSVIEW. REPEATING: A VEHICLE MATCHING THE DESCRIPTION OF BLOODSPORT'S MOTORCYCLE HAS BEEN SIGHTED AT...



BINGO!

I KNOW THAT BOWLING ALLEY! MY DAD USED TO TAKE ME THERE.

IT SHOULDN'T TAKE MORE'N TEN MINUTES TO GET THERE BY...



TAXI!!

**FIVE
MINUTES
AGO...**

УЕЕДН-Н-Н-Н-Н-Н

BRR

KENMOORE

YOU CREEPS!
YOU STUPID,
CRAWLING
CREEPS!

LOOK AT YOU!
SOFT AND WET
AND *USELESS!*

ALL OF
YOU!!

ME AN' MICKEY
BOUGHT YOUR
LIBERTY WITH
OUR LIVES!
NOW...

TENK

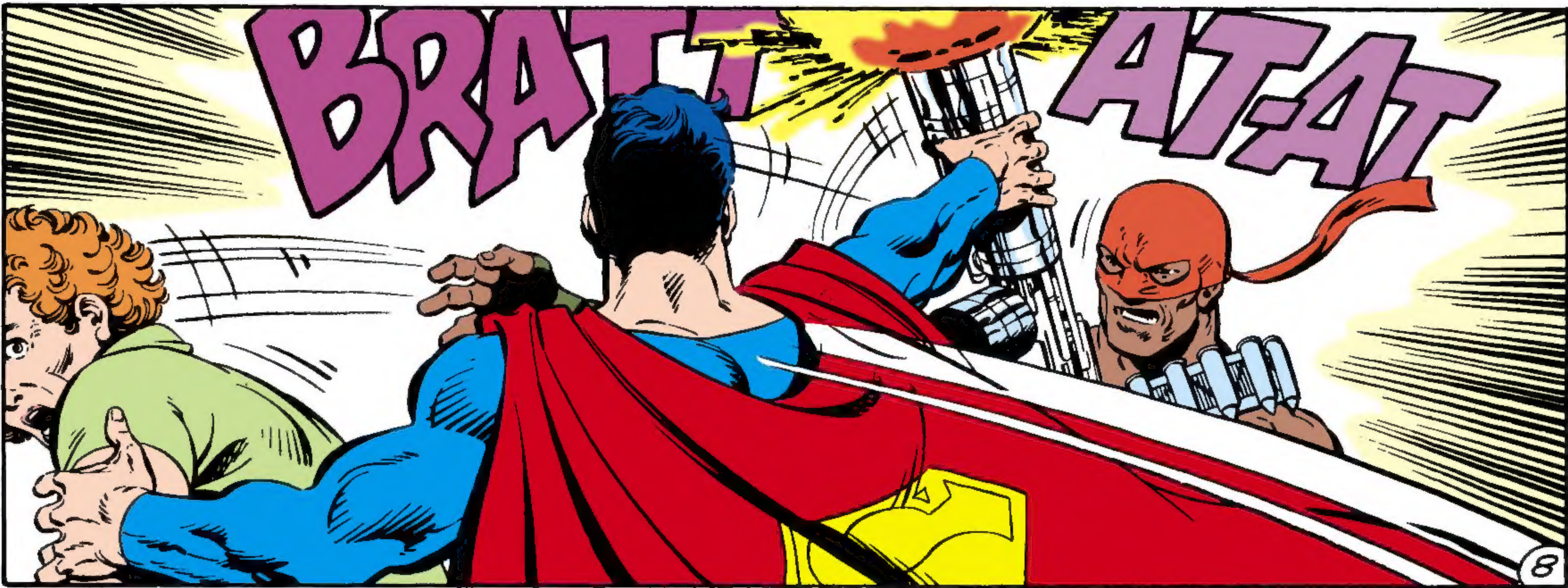
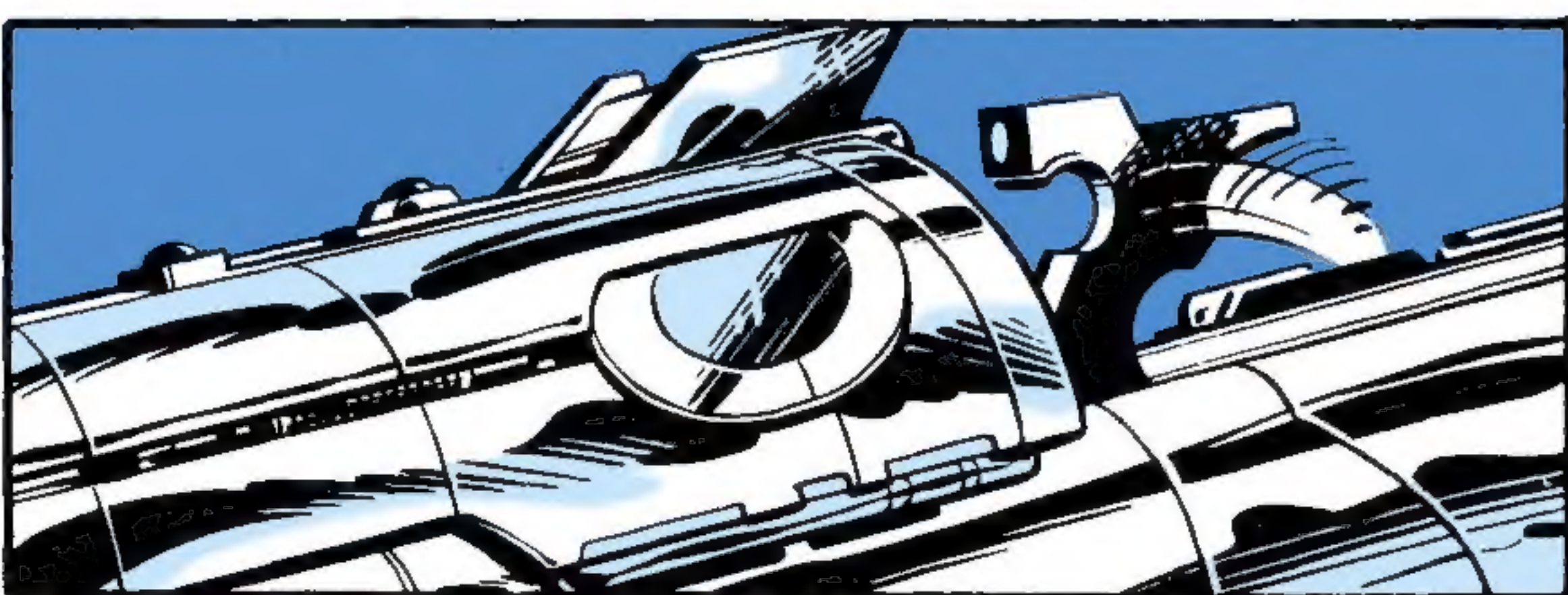
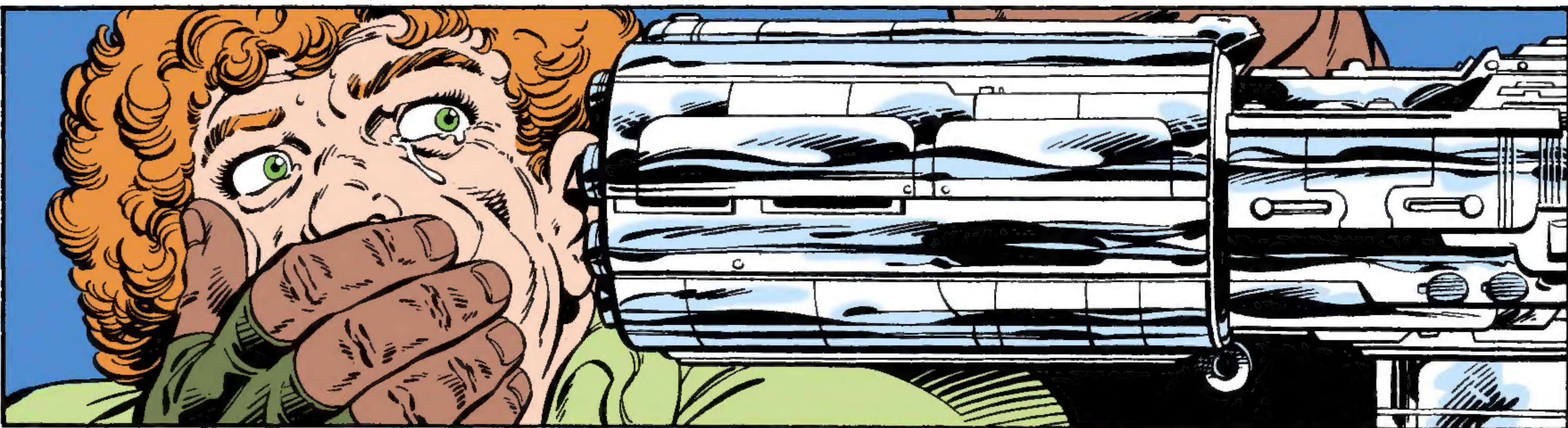
OKAY, BIG MOUTH, YOU CAN LET THE LADY GO NOW, AND *DROP* THAT PEA-SHOOTER.

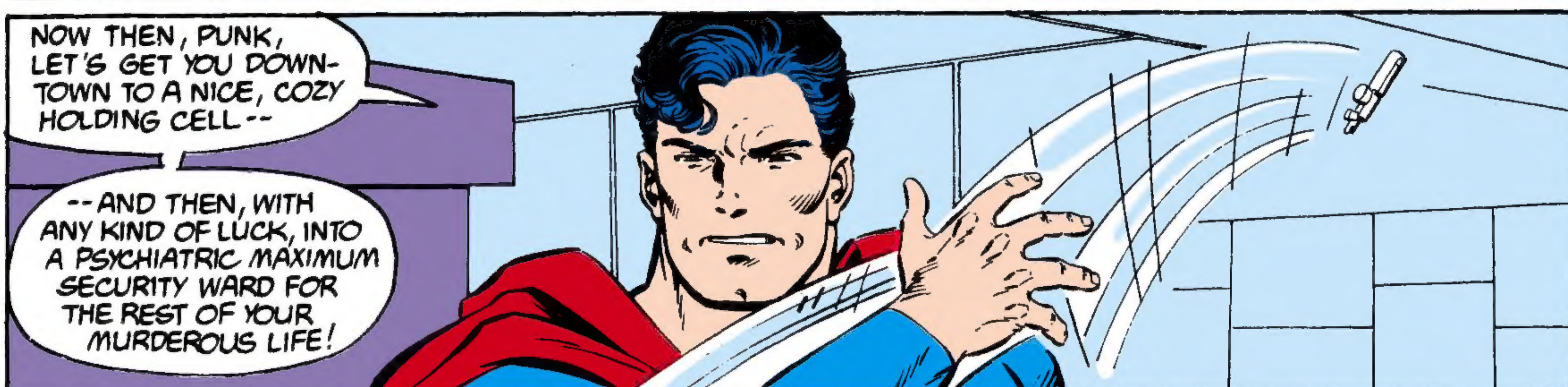
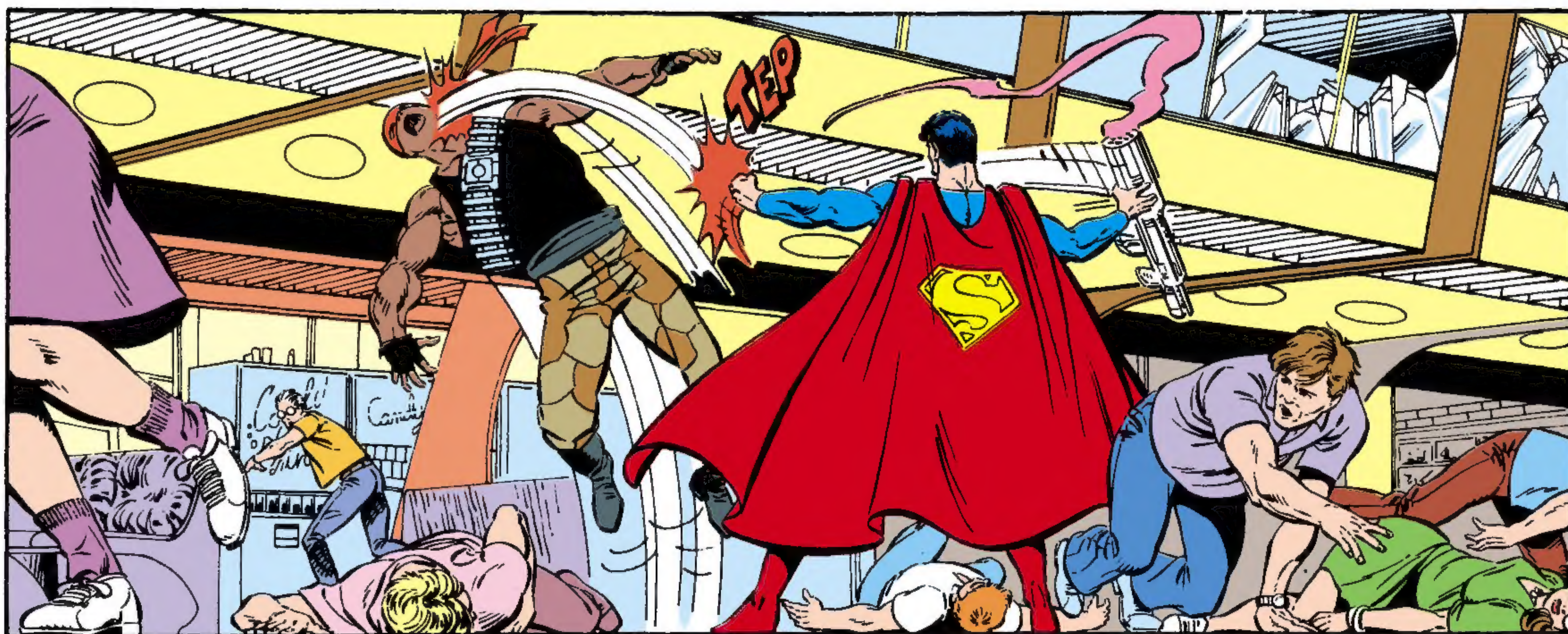
THEN I'LL GIVE YOU
ABOUT *THREE SECONDS*
TO COME UP WITH A
GOOD REASON WHY
I *SHOULDN'T* BOWL
A FEW FRAMES
WITH YOUR *HEAD*

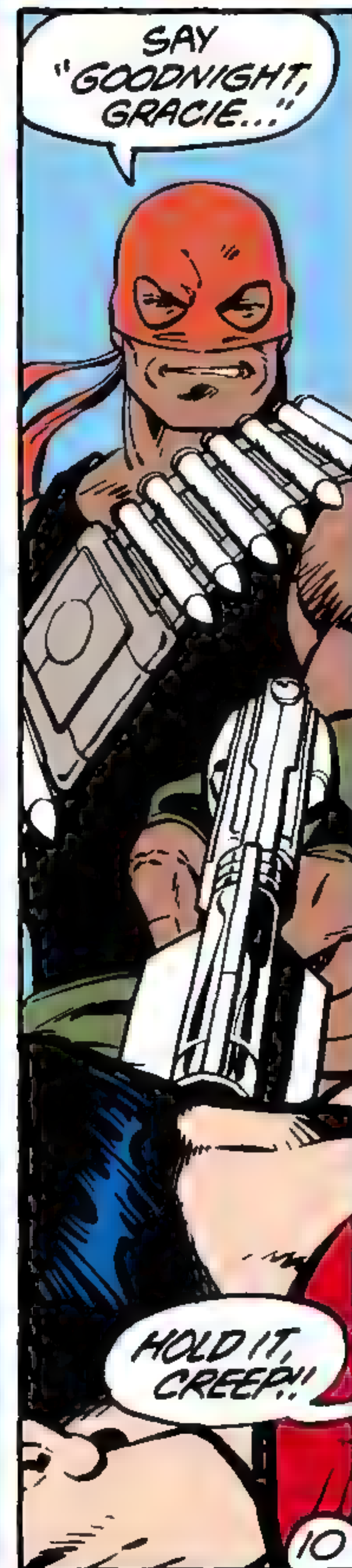
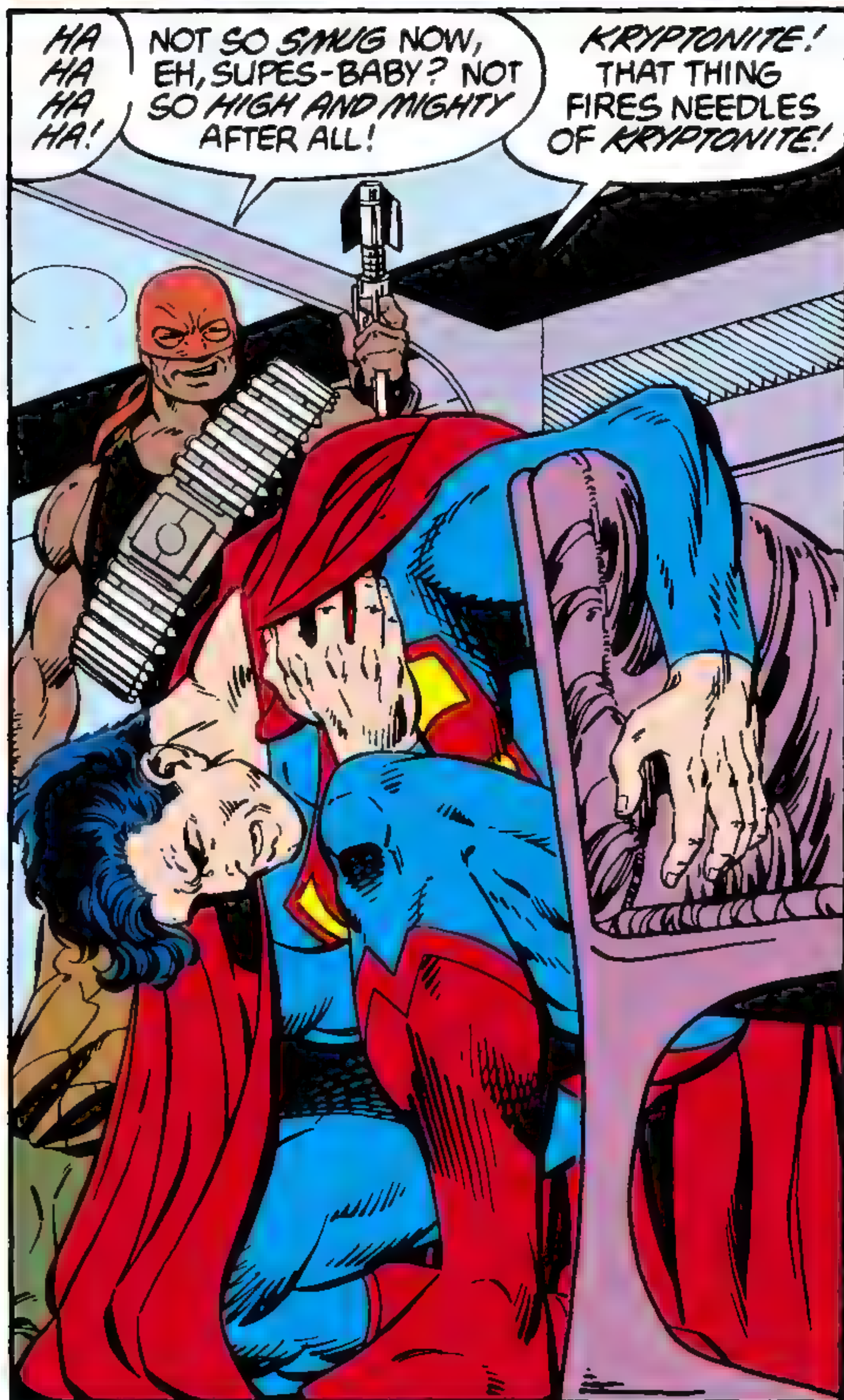
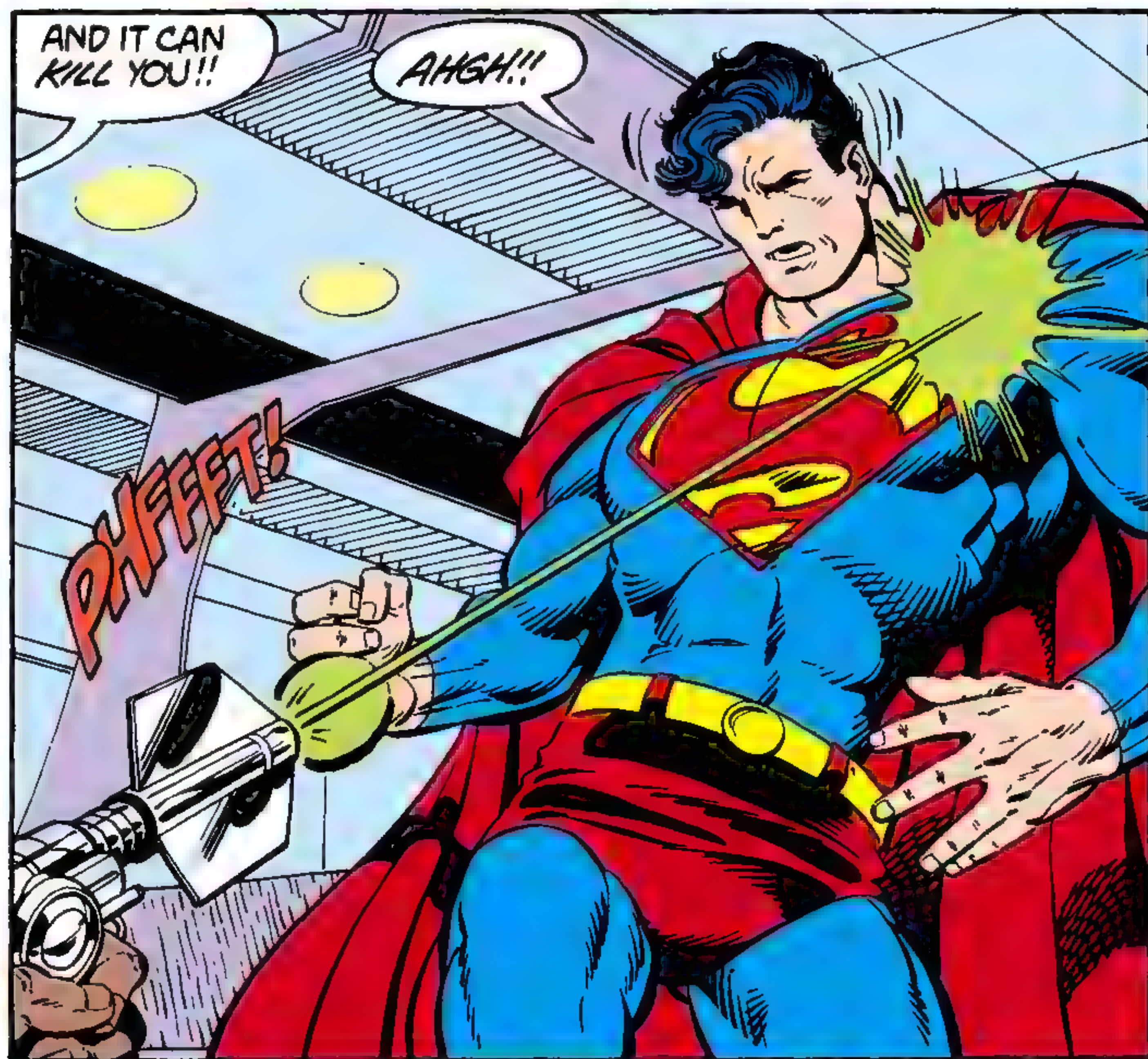
SUPERMAN!

YEAH! YEAH!
YOU'RE THE ONE
I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR!

DON'T COME ANY
CLOSER, FREAK-O,
OR I'LL GIVE THIS
BROAD A FAST
LOBOTOMY!





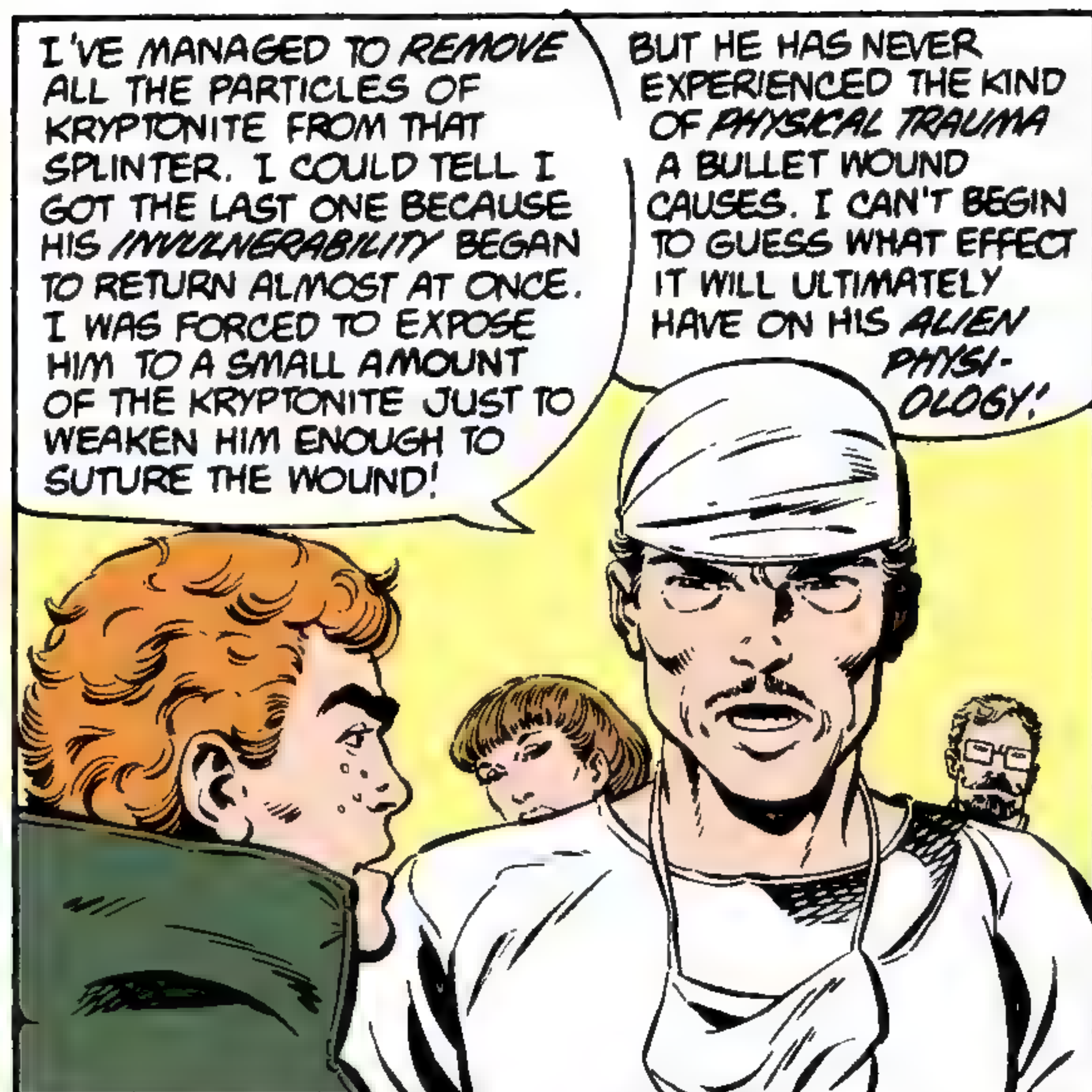






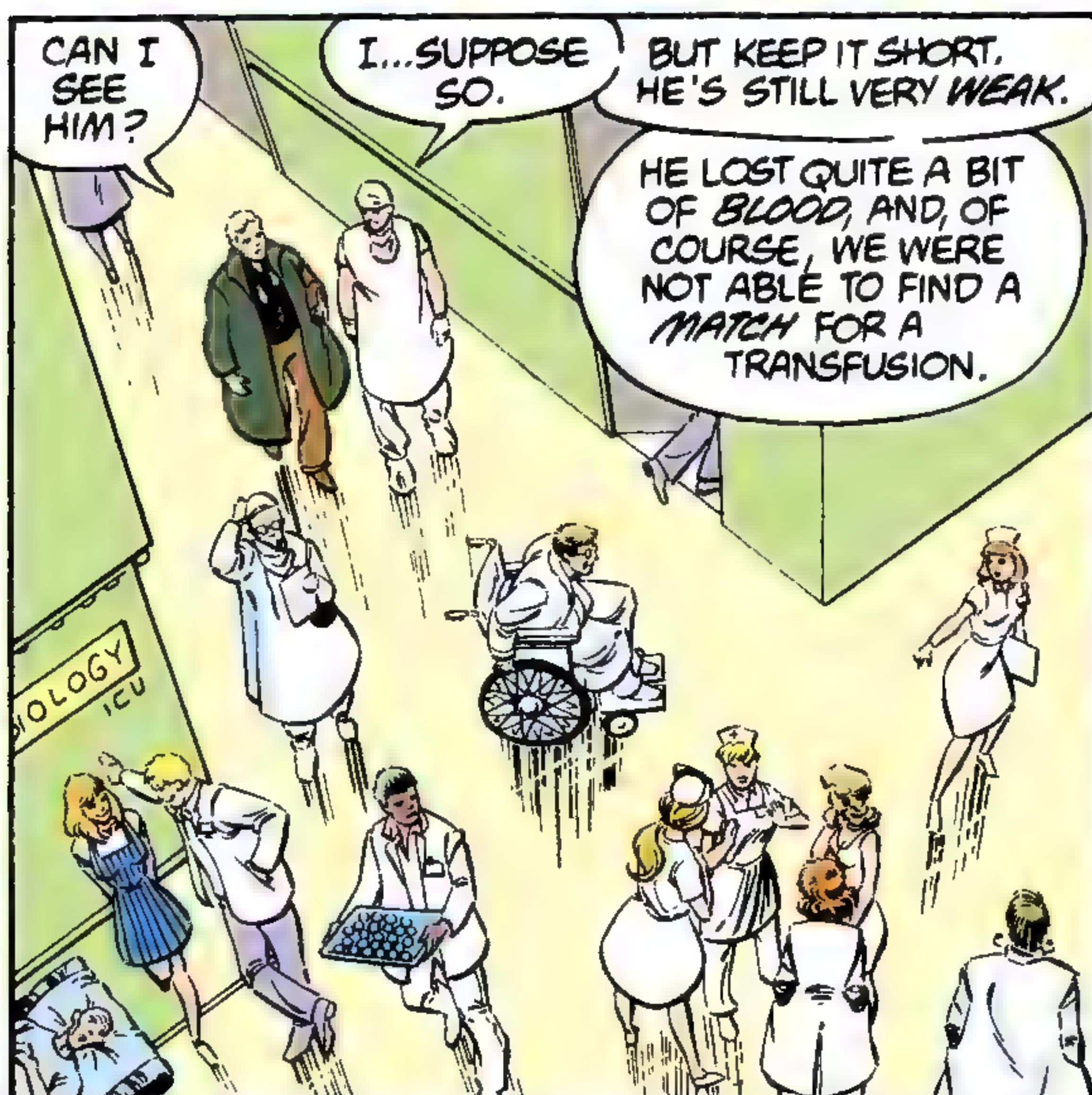
DOCTOR SANCHEZ!
HOW IS HE?

THAT'S HARD TO SAY, MR. OLSEN.



I'VE MANAGED TO REMOVE ALL THE PARTICLES OF KRYPTONITE FROM THAT SPLINTER. I COULD TELL I GOT THE LAST ONE BECAUSE HIS INVULNERABILITY BEGAN TO RETURN ALMOST AT ONCE. I WAS FORCED TO EXPOSE HIM TO A SMALL AMOUNT OF THE KRYPTONITE JUST TO WEAKEN HIM ENOUGH TO SUTURE THE WOUND!

BUT HE HAS NEVER EXPERIENCED THE KIND OF PHYSICAL TRAUMA A BULLET WOUND CAUSES. I CAN'T BEGIN TO GUESS WHAT EFFECT IT WILL ULTIMATELY HAVE ON HIS ALIEN PHYSIOLOGY!

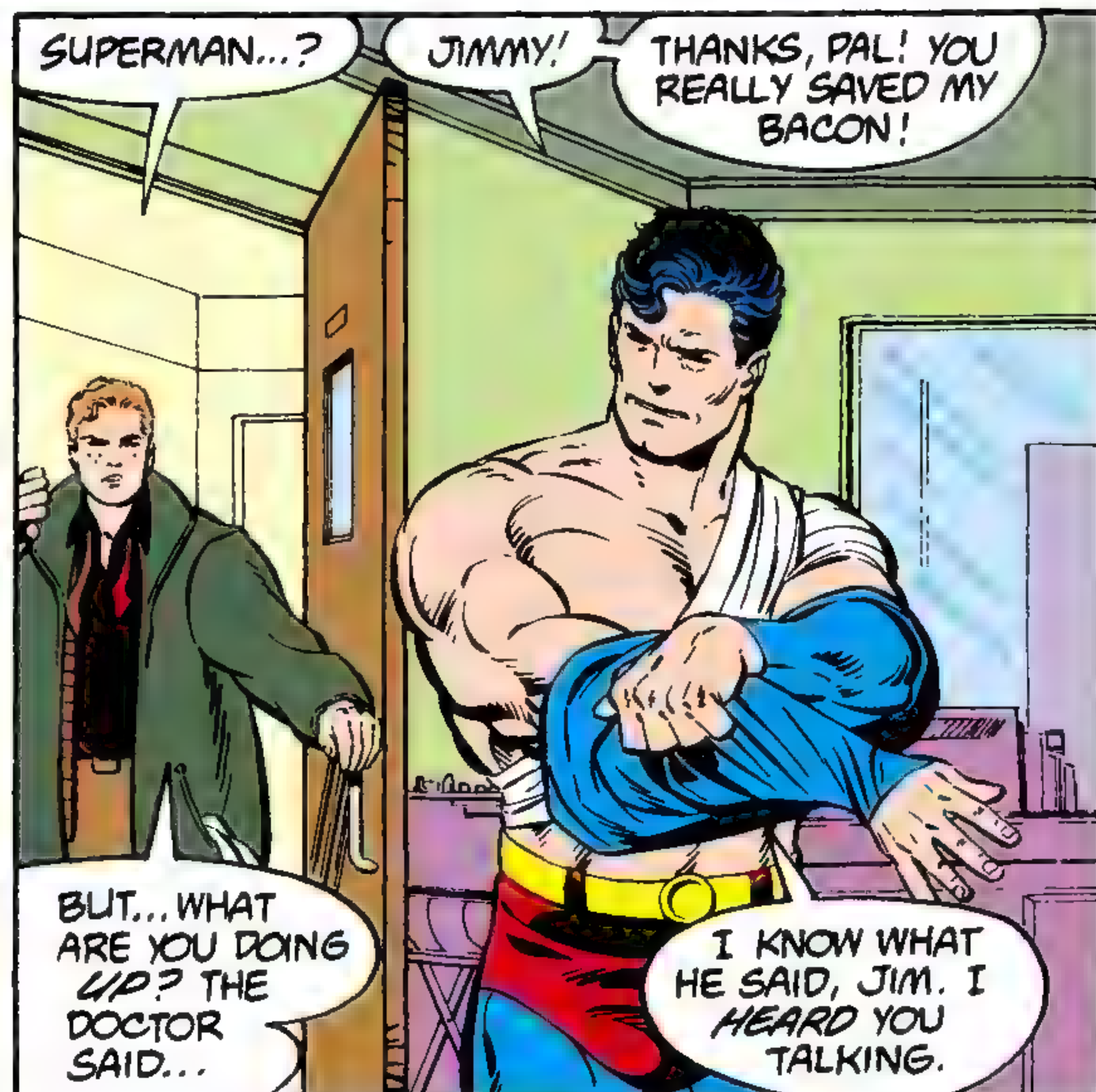


CAN I SEE HIM?

I...SUPPOSE SO.

BUT KEEP IT SHORT. HE'S STILL VERY WEAK.

HE LOST QUITE A BIT OF BLOOD, AND, OF COURSE, WE WERE NOT ABLE TO FIND A MATCH FOR A TRANSFUSION.



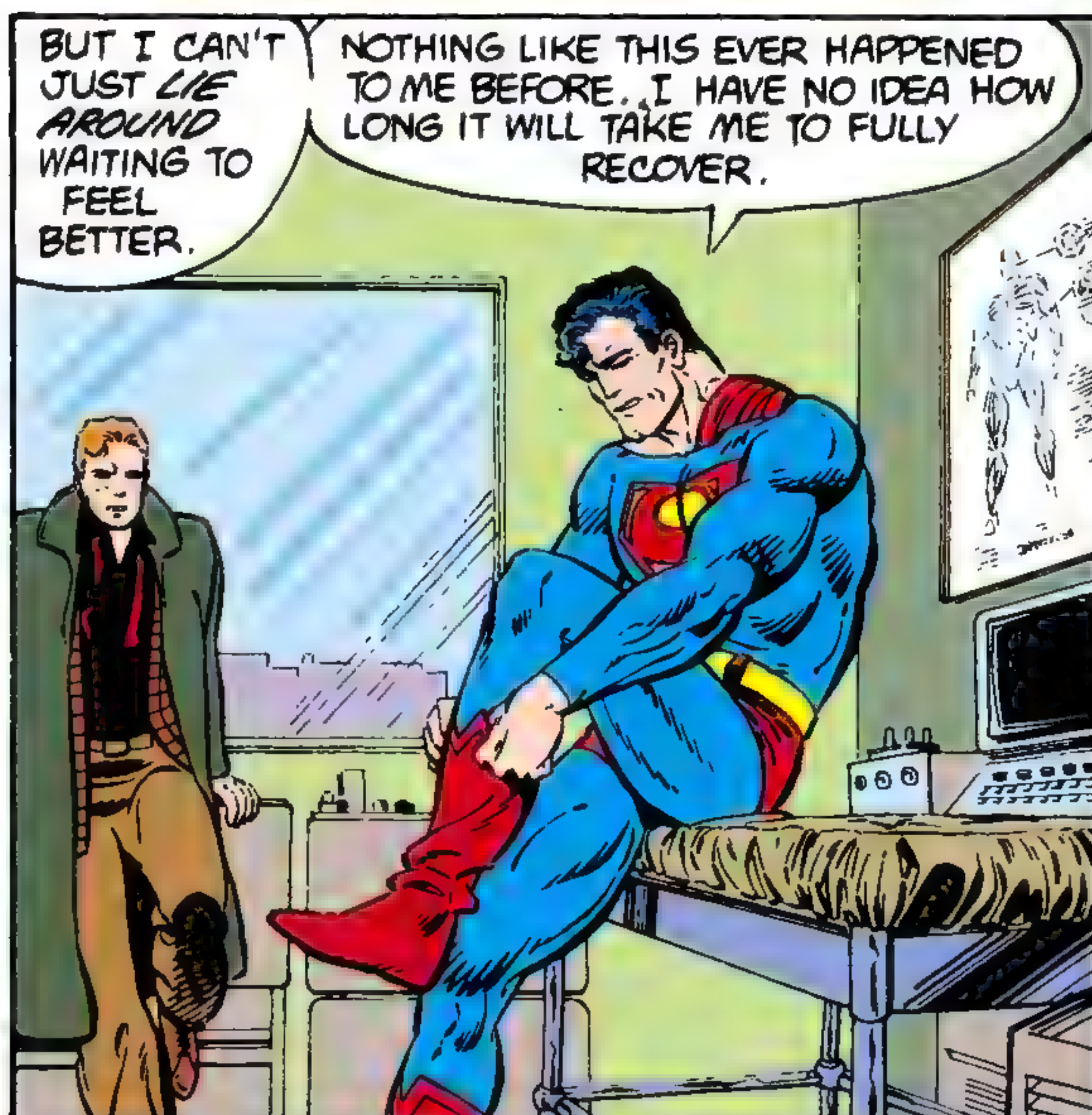
SUPERMAN...?

JIMMY!

THANKS, PAL! YOU REALLY SAVED MY BACON!

BUT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP? THE DOCTOR SAID...

I KNOW WHAT HE SAID, JIM. I HEARD YOU TALKING.



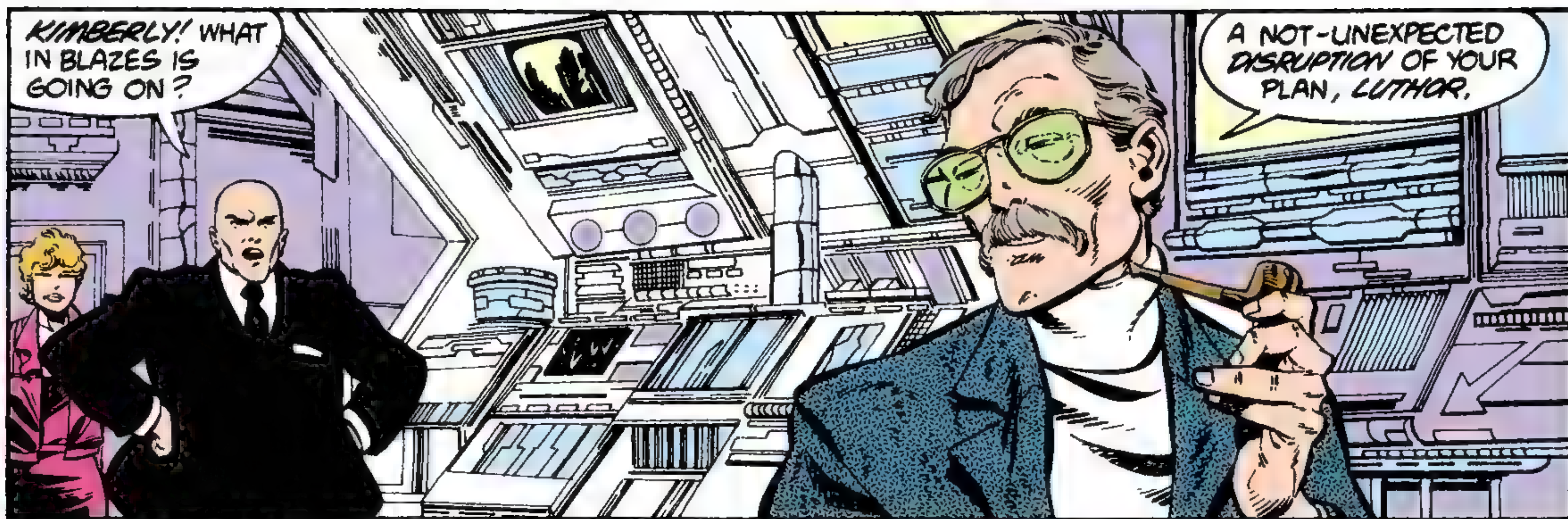
BUT I CAN'T JUST LIE AROUND WAITING TO FEEL BETTER.

NOTHING LIKE THIS EVER HAPPENED TO ME BEFORE. I HAVE NO IDEA HOW LONG IT WILL TAKE ME TO FULLY RECOVER.



MEANWHILE, BLOODSPORT IS STILL ON HIS RAMPAGE... AND THE FACT THAT HE HAS ACCESS TO KRYPTONITE CASTS THIS BUSINESS IN A WHOLE NEW LIGHT.

IT MEANS HE'S NOT ACTING ALONE--AND I KNOW NOW WHO'S BEHIND HIM!!



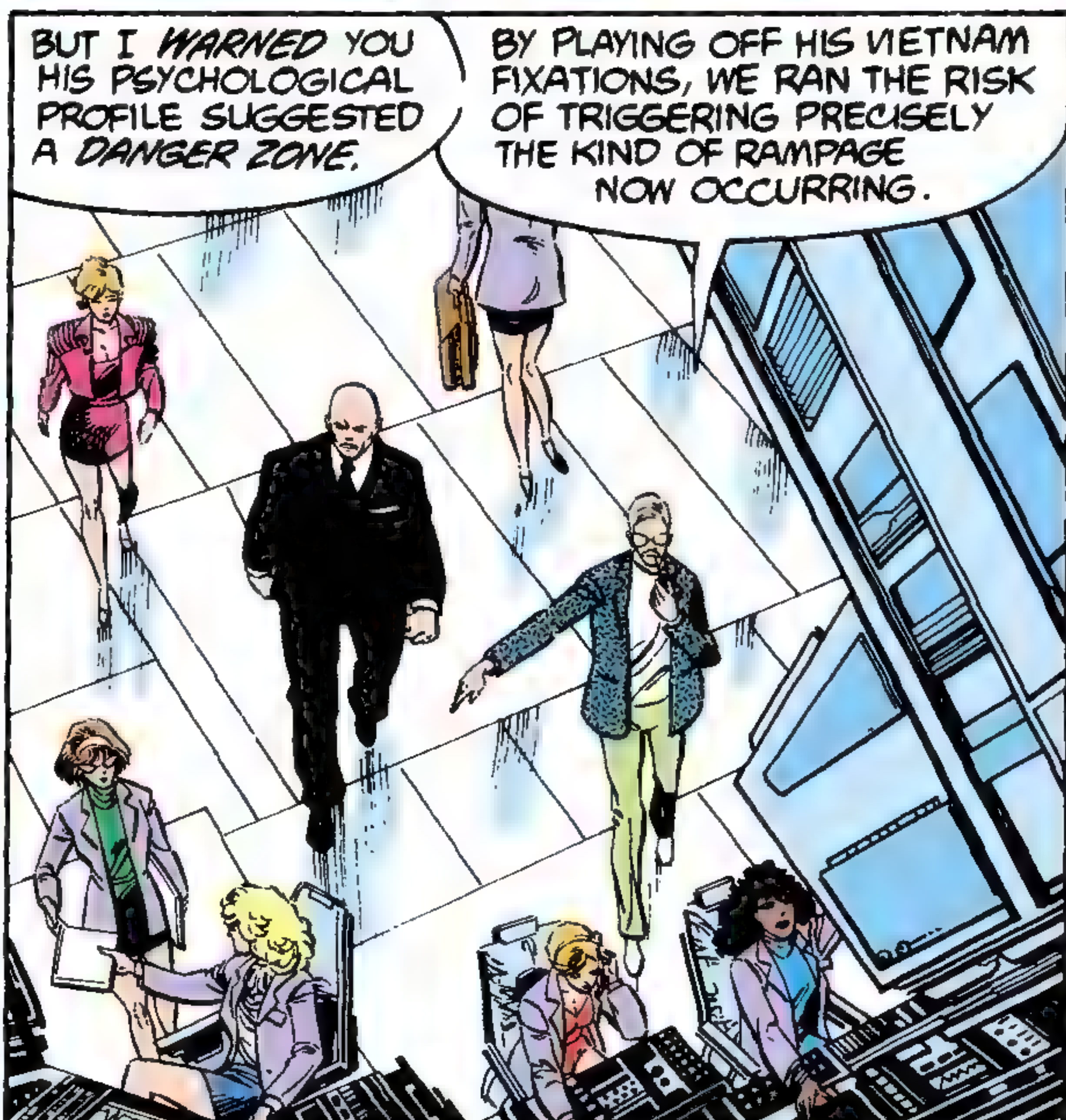
KIMBERLY! WHAT IN BLAZES IS GOING ON?

A NOT-UNEXPECTED DISRUPTION OF YOUR PLAN, LUTHOR.



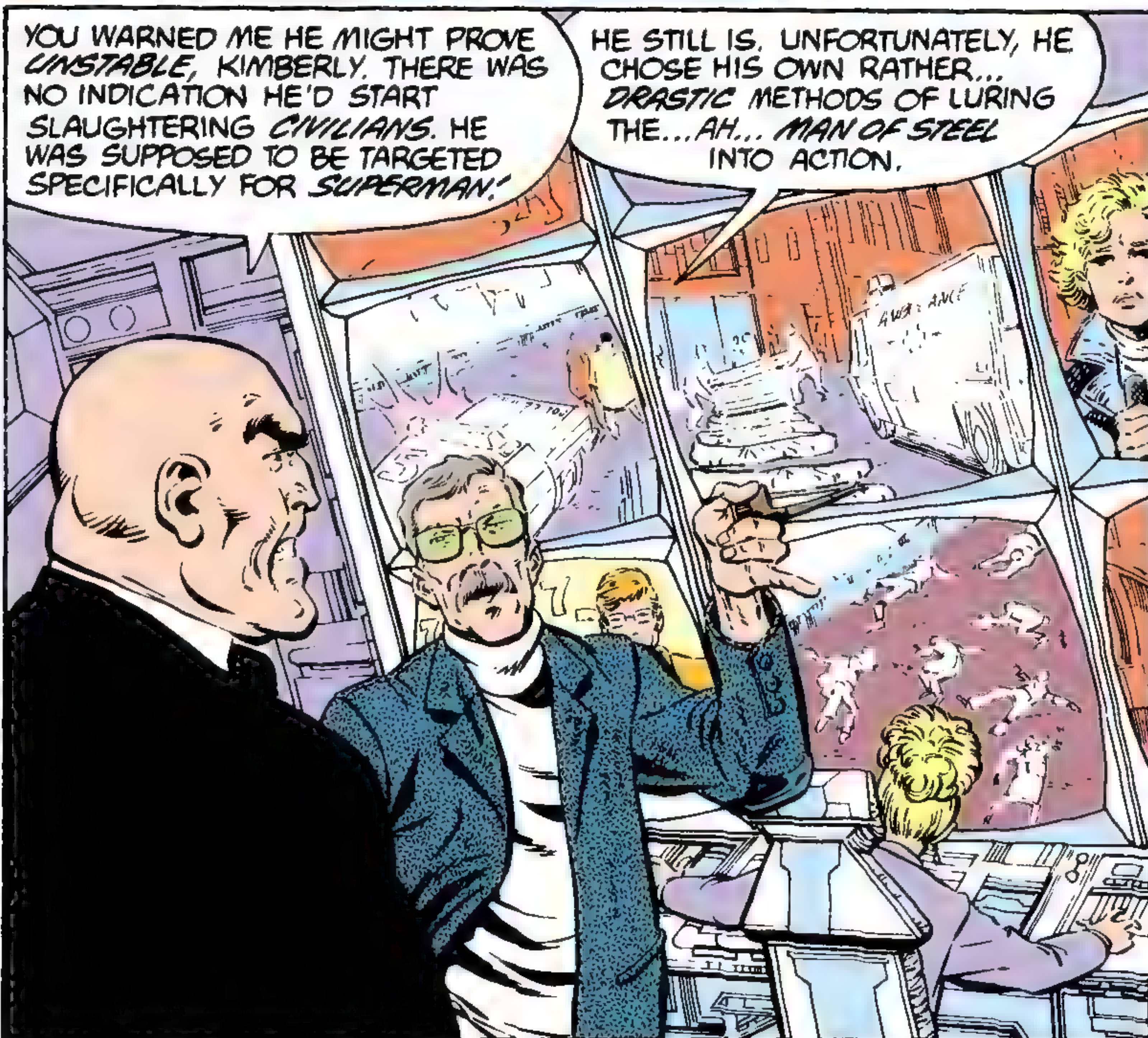
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "NOT UNEXPECTED"? YOU ASSURED ME THIS BLOODSPORT FELLOW COULD BE CONTROLLED.

I THINK YOU TOOK ME TOO LITERALLY. TRUE, WE WERE ABLE TO PREPARE AND DIRECT ROBERT DUBOIS...



BUT I WARNED YOU HIS PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE SUGGESTED A DANGER ZONE.

BY PLAYING OFF HIS VIETNAM FIXATIONS, WE RAN THE RISK OF TRIGGERING PRECISELY THE KIND OF RAMPAGE NOW OCCURRING.



YOU WARNED ME HE MIGHT PROVE UNSTABLE, KIMBERLY. THERE WAS NO INDICATION HE'D START SLAUGHTERING CIVILIANS. HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE TARGETED SPECIFICALLY FOR SUPERMAN!

HE STILL IS. UNFORTUNATELY, HE CHOSE HIS OWN RATHER... DRASTIC METHODS OF LURING THE... AH... MAN OF STEEL INTO ACTION.

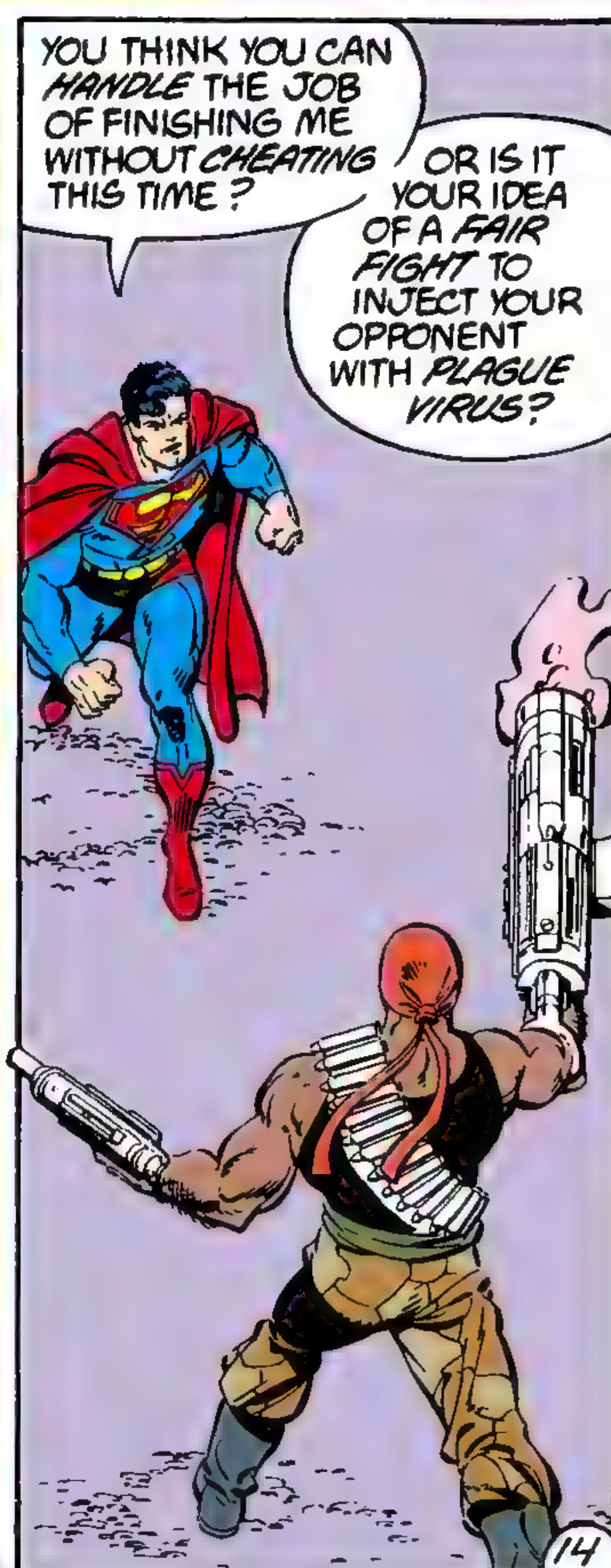
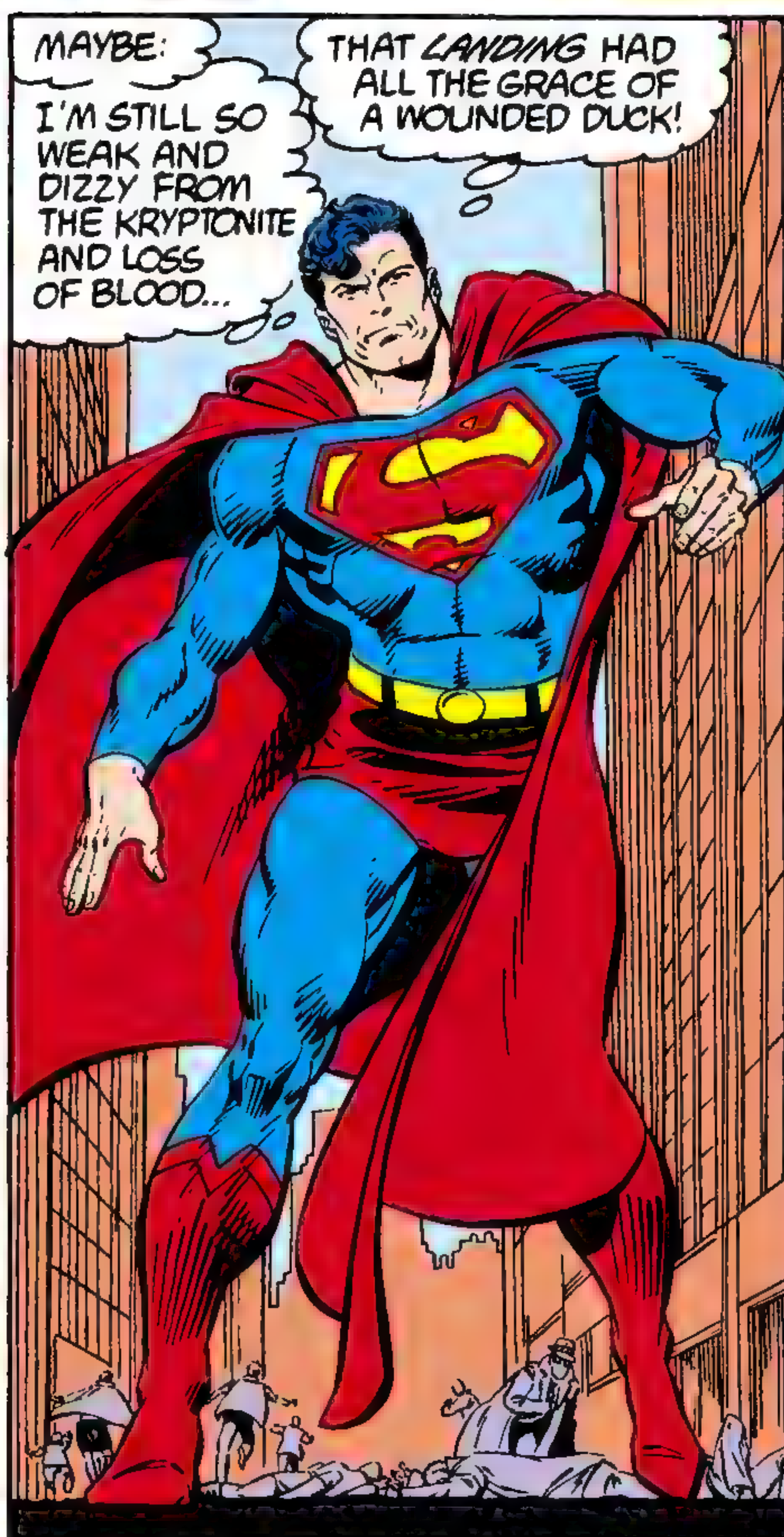
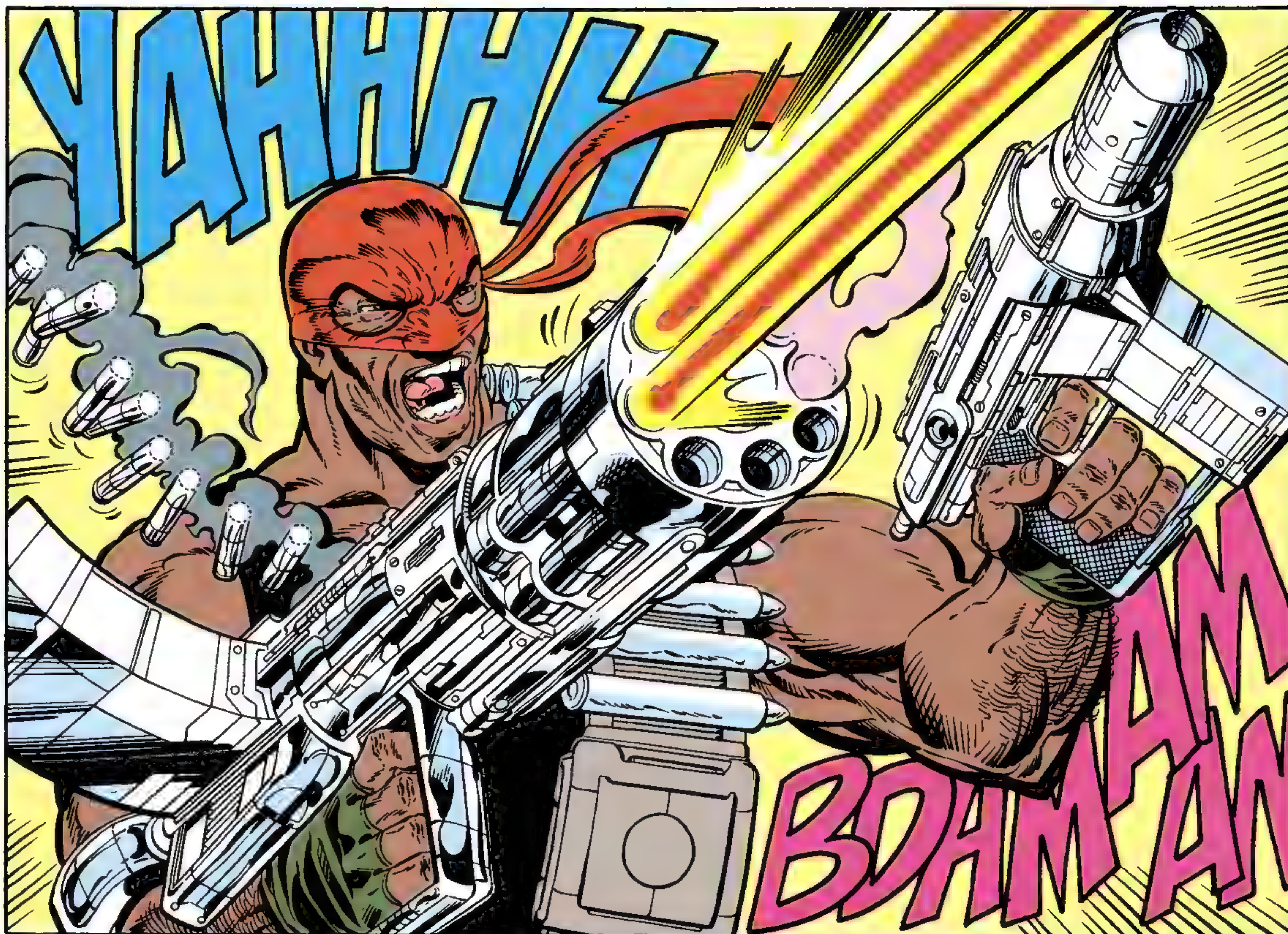


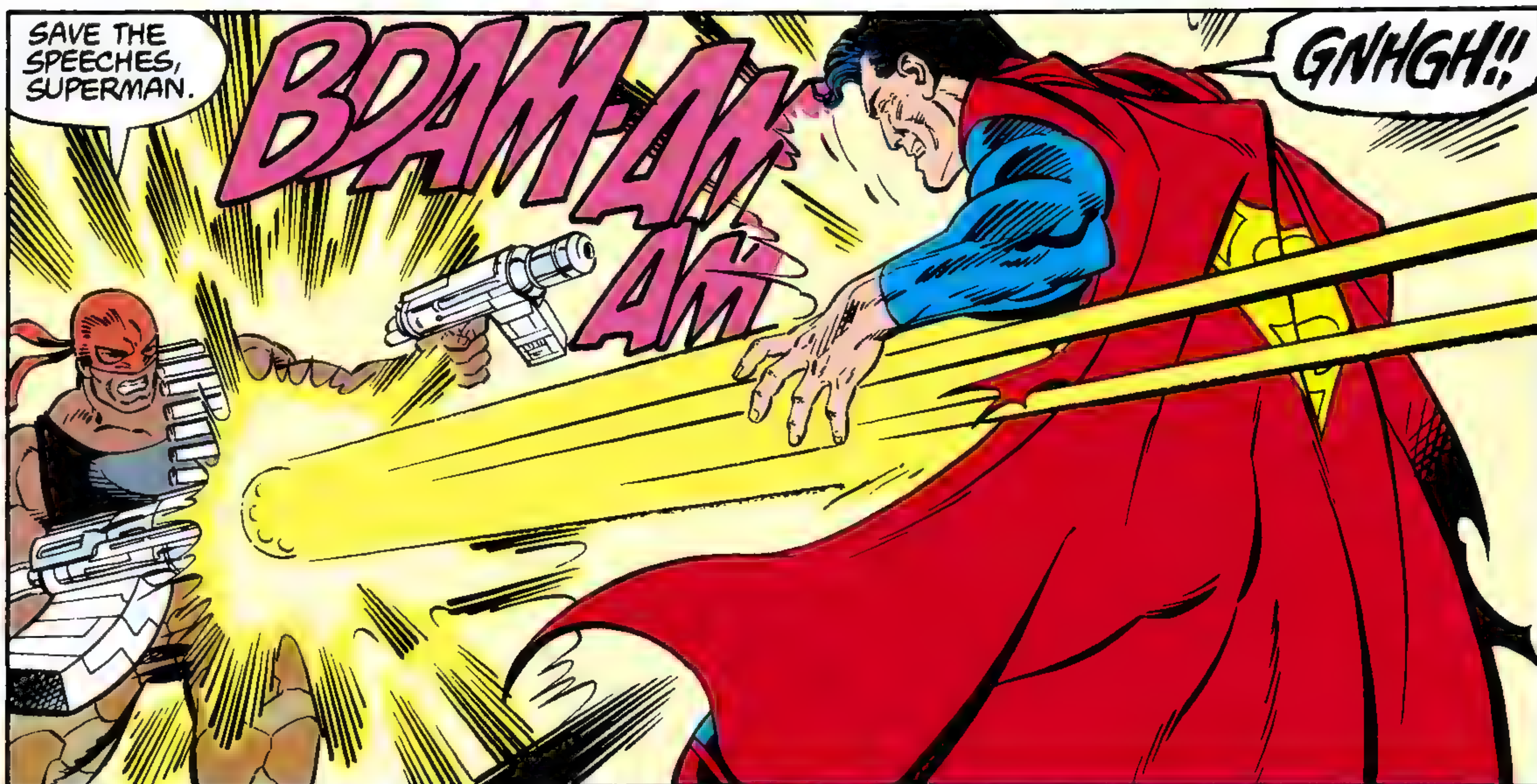
"UNFORTUNATELY"?

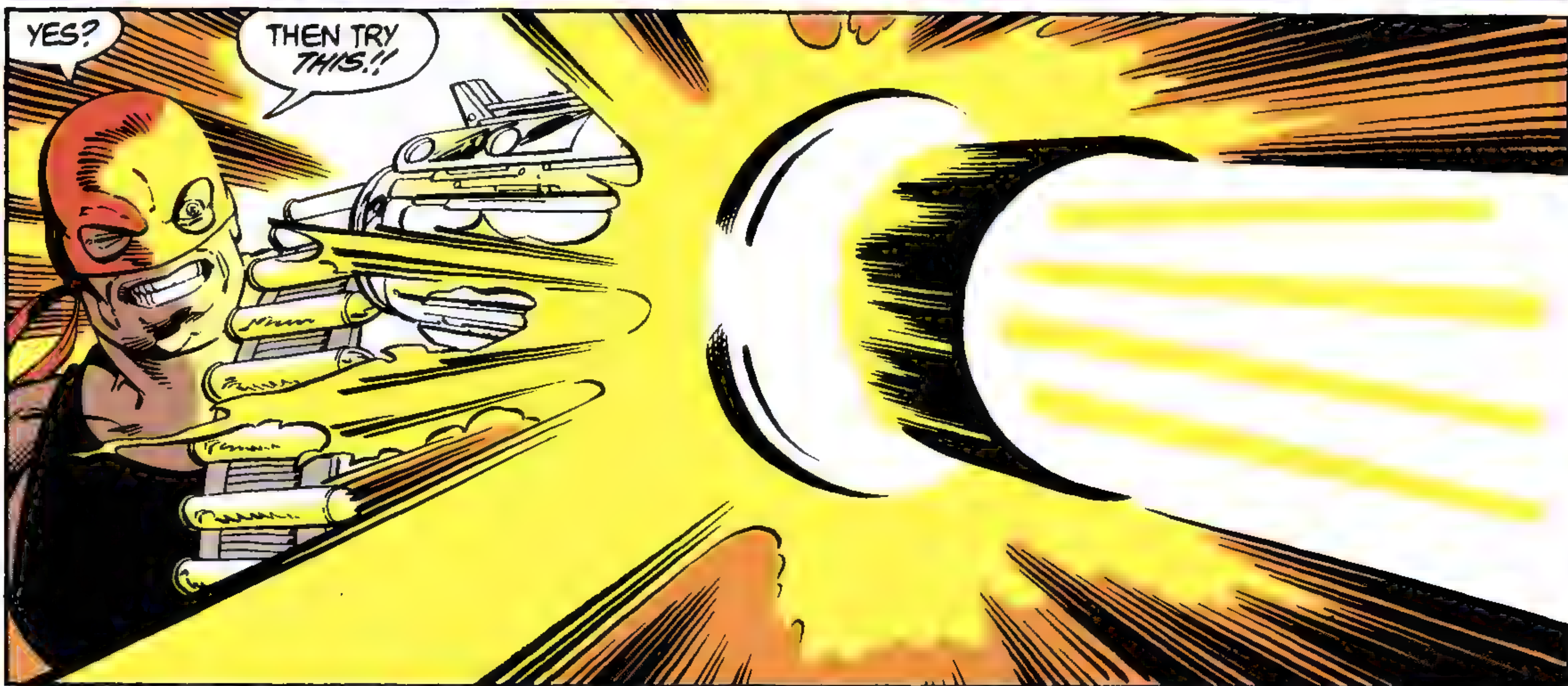
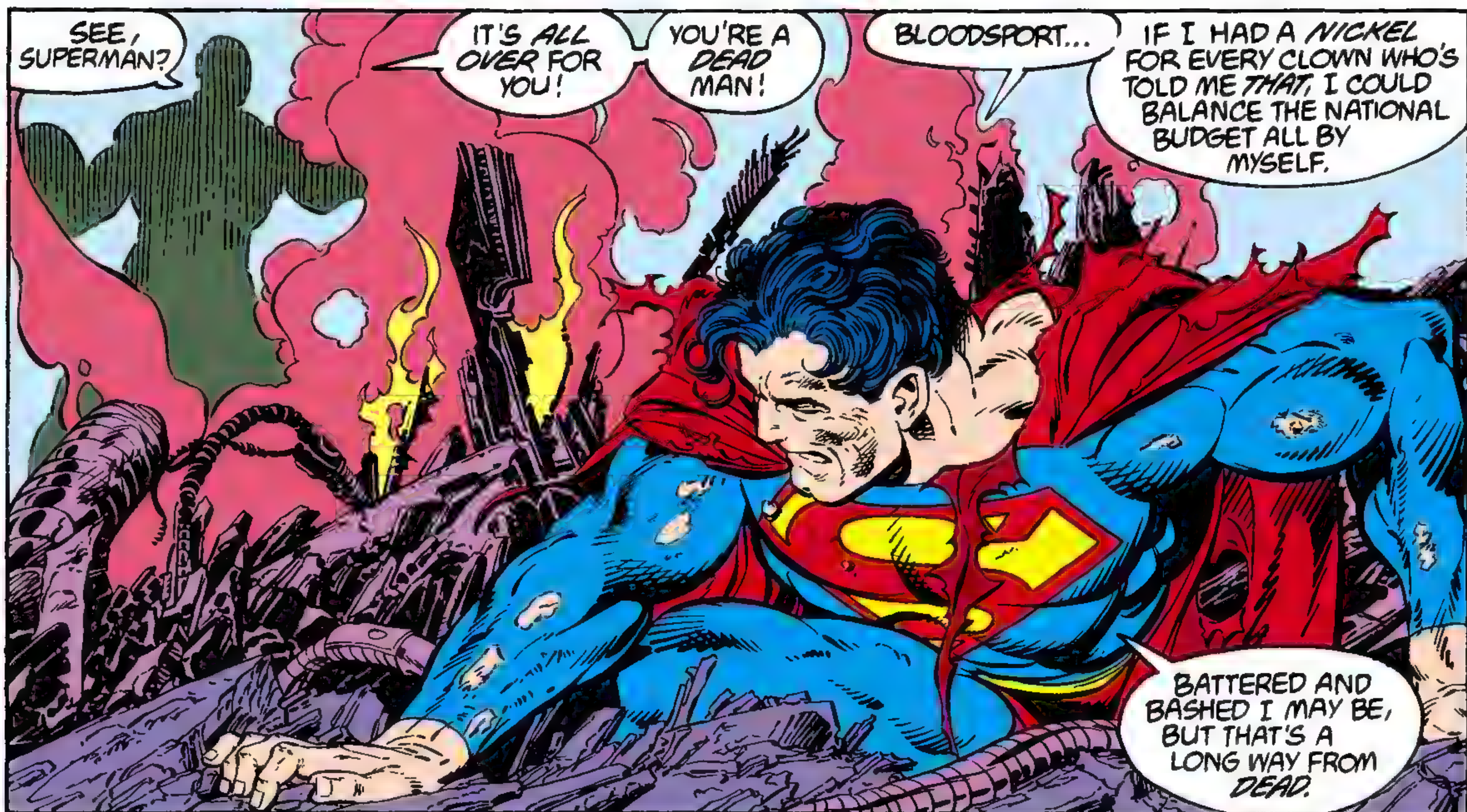
HOW MANY DEAD SO FAR? FORTY? FIFTY?

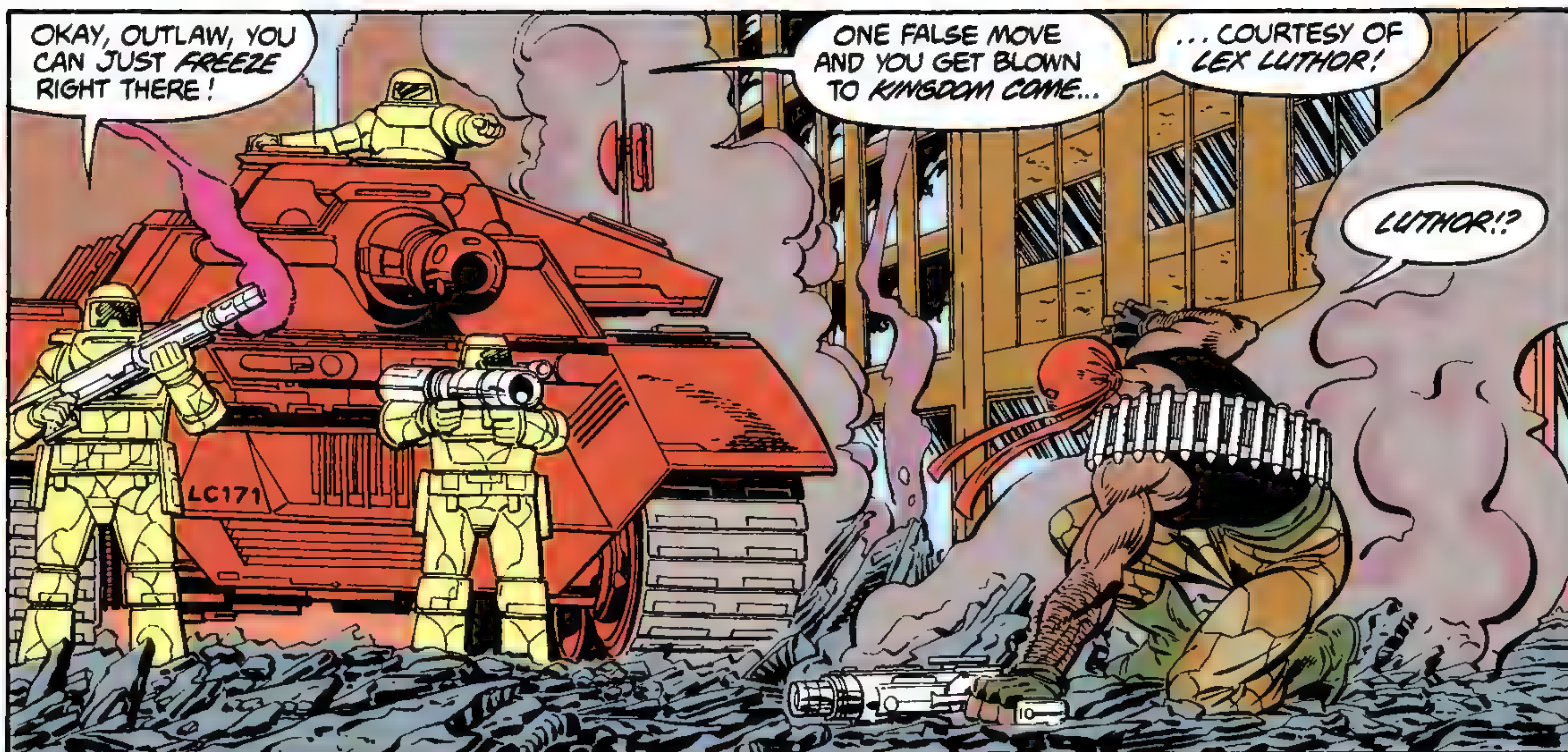
WELL, NO MORE!!

TERMINATE HIM. NOW!!







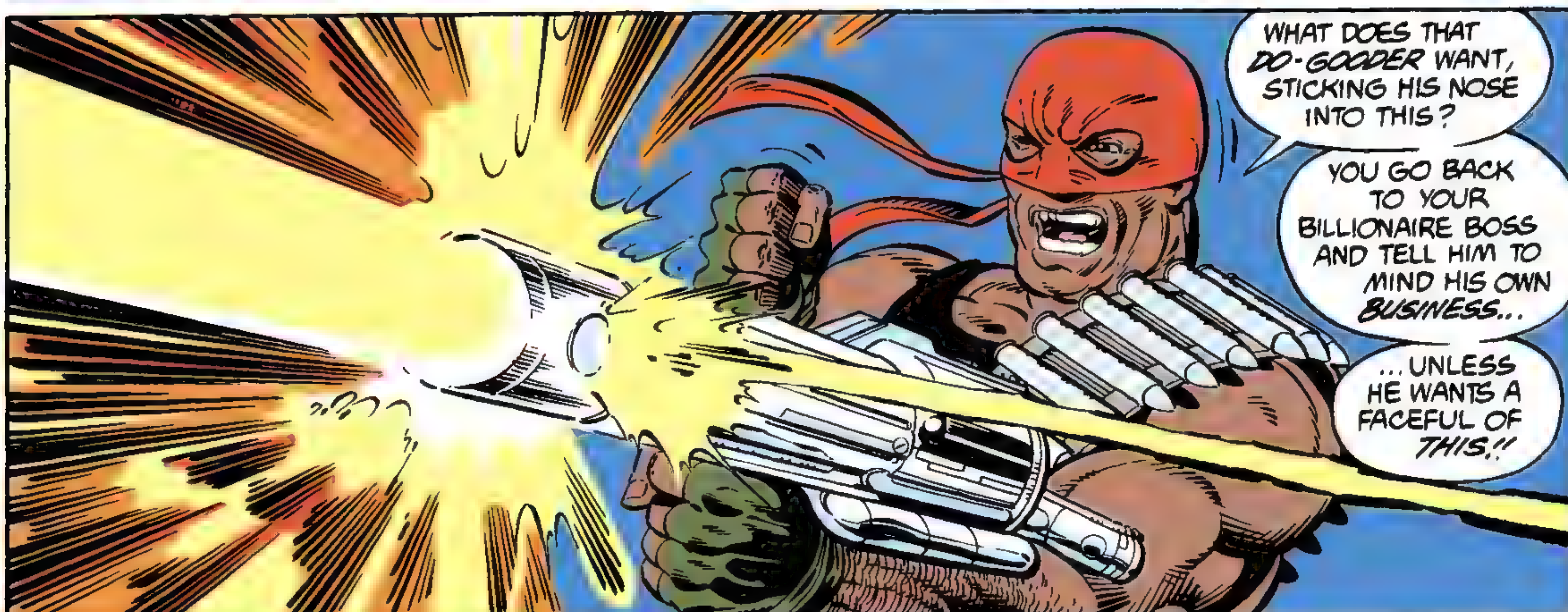


OKAY, OUTLAW, YOU CAN JUST **FREEZE** RIGHT THERE!

ONE FALSE MOVE AND YOU GET BLOWN TO **KINDOM** COME...

... COURTESY OF **LEX LUTHOR!**

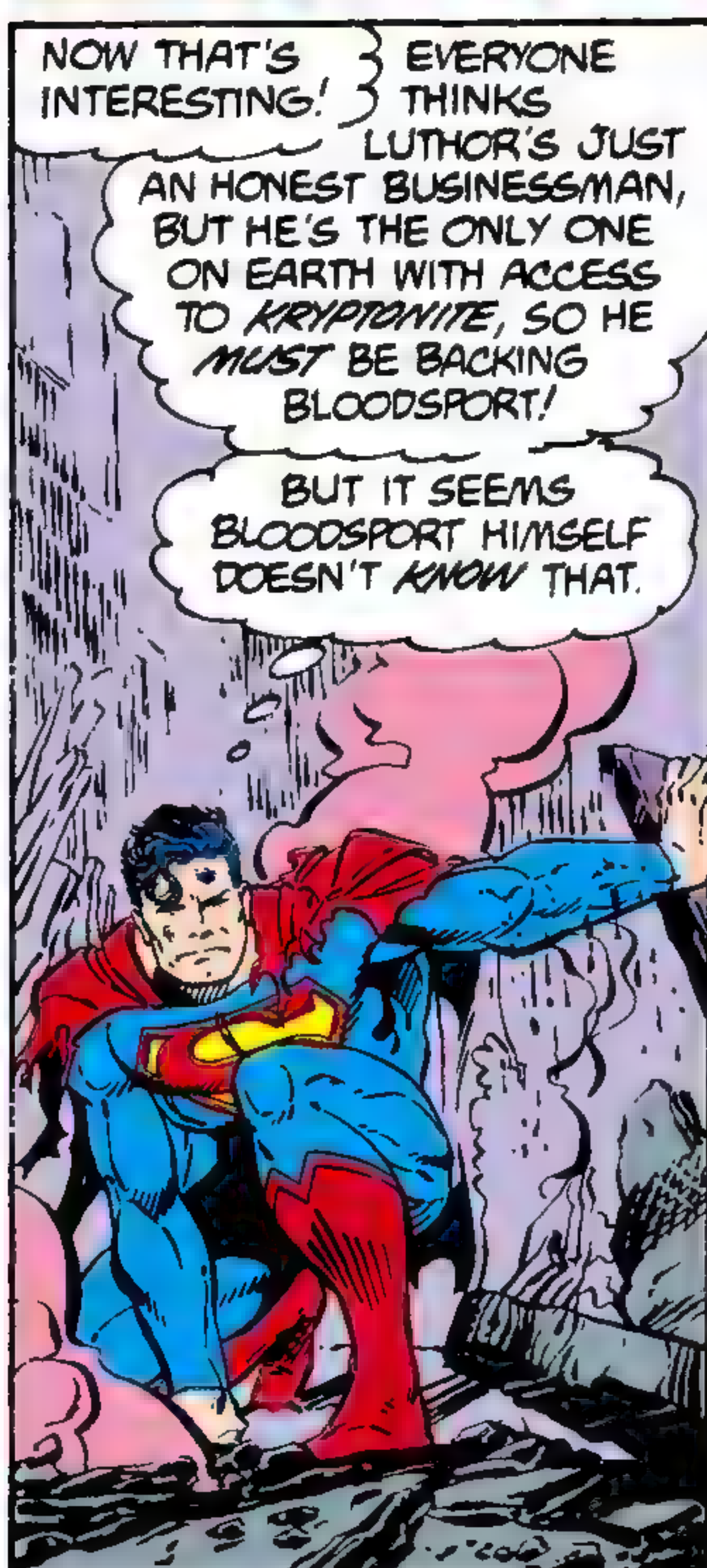
LUTHOR!?



WHAT DOES THAT **DO-GOODER** WANT, STICKING HIS NOSE INTO THIS?

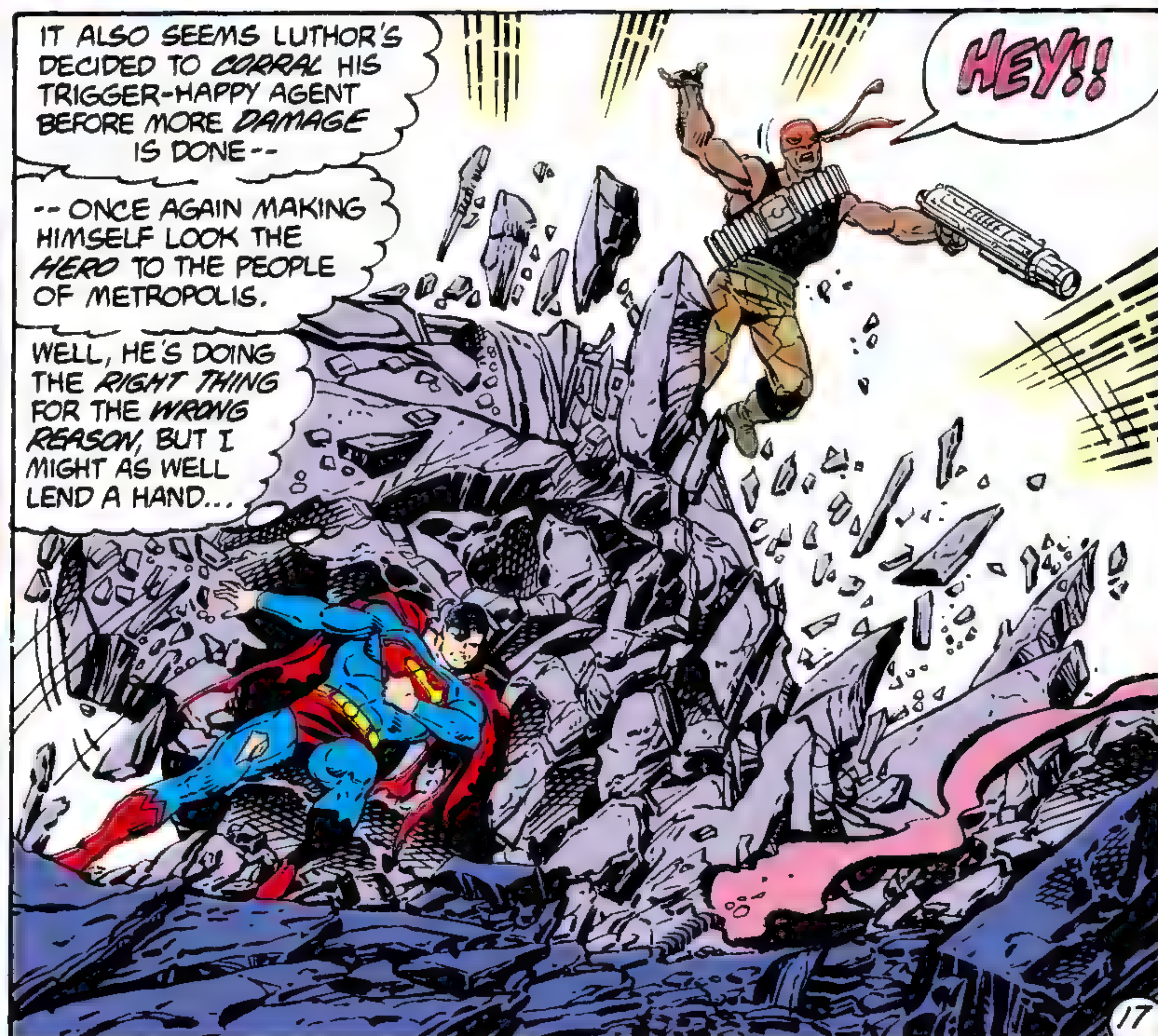
YOU GO BACK TO YOUR **BILLIONAIRE BOSS** AND TELL HIM TO MIND HIS OWN **BUSINESS...**

... UNLESS HE WANTS A **FACEFUL OF THIS!!**



NOW THAT'S INTERESTING! } EVERYONE THINKS LUTHOR'S JUST AN HONEST BUSINESSMAN, BUT HE'S THE ONLY ONE ON EARTH WITH ACCESS TO **KRYPTONITE**, SO HE **MUST** BE BACKING **BLOODSPORT!**

BUT IT SEEMS **BLOODSPORT** HIMSELF DOESN'T **KNOW** THAT.

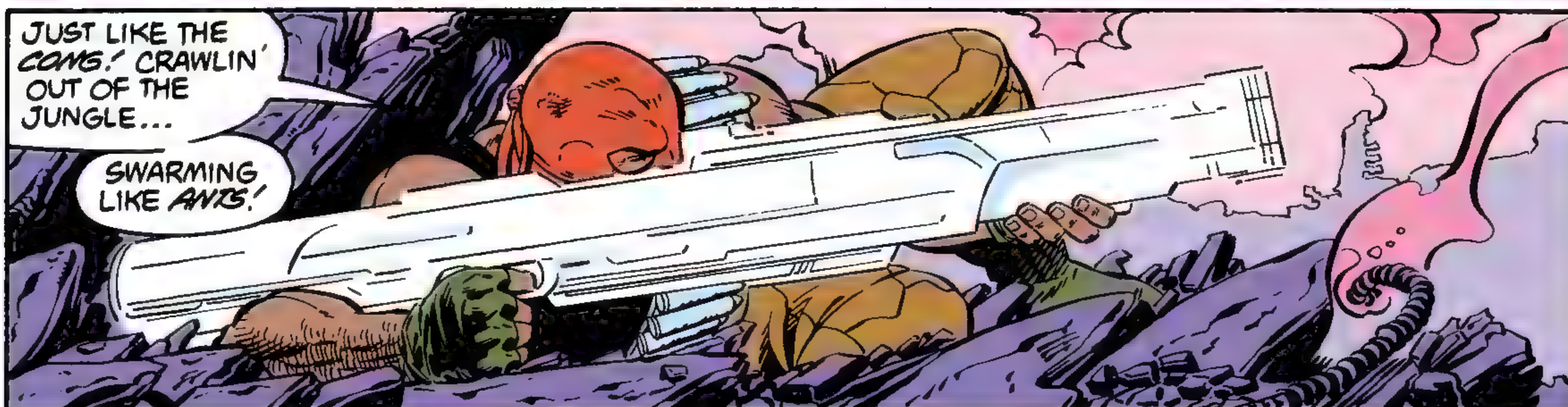
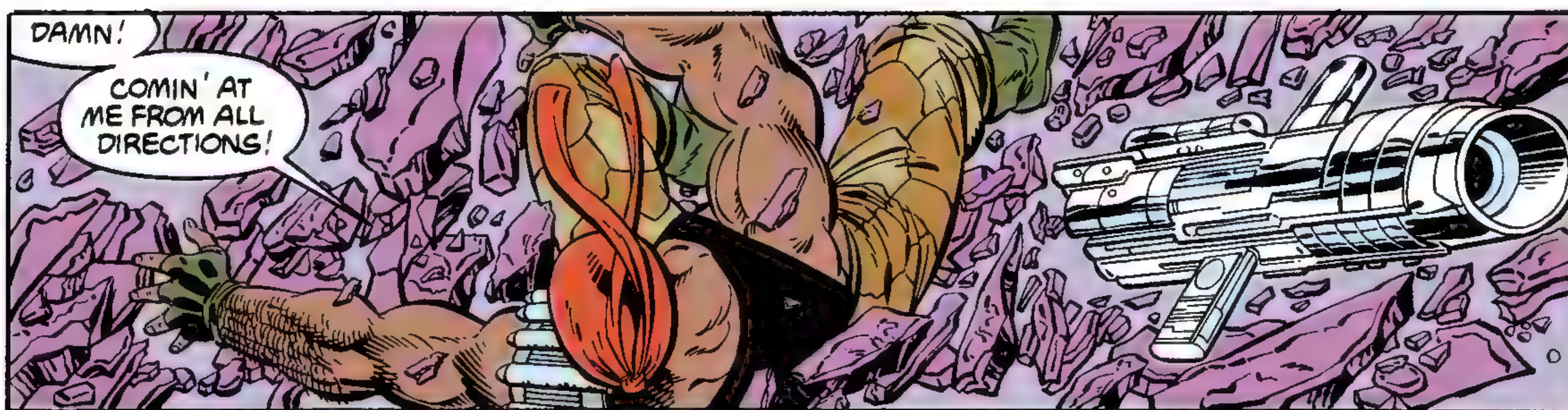


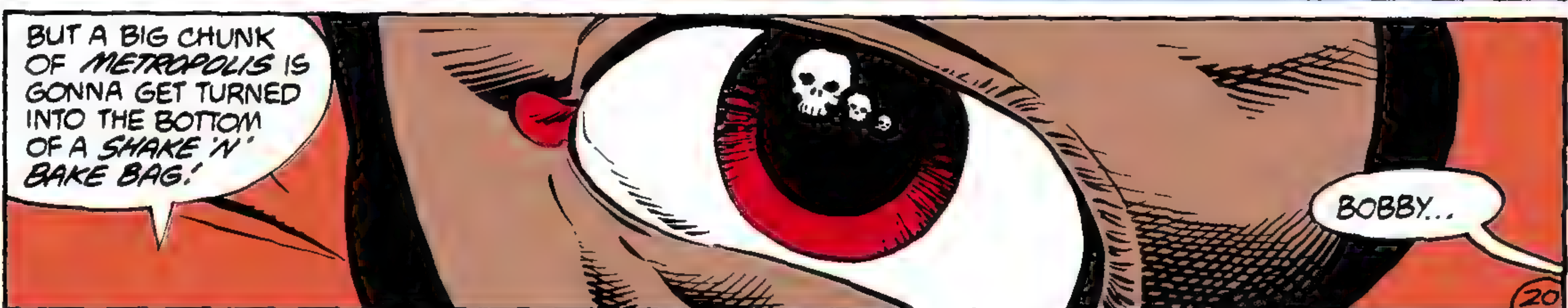
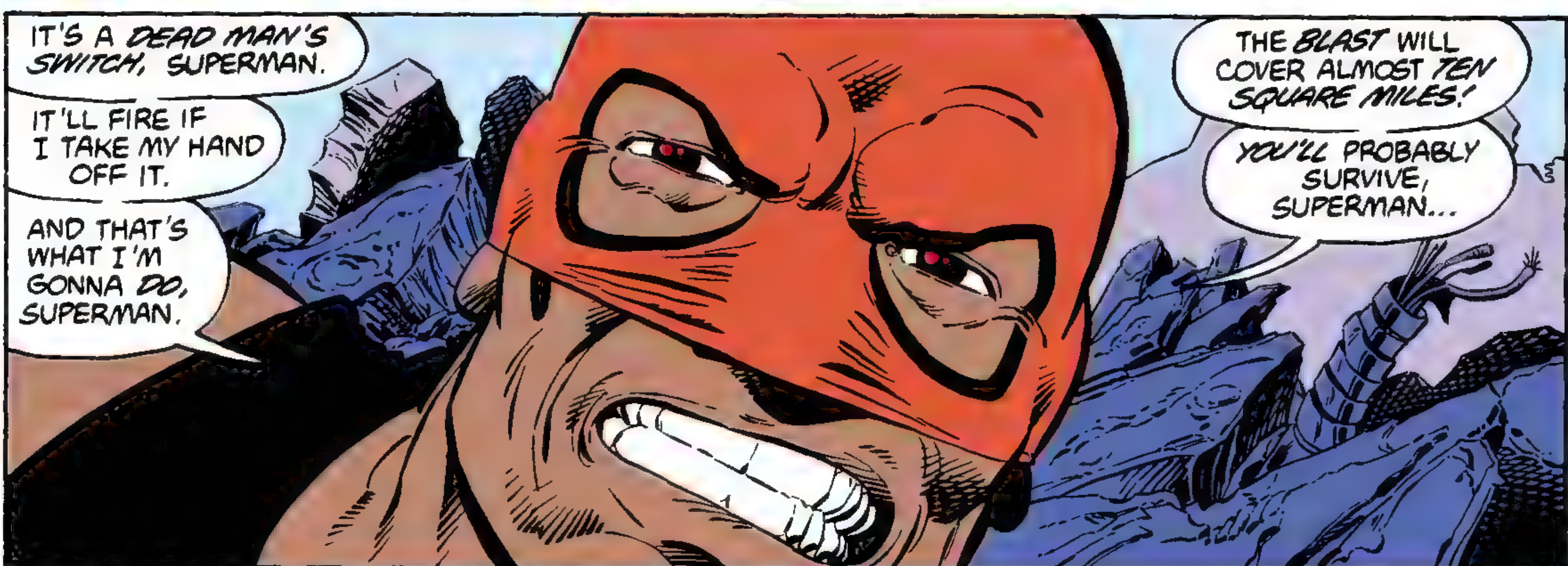
IT ALSO SEEMS LUTHOR'S DECIDED TO **CORRAL** HIS TRIGGER-HAPPY AGENT BEFORE MORE **DAMAGE** IS DONE--

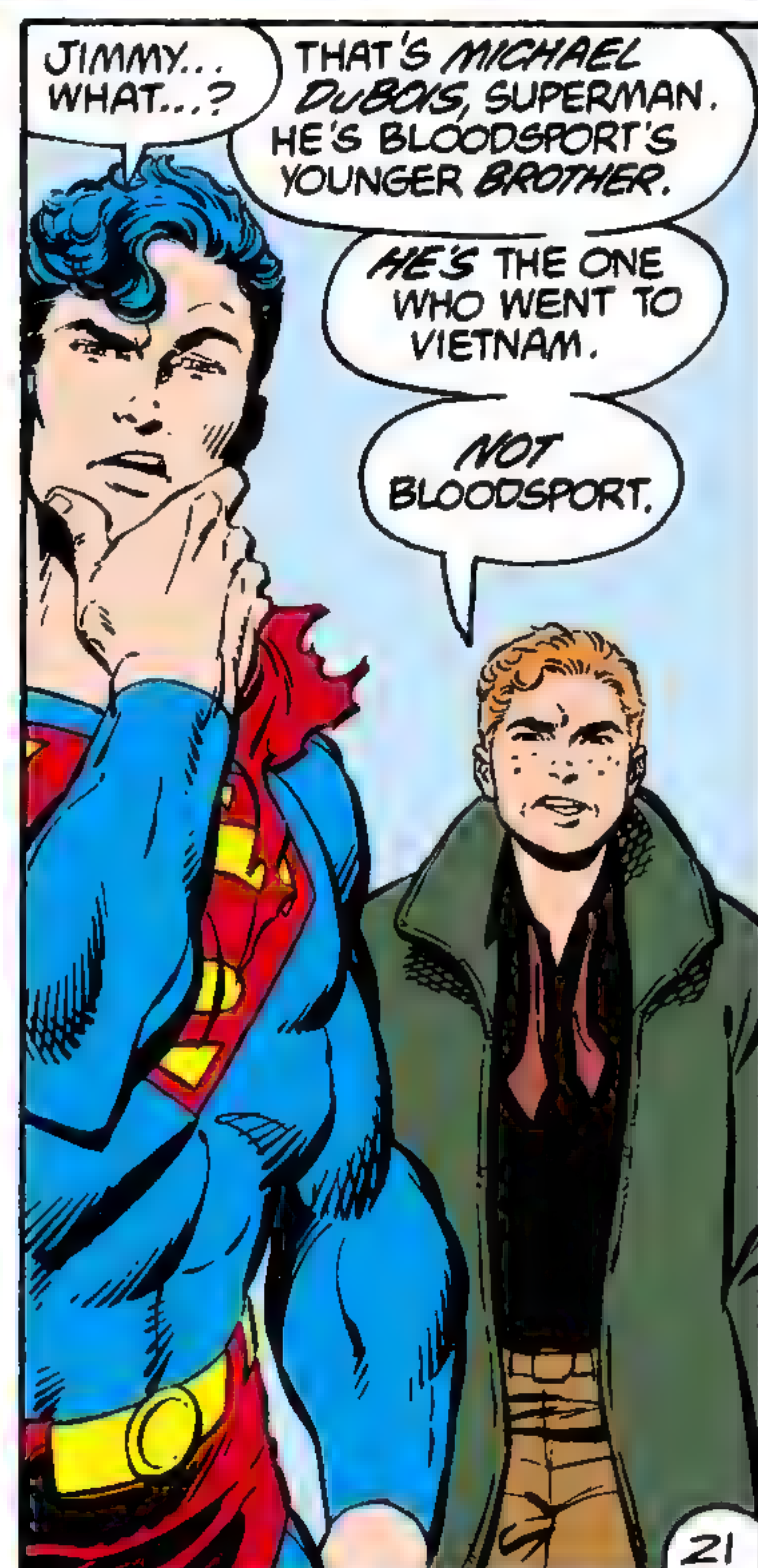
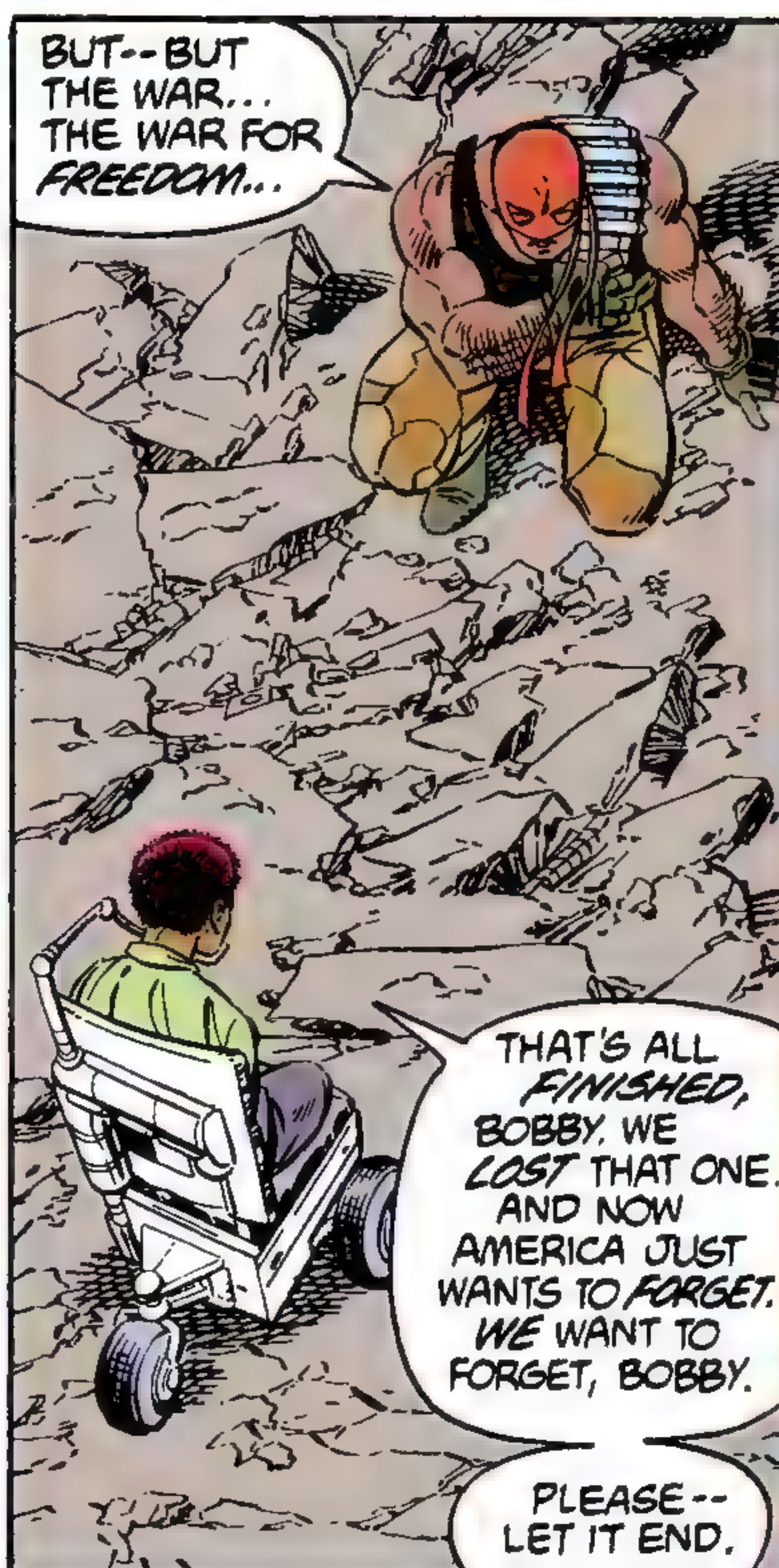
-- ONCE AGAIN MAKING HIMSELF LOOK THE **HERO** TO THE PEOPLE OF METROPOLIS.

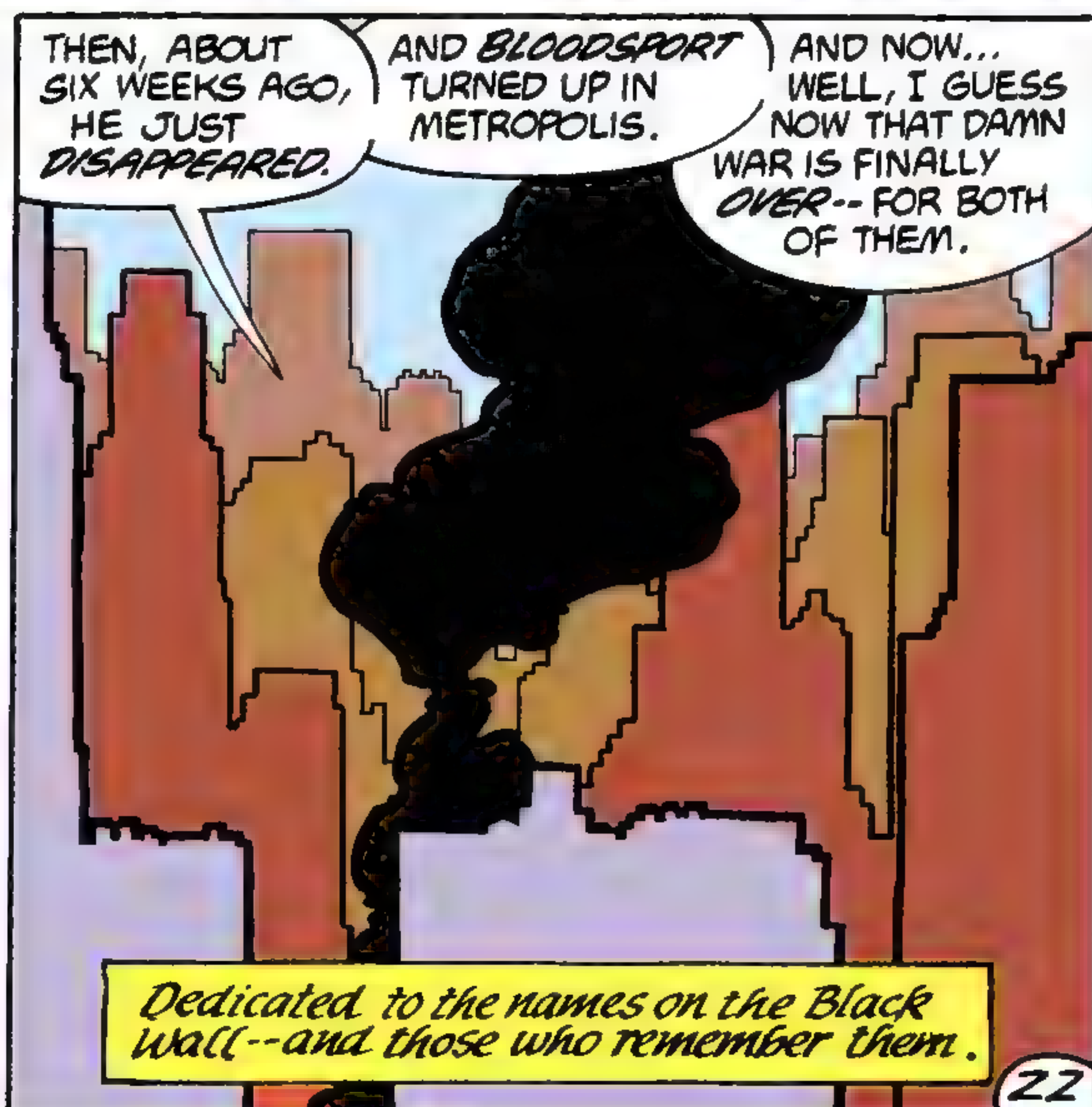
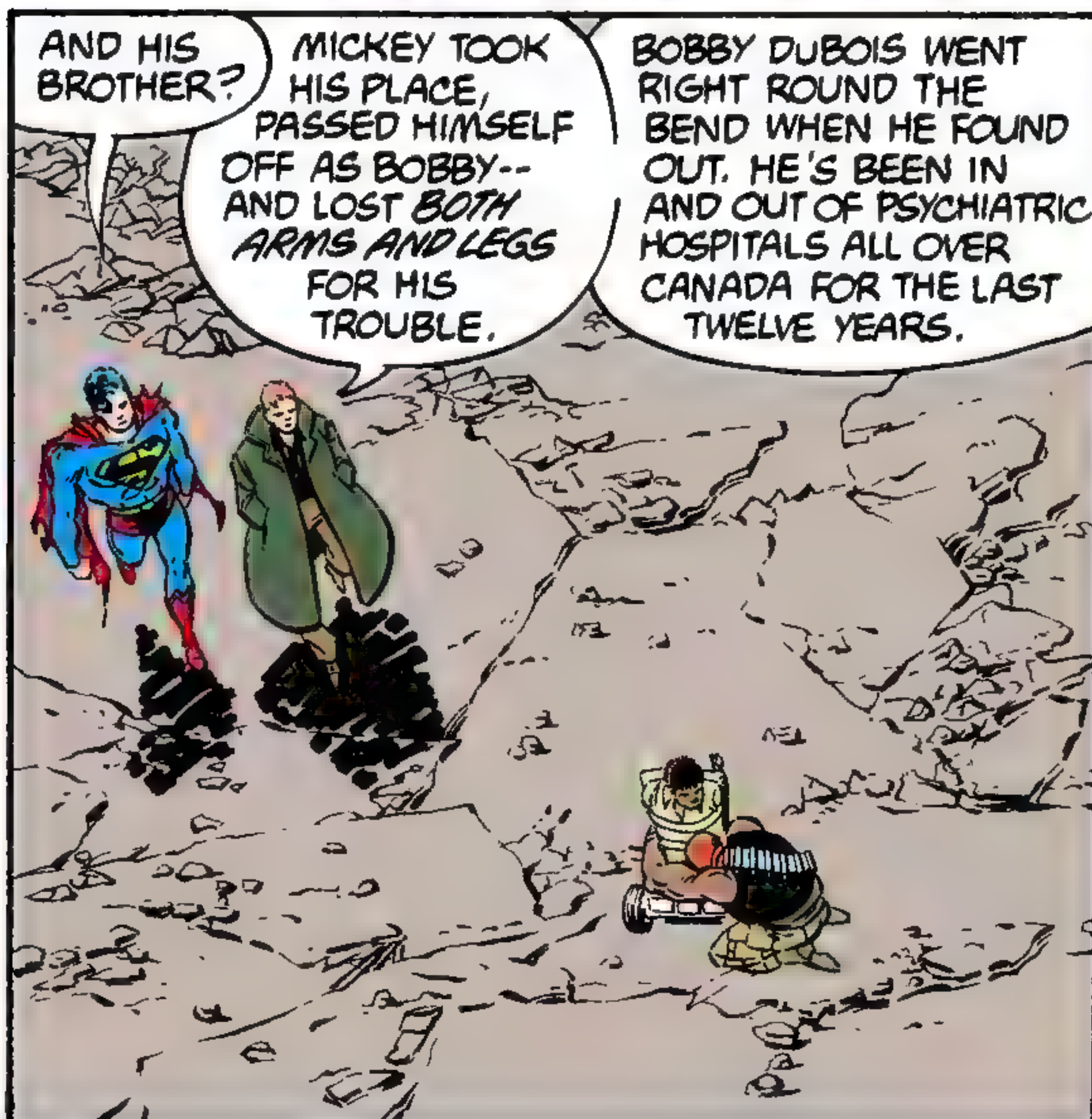
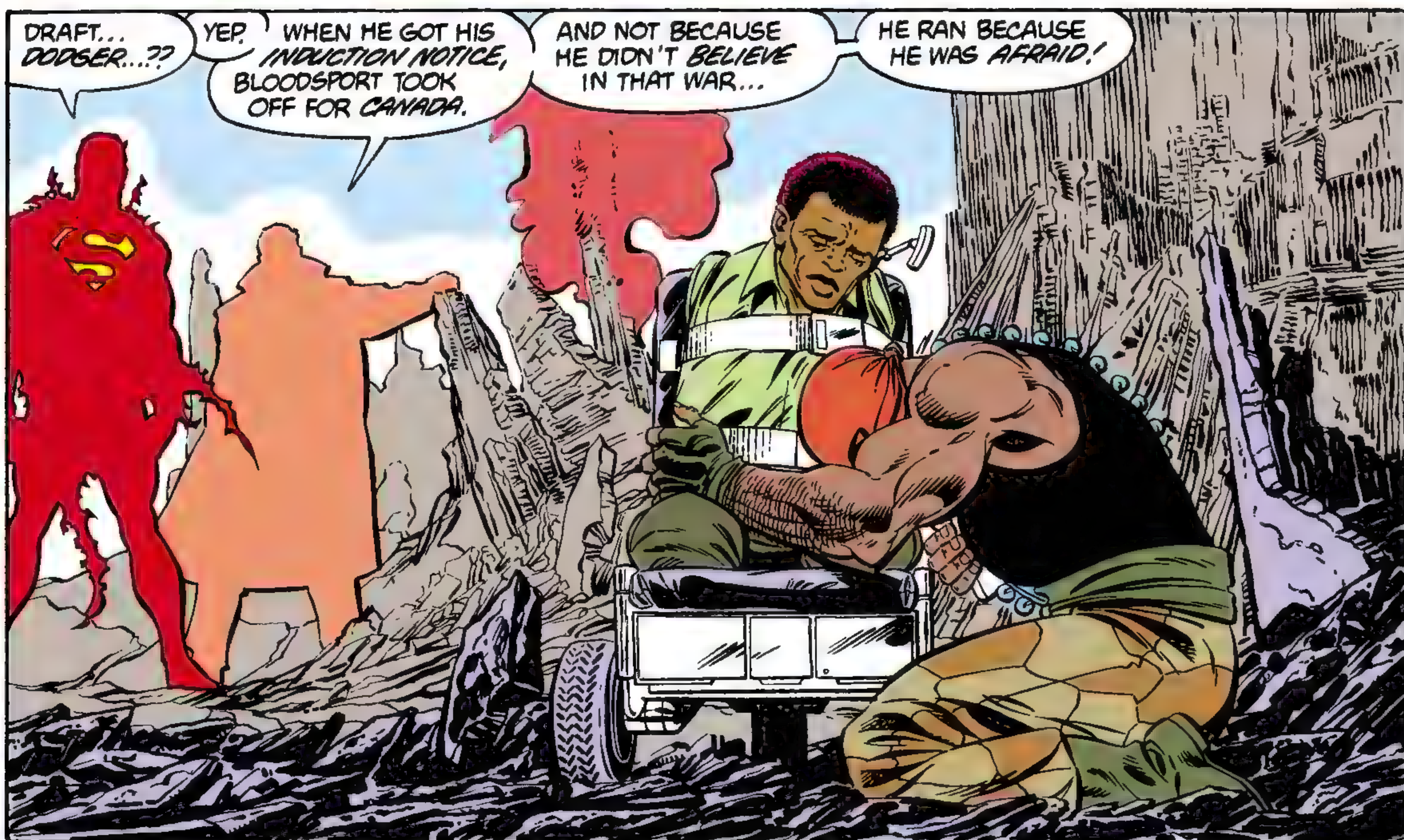
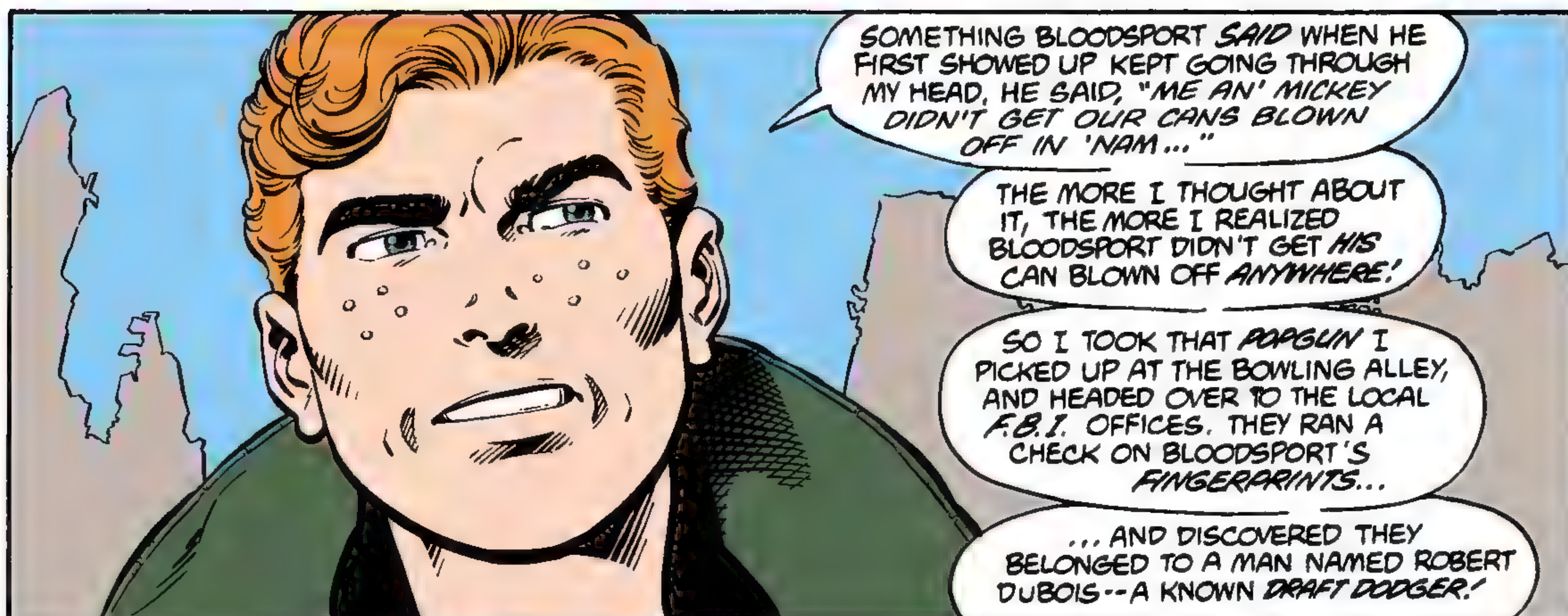
WELL, HE'S DOING THE **RIGHT THING** FOR THE **WRONG REASON**, BUT I MIGHT AS WELL LEND A HAND...

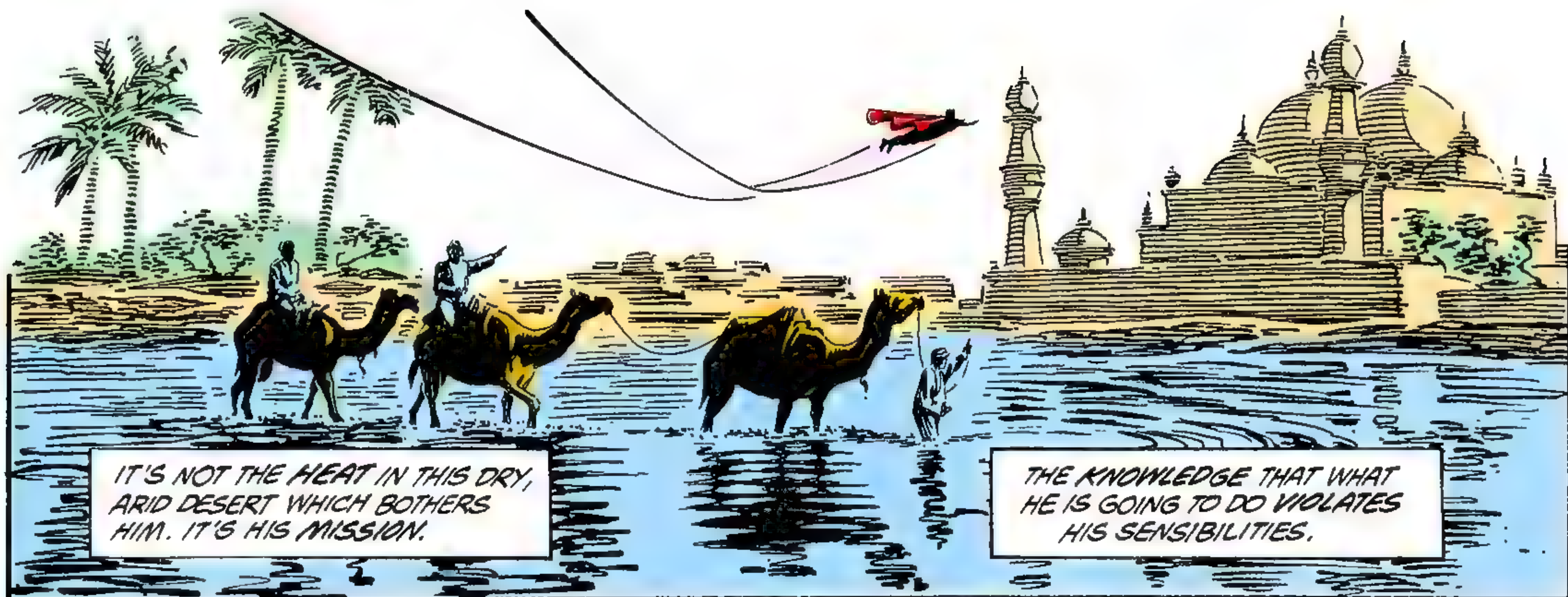
HEY!!











IT'S NOT THE HEAT IN THIS DRY, ARID DESERT WHICH BOTHERS HIM. IT'S HIS MISSION.

THE KNOWLEDGE THAT WHAT HE IS GOING TO DO VIOLATES HIS SENSIBILITIES.

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN

Created by
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER

HE HAS THE STRENGTH TO RULE THIS WORLD, BUT HE HAS THE WISDOM TO NOT EVEN CONSIDER IT.

HE HAS THE POWER TO MAKE THINGS IN HIS IMAGE, BUT NOT THE EGO TO SUCCUMB TO SUCH SELFISH WHIMS.

AND YET, HE VIOLATES QURAUUI AIR SPACE KNOWING FULL WELL HE WILL EXERCISE HIS STRENGTH, IMPRESS UPON THEM HIS POWER, INSIST UPON HIS REASON.

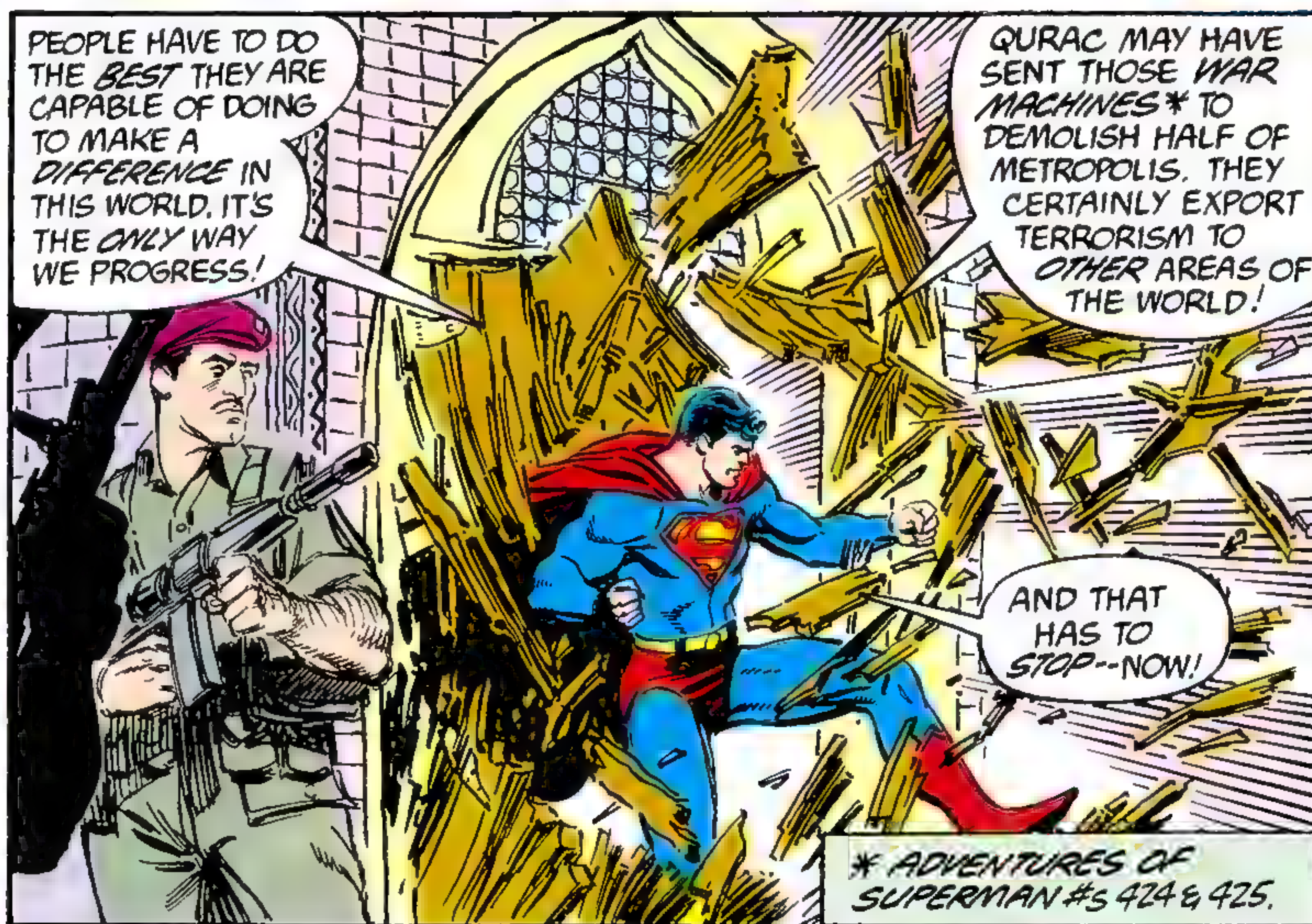
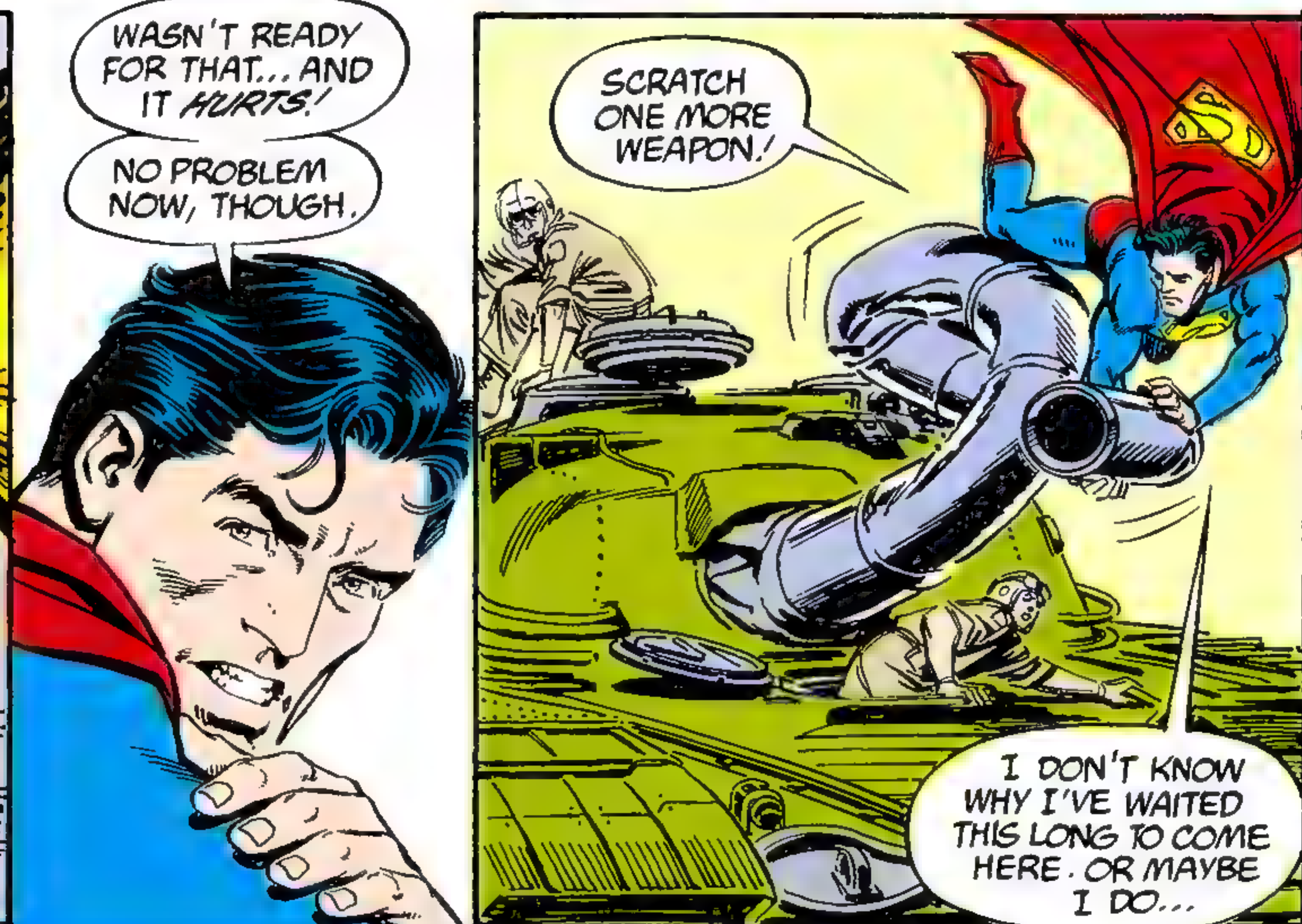
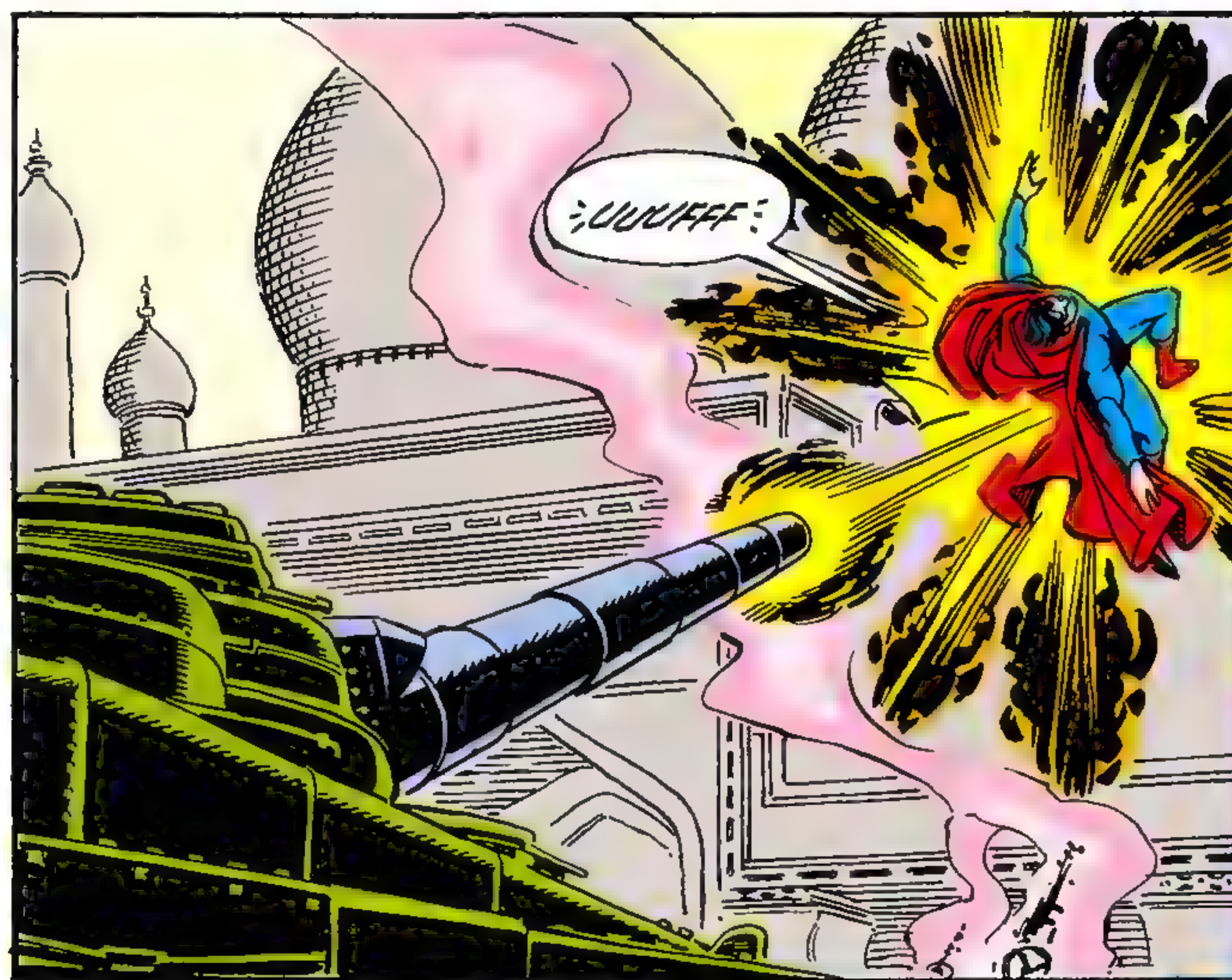
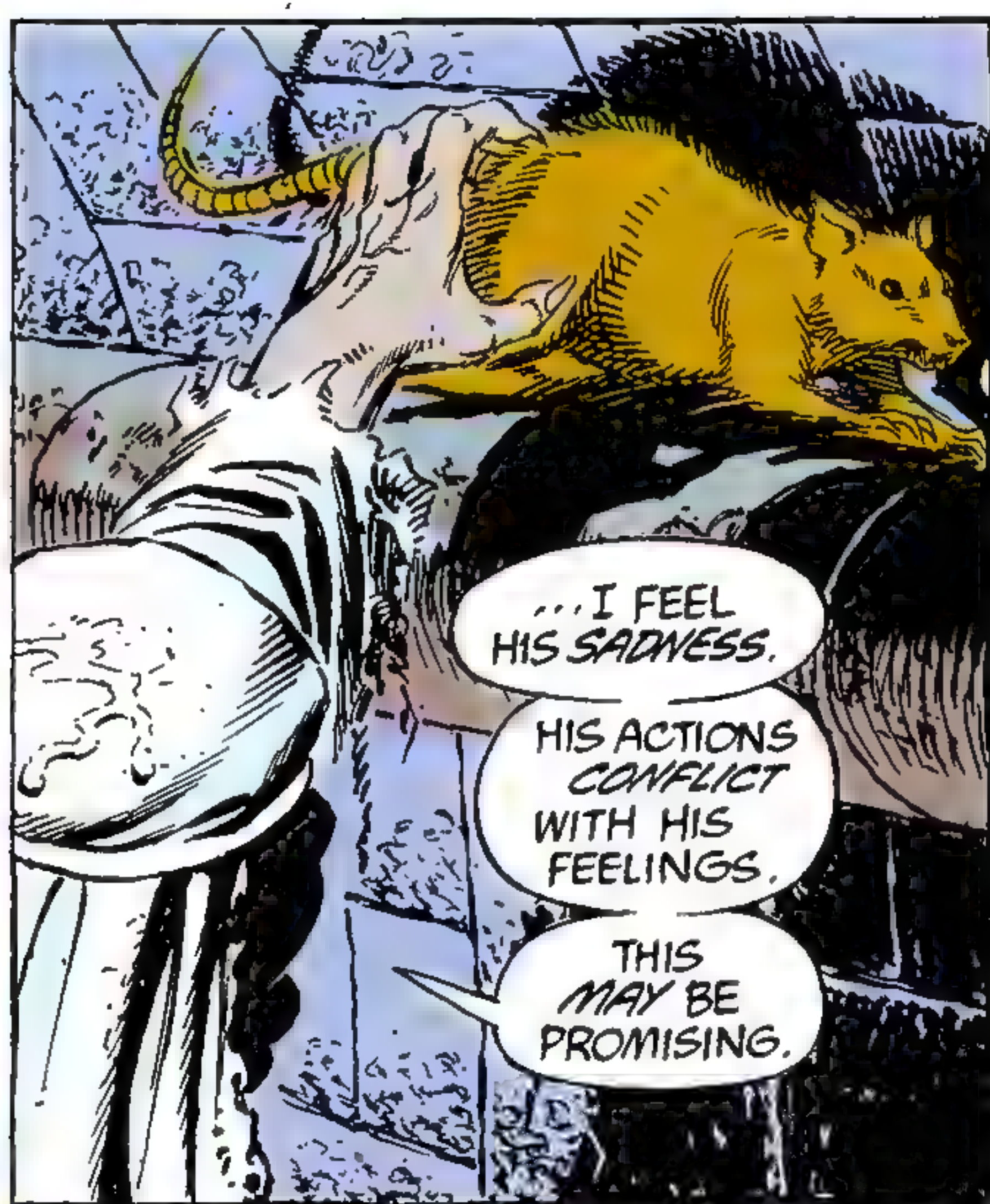
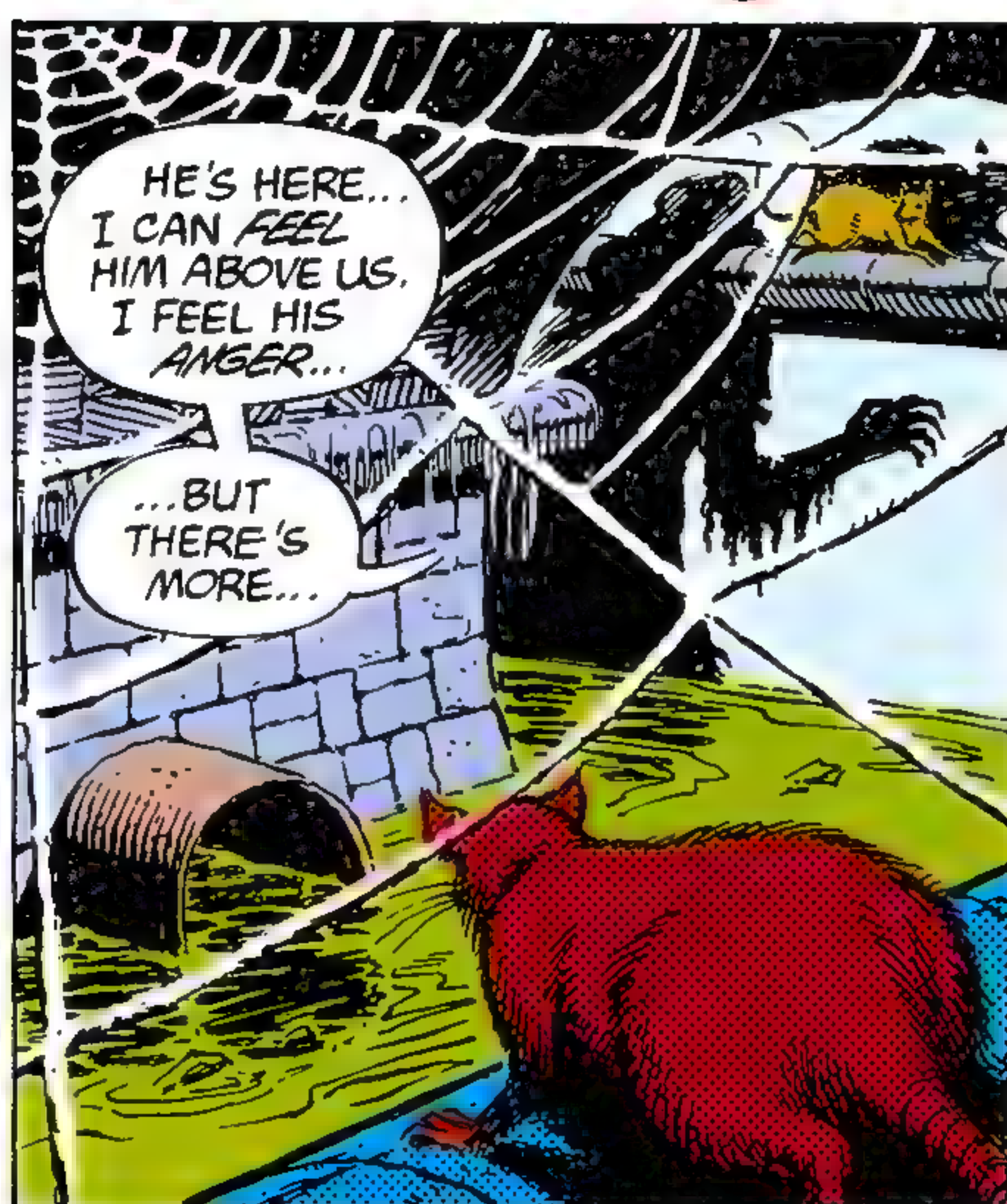
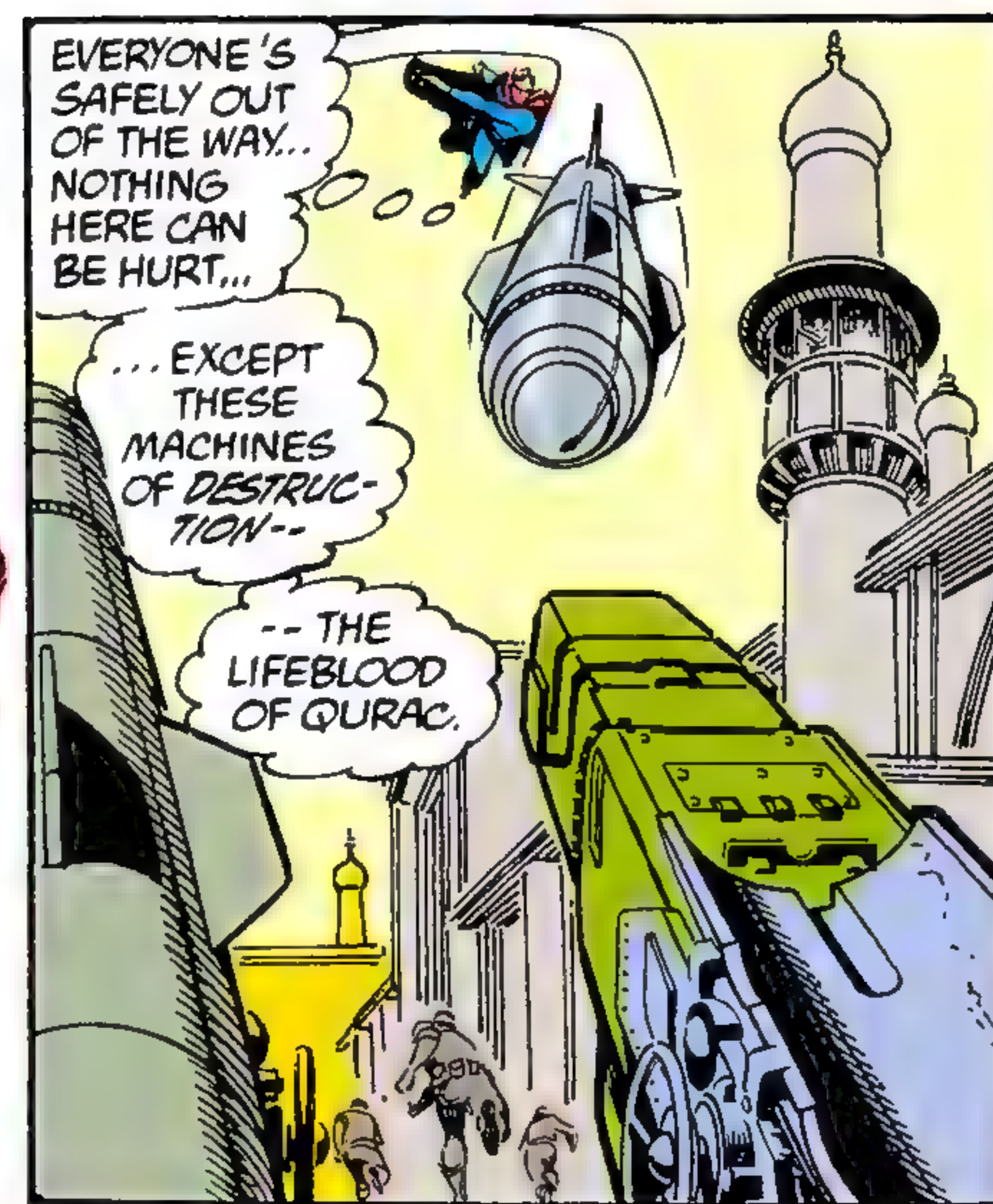
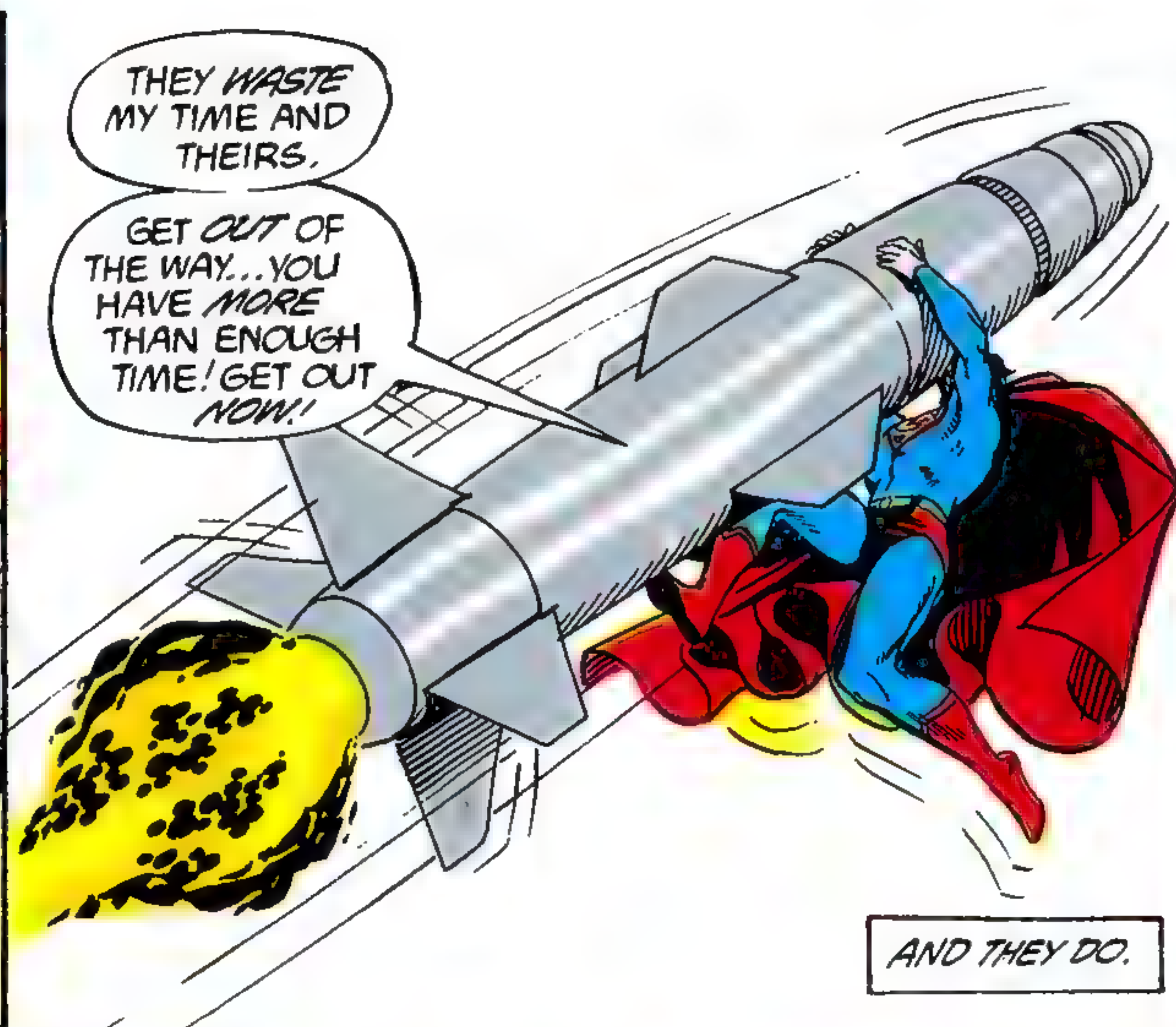
STOP HIM!
DESTROY HIM!
DO WHAT YOU MUST--

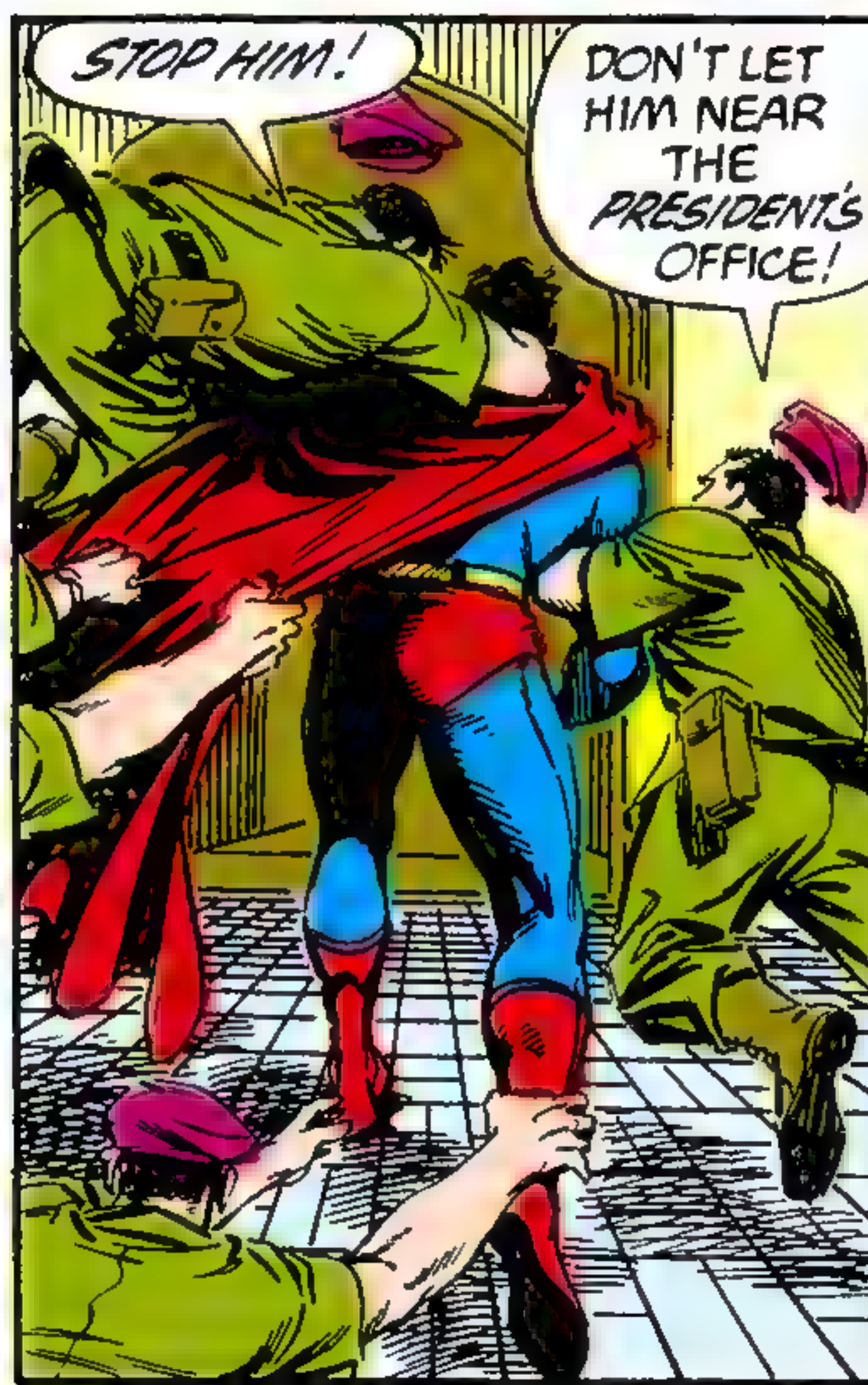
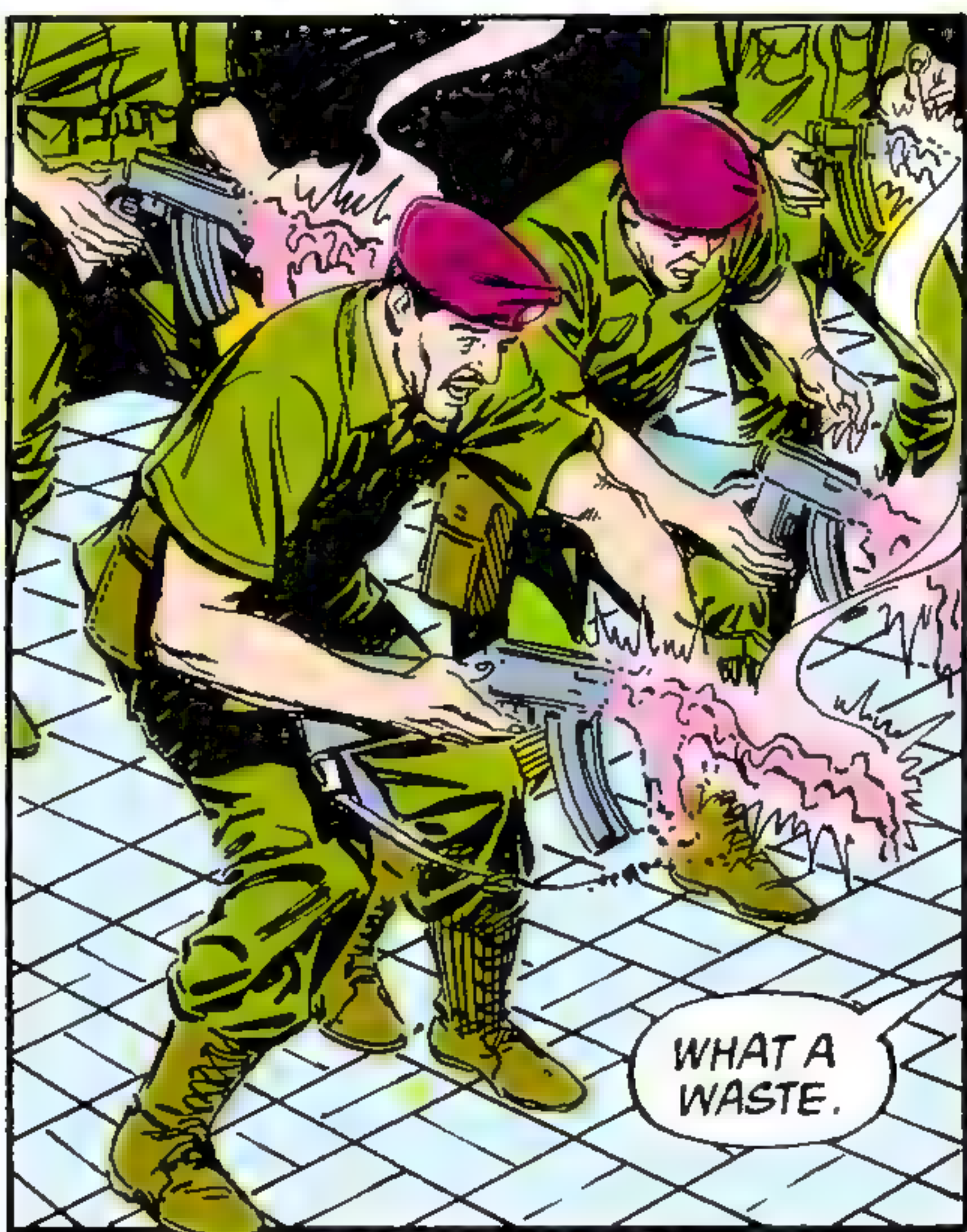
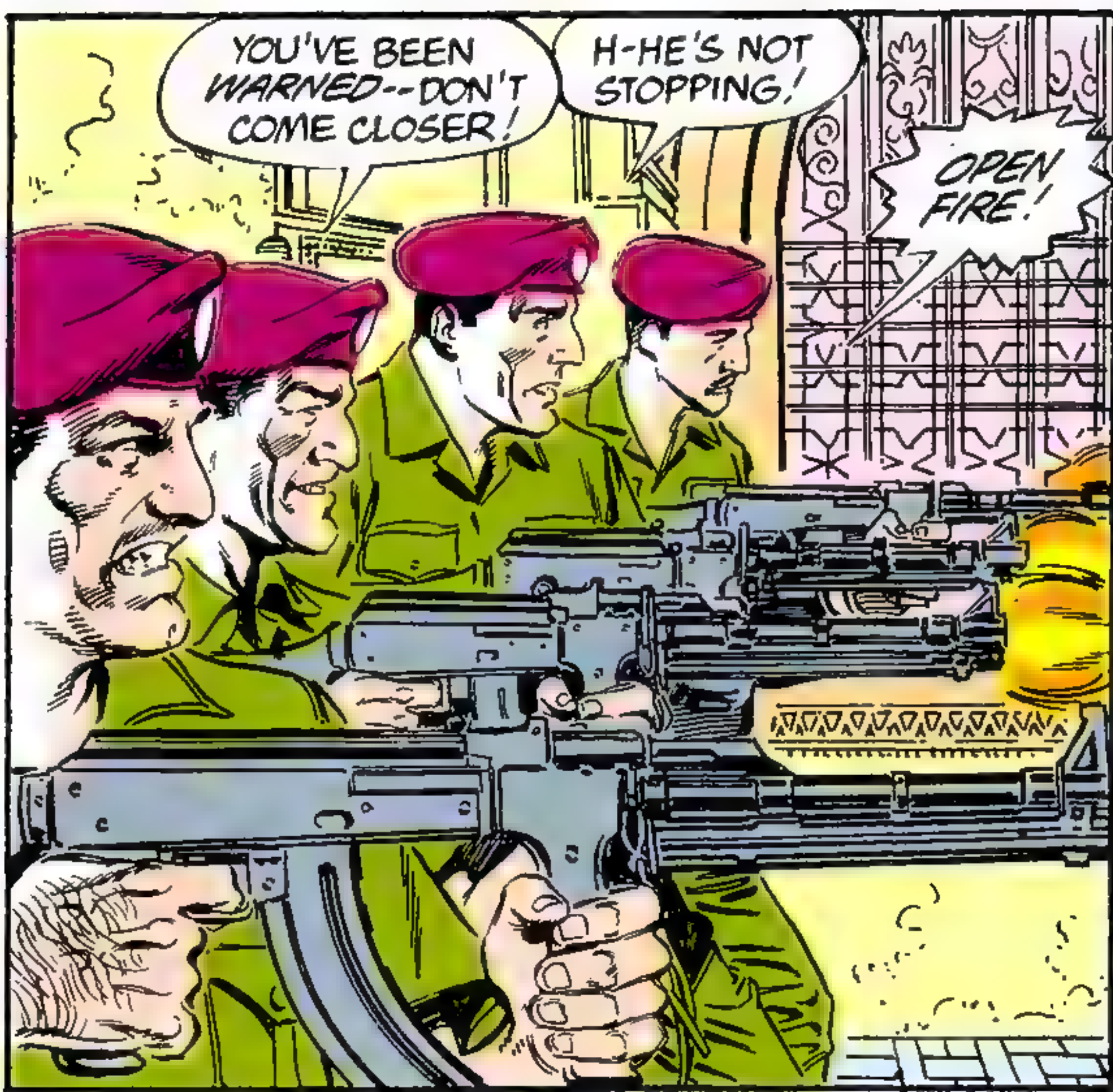
-- SUPERMAN
MUST NOT REACH
THE CAPITOL!

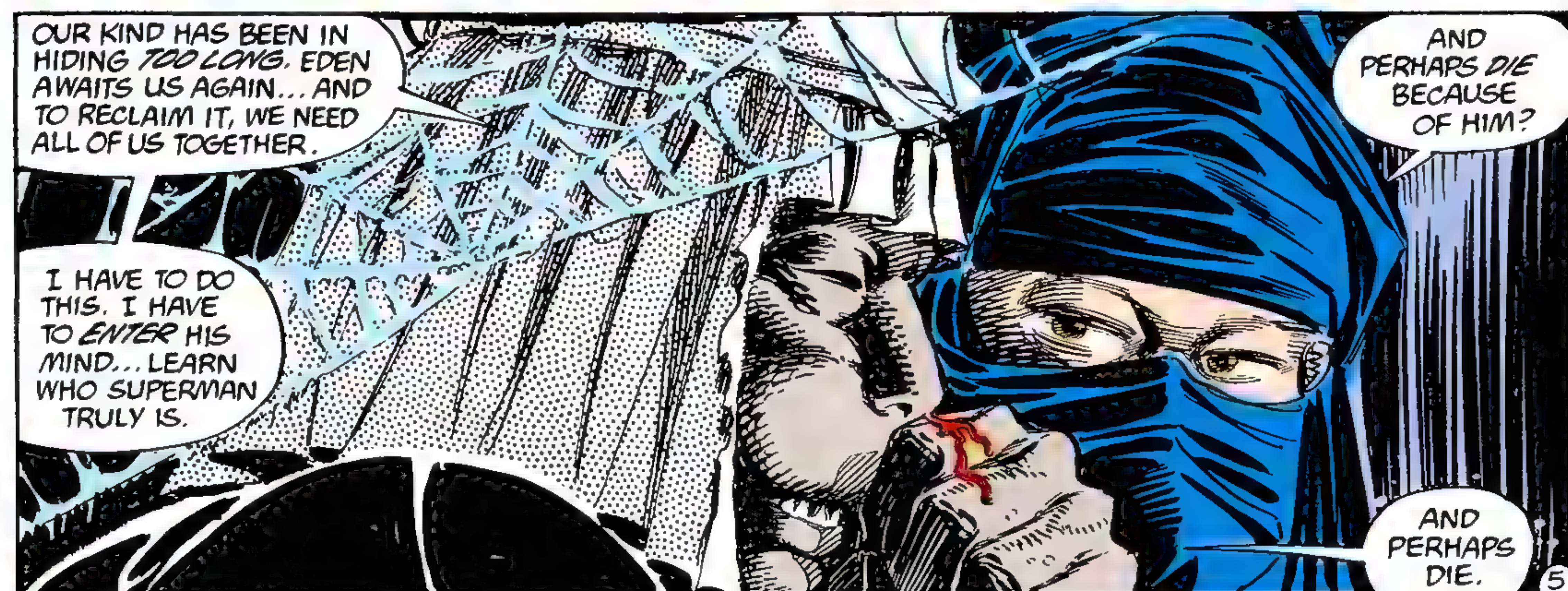
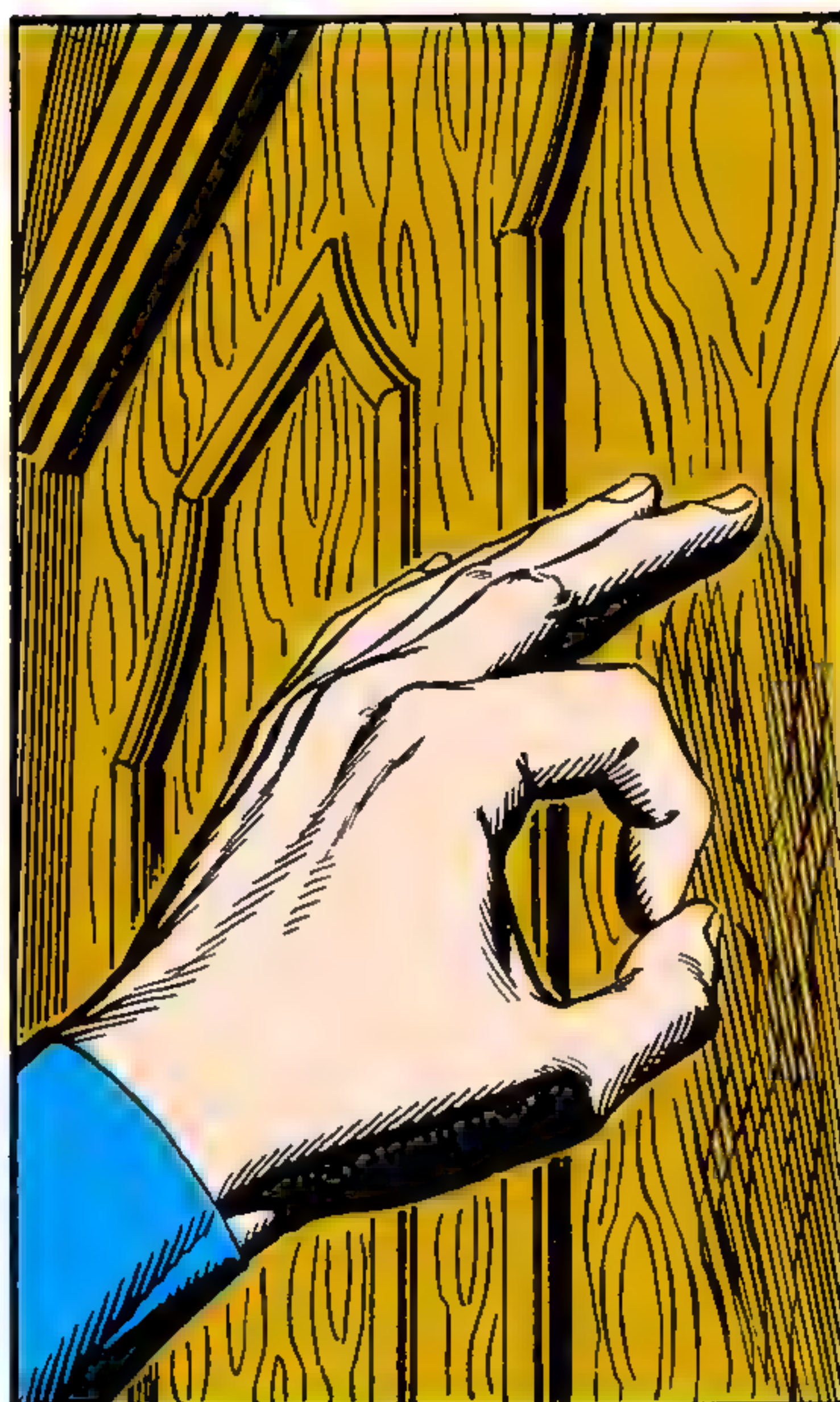
BUT, OF COURSE,
HE WILL.

BROUGHT TO YOU BY:
MARV WOLFGAN and JERRY ORDWAY
LETTERED BY: JOHN COSTANZA
 COLORED BY: TOM ZIUKO

EDITED BY:
ANDY HELFER & MIKE CARLIN
MIND GAMES









LISTEN TO ME, SUPERMAN-- I HAD *NOTHING* TO DO WITH THE ATTACK ON METROPOLIS!

THE WEAPONS CAME FROM HERE.

PERHAPS...I'LL EVEN SAY YES, THOUGH I DO NOT KNOW THAT FOR A FACT.



THERE ARE *MANY* FACTIONS HERE... QURAC IS OPEN TO MANY PEOPLE. THEY DO NOT ALWAYS REPORT TO ME.

SUDDENLY I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* TO BELIEVE.

PLEASE BELIEVE ME, SUPERMAN... LET ME GO!

ALL RIGHT, MARLO.



EVEN IF YOU'RE *NOT* RESPONSIBLE, YOU KNOW WHERE EVERY NUT GROUP IS HIDING.

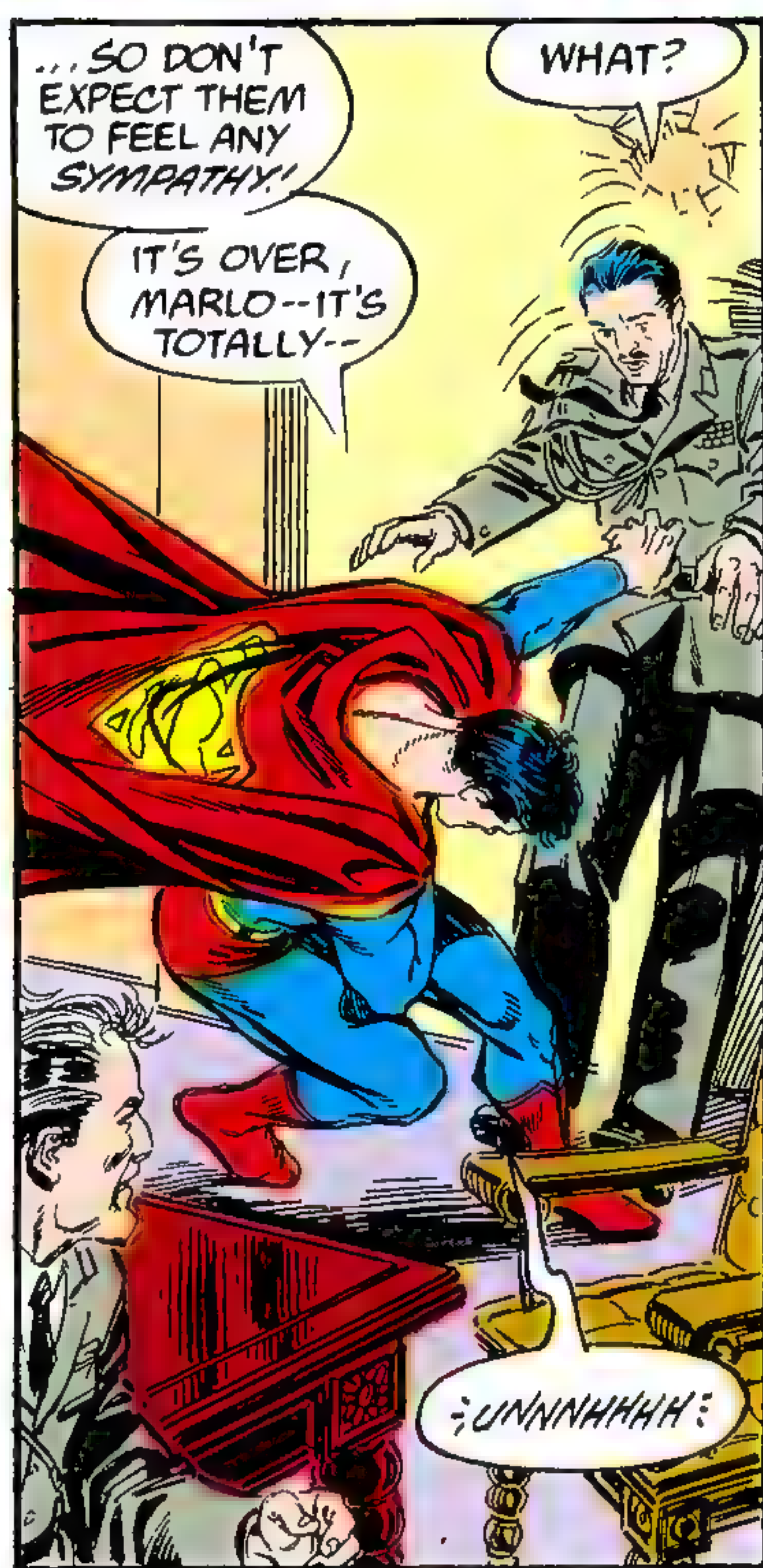
YOU AND I--NOT YOUR STOOGES HERE-- ARE GOING ON A LITTLE TOUR OF THIS DESERT PARADISE!

AND YOU'RE GOING TO *INTRODUCE* ME TO ALL YOUR FRIENDS WHO *MAY* BE RESPONSIBLE. AND THEN...



... THEN I'M GOING TO *SHUT DOWN* THIS TERRORIST-SAFE HAVEN FOR GOOD!

YOU'VE EVEN BEEN FOOLISH ENOUGH TO EXPORT TERROR BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN...

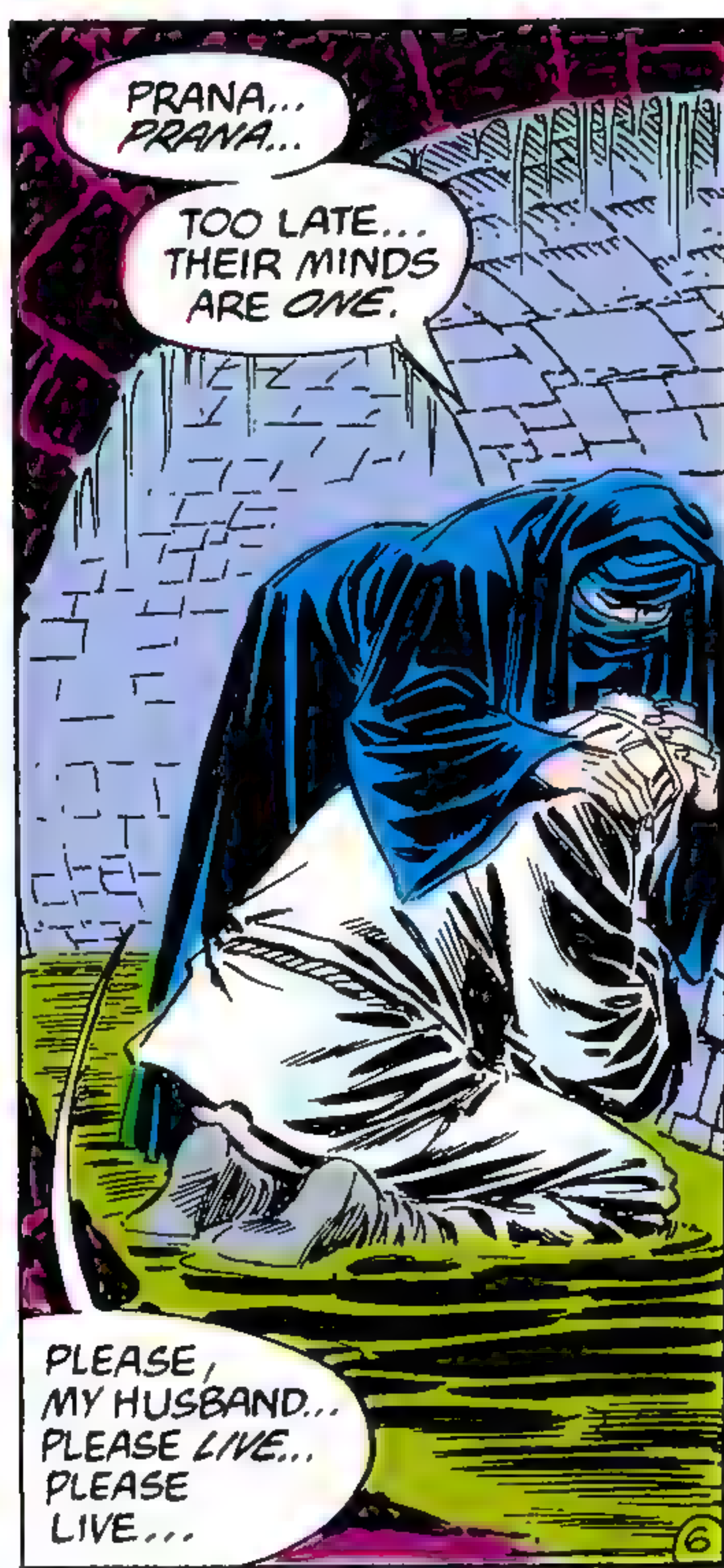


... SO DON'T EXPECT THEM TO FEEL ANY SYMPATHY!

IT'S OVER, MARLO--IT'S TOTALLY--

WHAT?

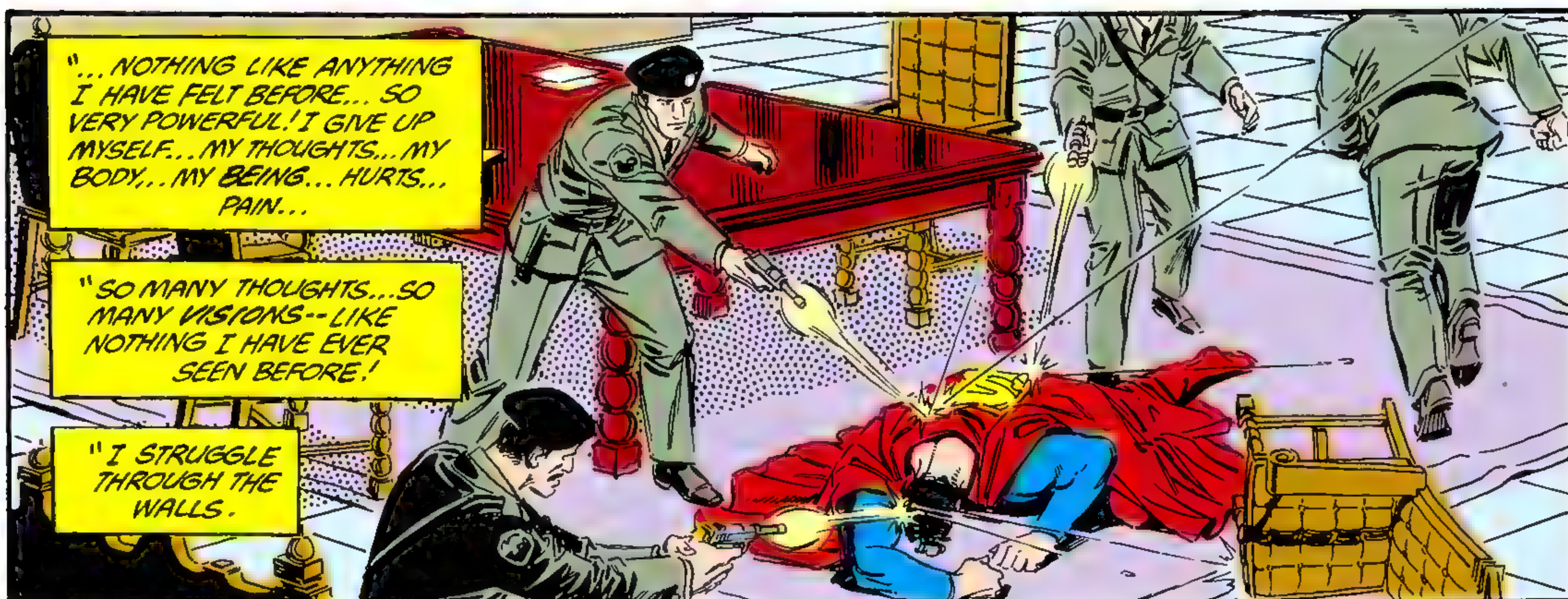
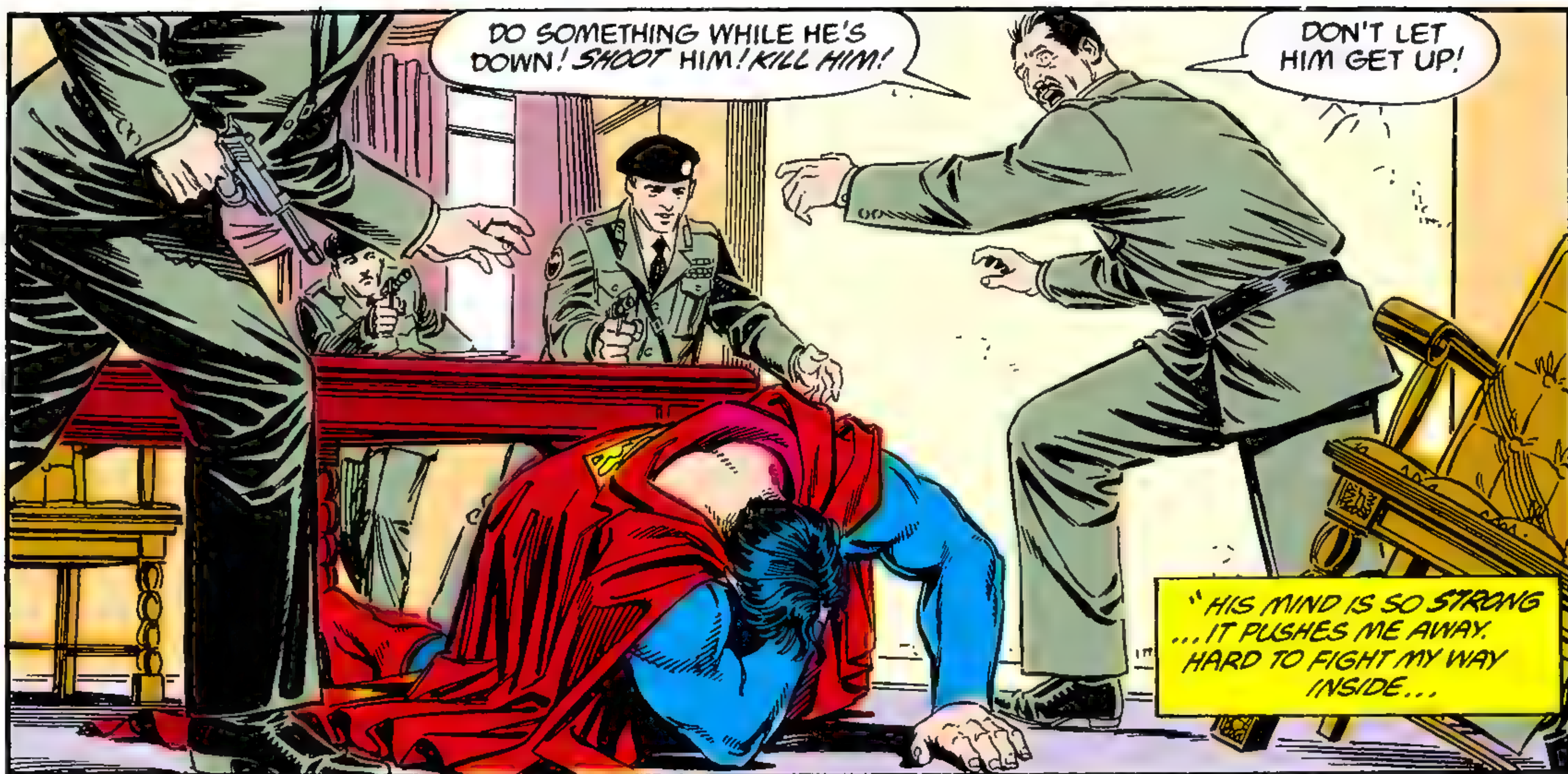
UNNNHHHHH

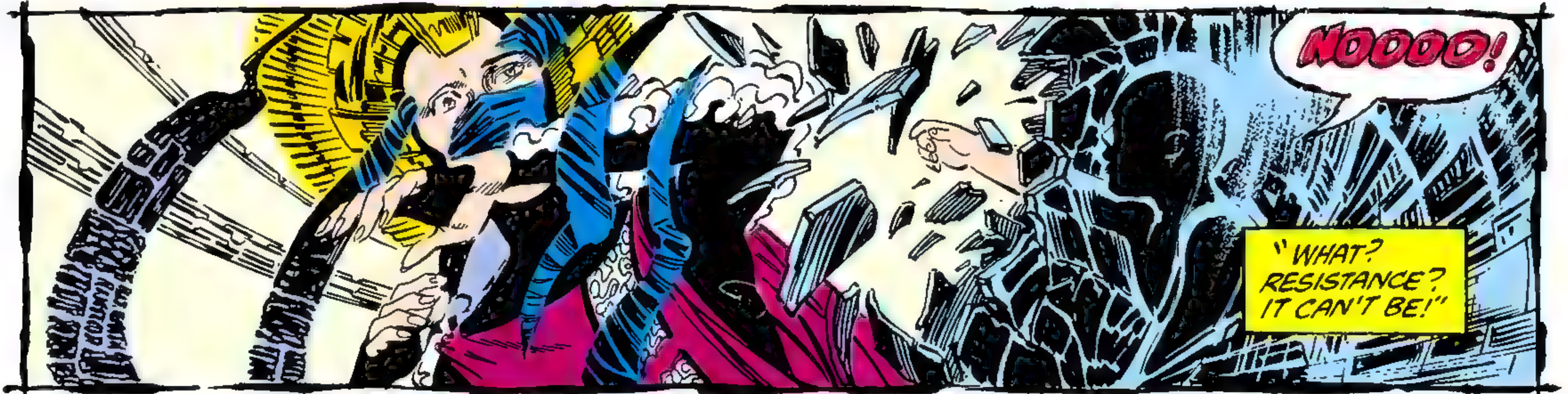
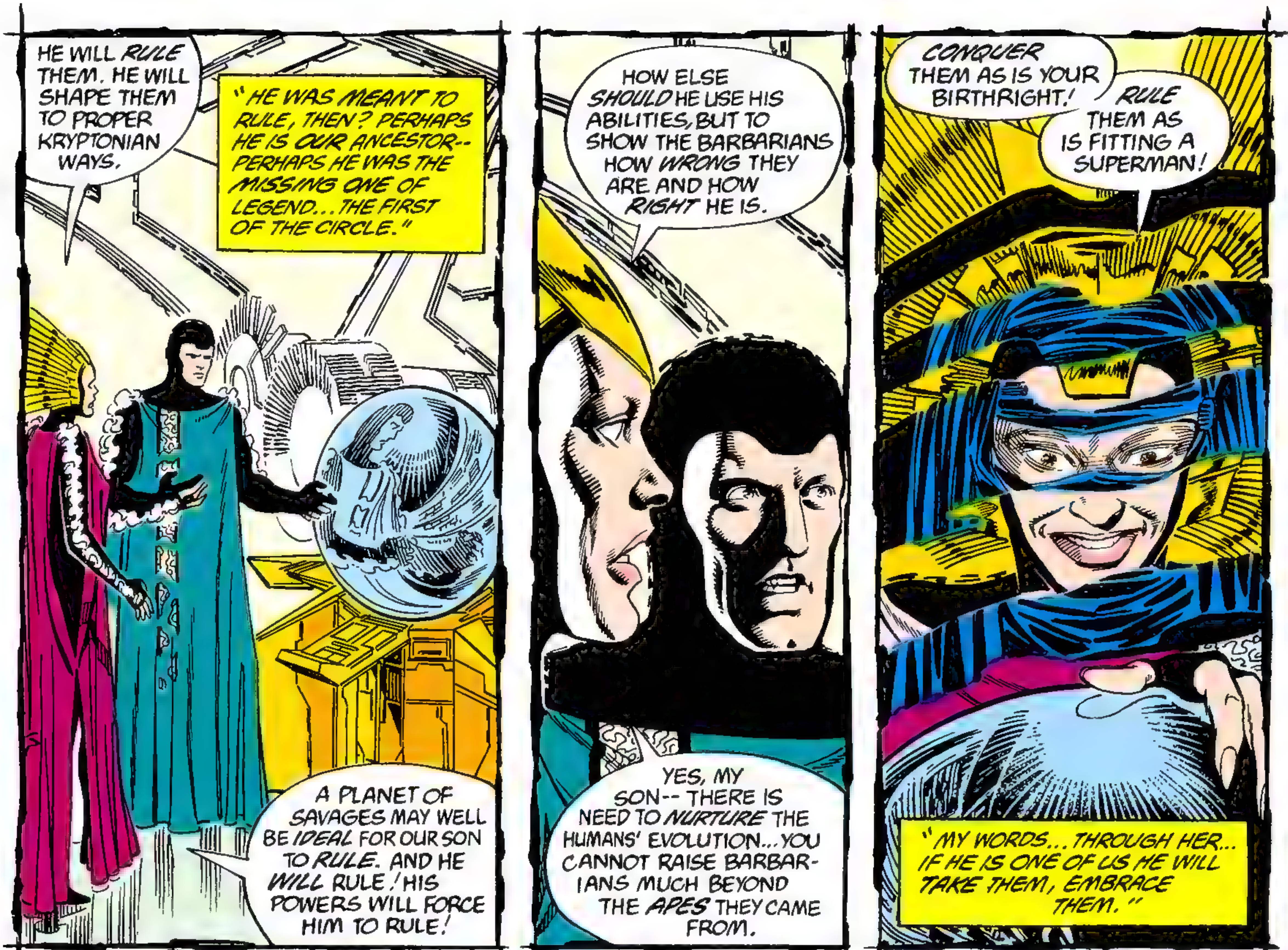


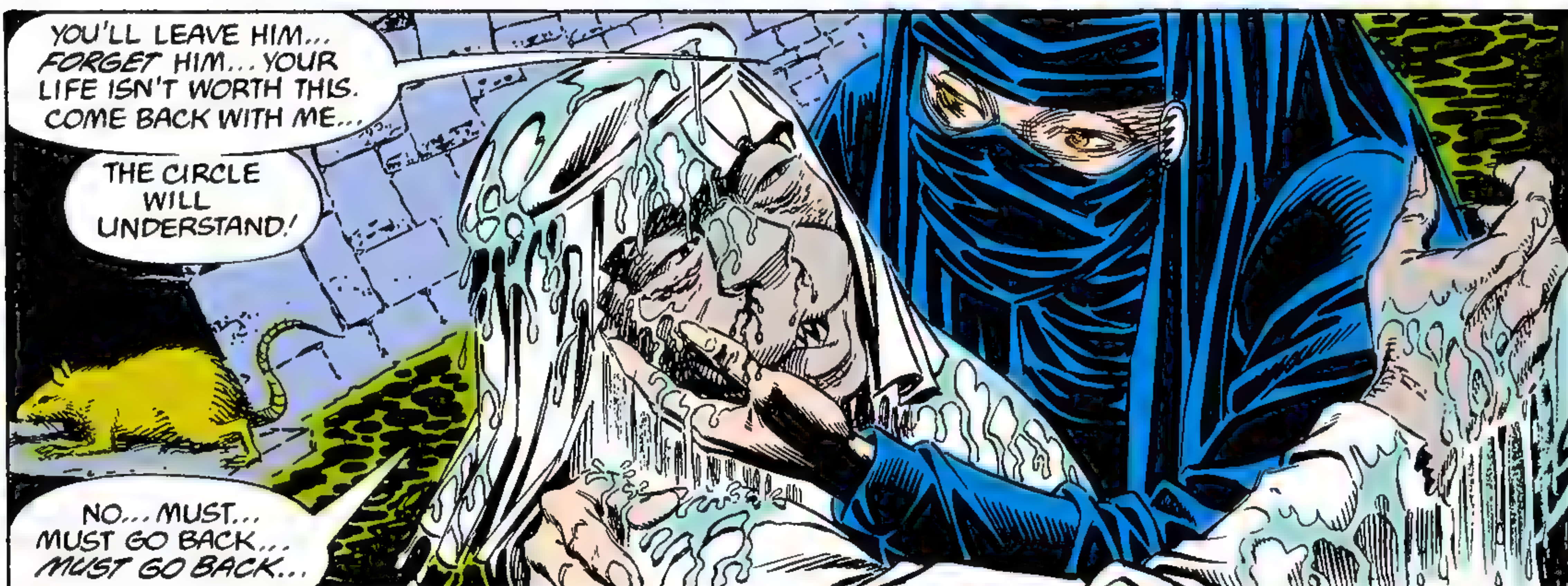
PRANA... PRANA...

TOO LATE... THEIR MINDS ARE ONE.

PLEASE, MY HUSBAND... PLEASE LIVE... PLEASE LIVE...







YOU'LL LEAVE HIM...
FORGET HIM... YOUR
LIFE ISN'T WORTH THIS.
COME BACK WITH ME...

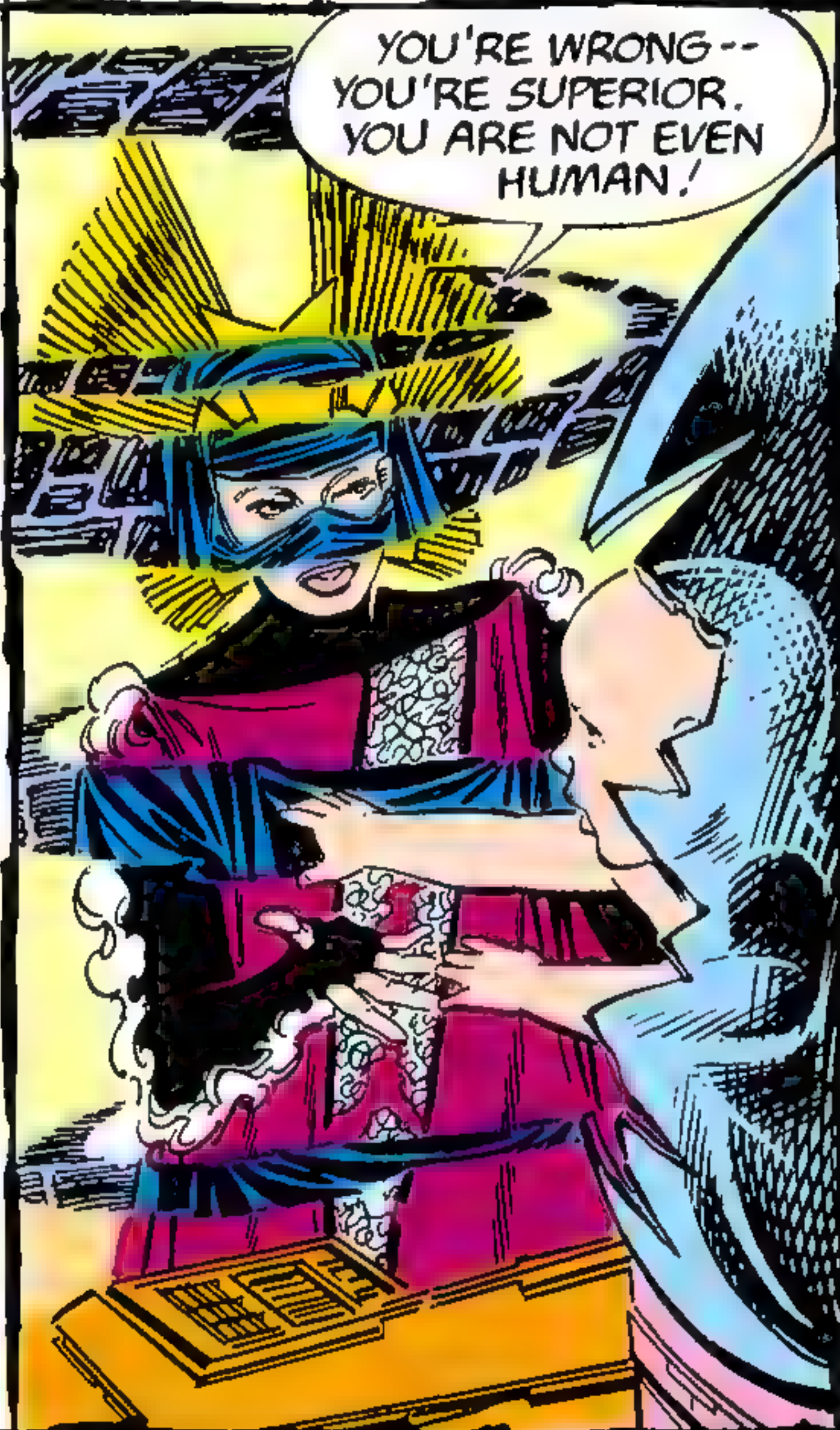
THE CIRCLE
WILL
UNDERSTAND!

NO... MUST...
MUST GO BACK...
MUST GO BACK...

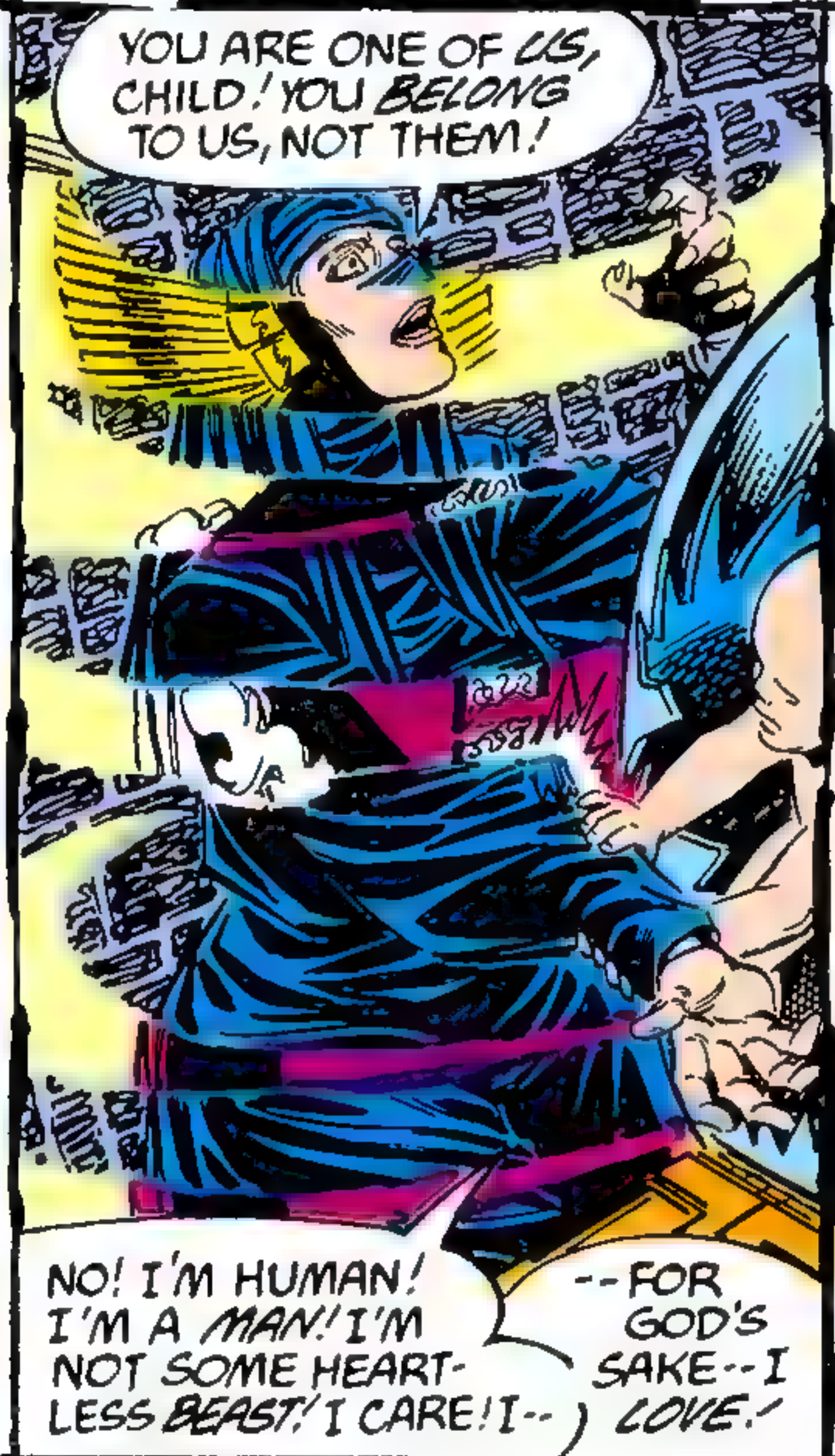


I'M NOT A GOD--
I'M NOT GOING
TO RULE. THEY'RE
PEOPLE, JUST
LIKE WE ARE.
PEOPLE--EVEN
BETTER THAN
WE!

THEY HAVE
EMOTIONS...
THEY'RE ALIVE.
I'VE GOT MORE
TO LEARN FROM
THEM THAN THEY
CAN FROM ALL OF
KRYPTON'S SO-
CALLED PROGRESS!



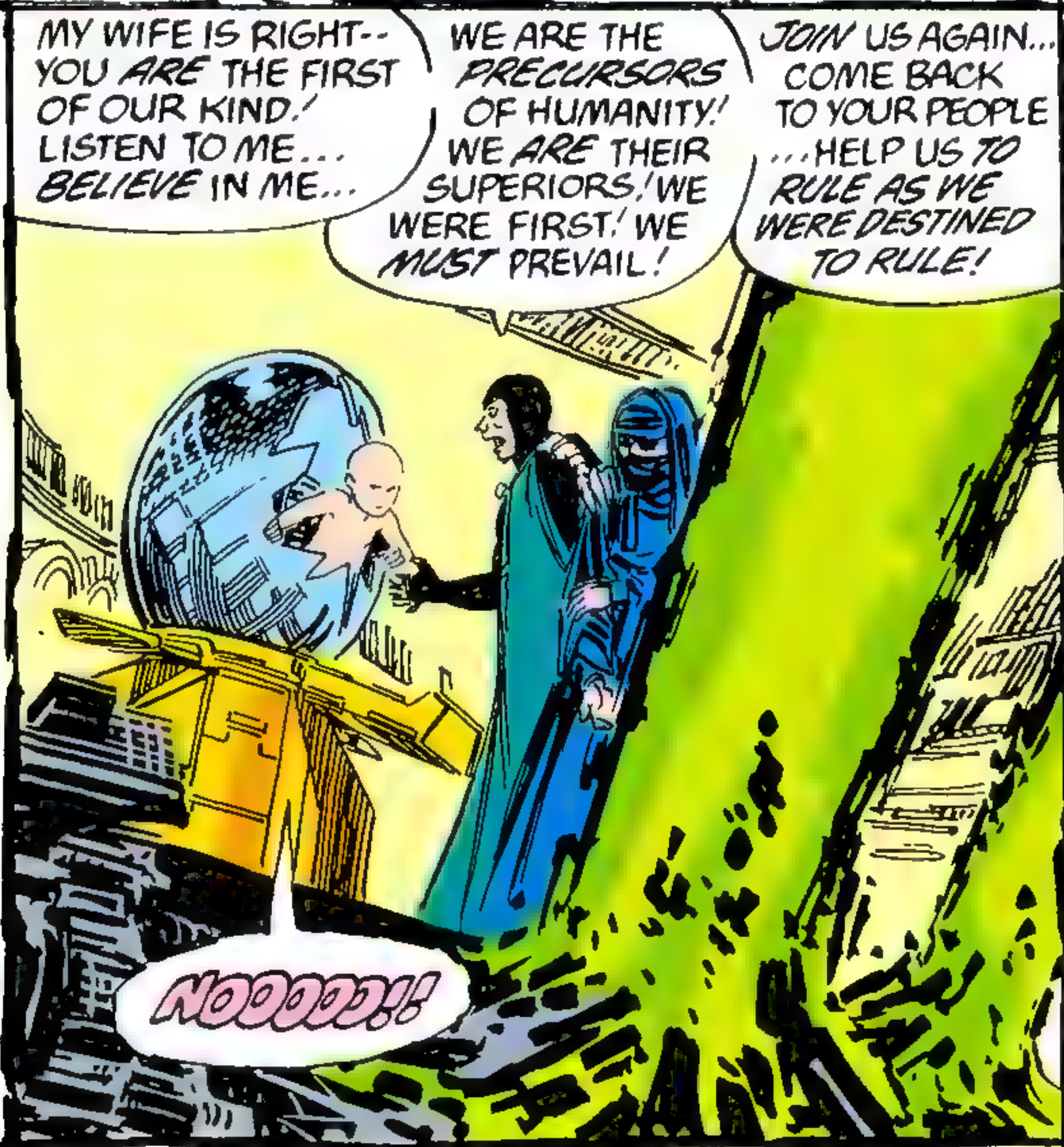
YOU'RE WRONG--
YOU'RE SUPERIOR.
YOU ARE NOT EVEN
HUMAN!



YOU ARE ONE OF US,
CHILD! YOU BELONG
TO US, NOT THEM!

NO! I'M HUMAN!
I'M A MAN! I'M
NOT SOME HEART-
LESS BEAST! I CARE!

--FOR
GOD'S
SAKE--I
LOVE!

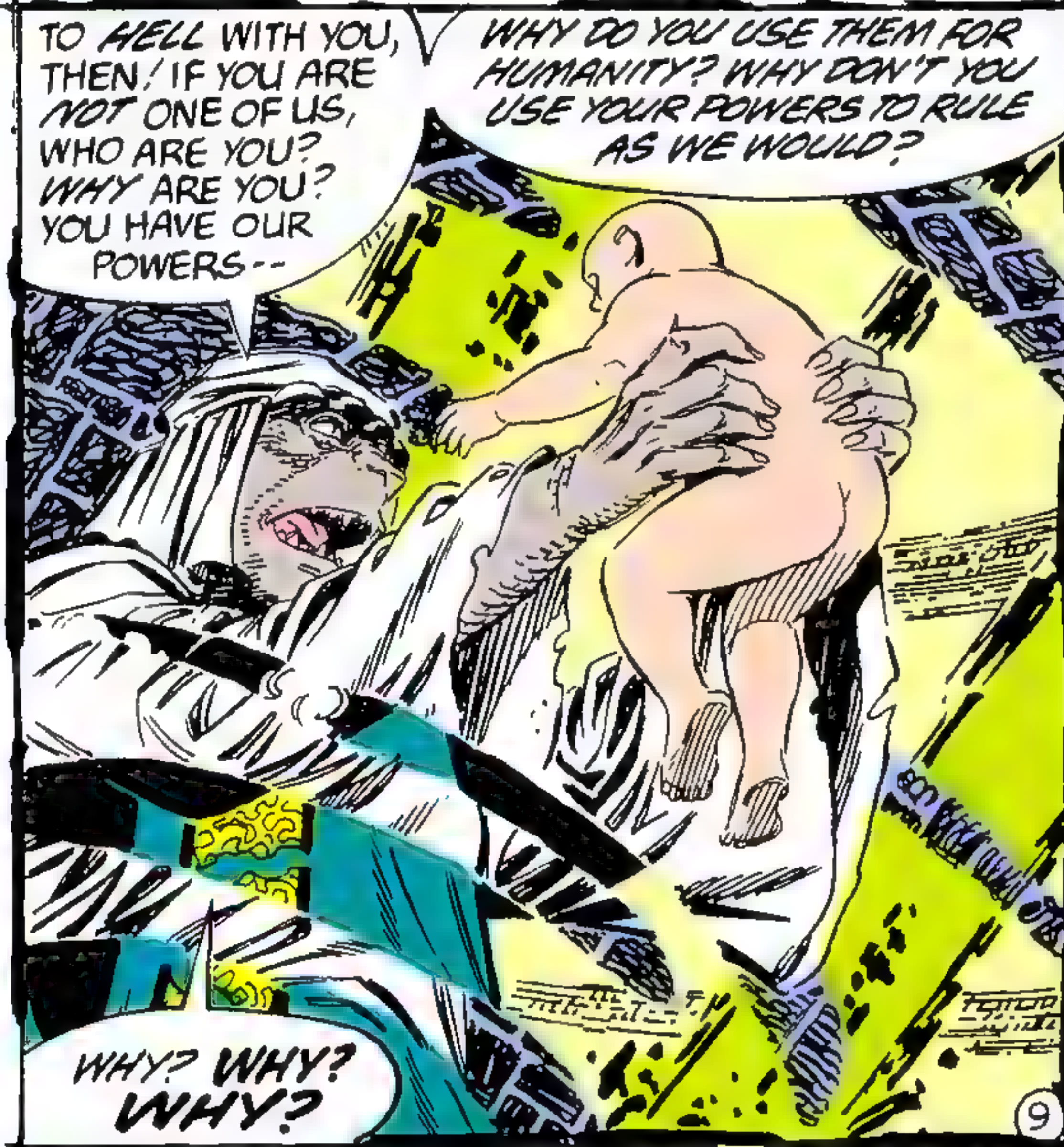


MY WIFE IS RIGHT--
YOU ARE THE FIRST
OF OUR KIND! LISTEN TO ME...
BELIEVE IN ME...

WE ARE THE
PRECURSORS
OF HUMANITY!
WE ARE THEIR
SUPERIORS! WE
WERE FIRST! WE
MUST PREVAIL!

JOIN US AGAIN...
COME BACK
TO YOUR PEOPLE
...HELP US TO
RULE AS WE
WERE DESTINED
TO RULE!

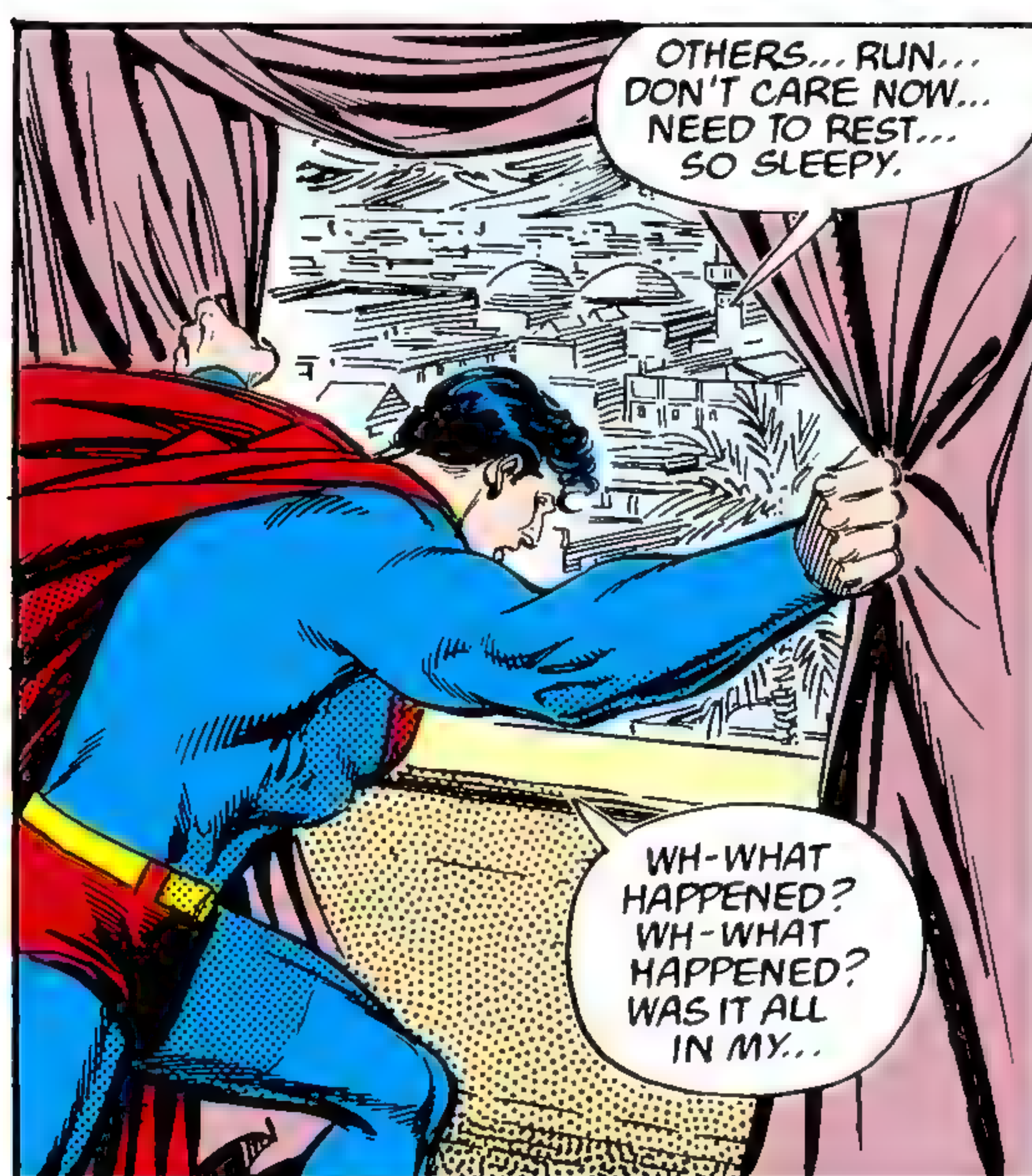
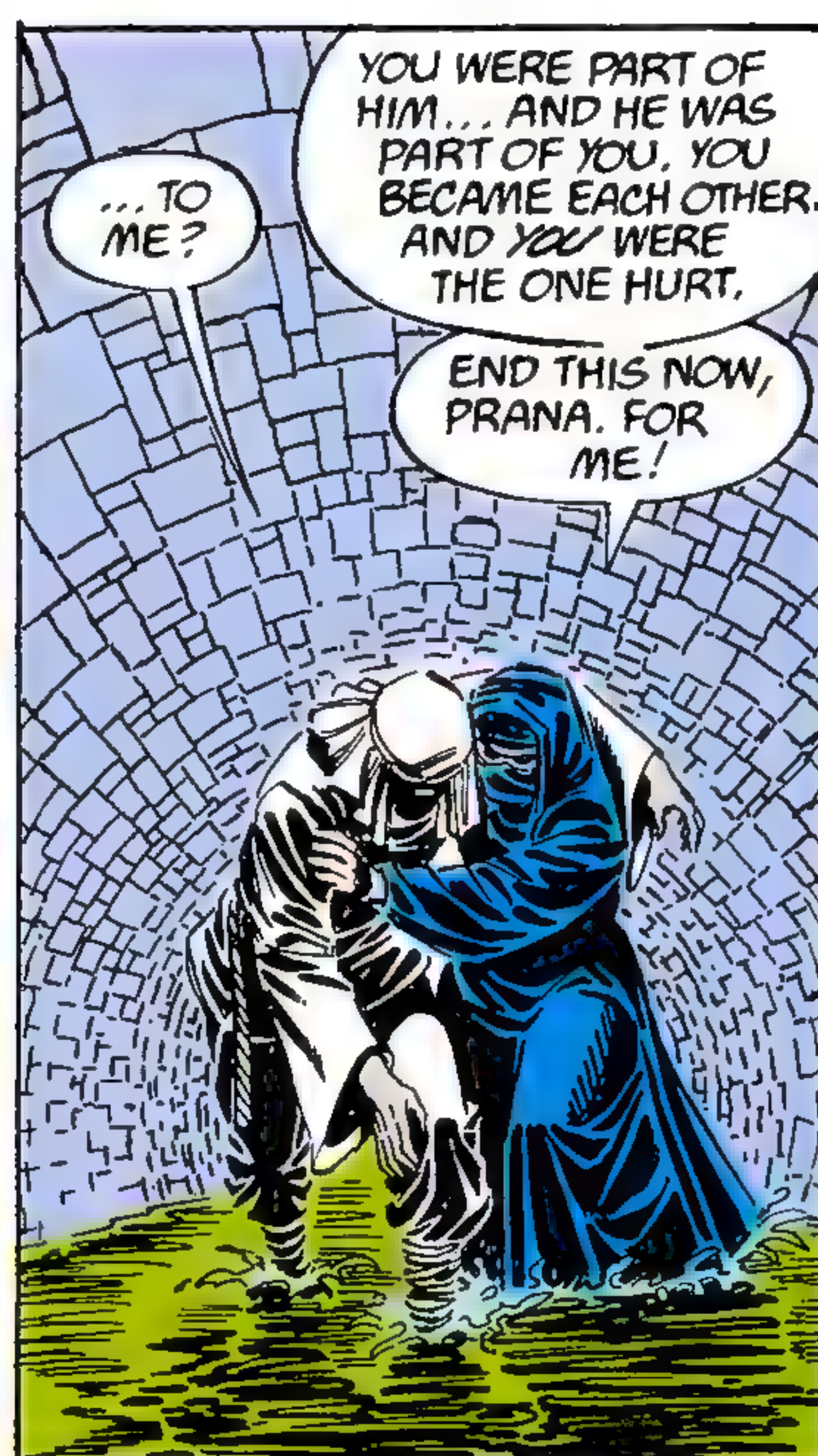
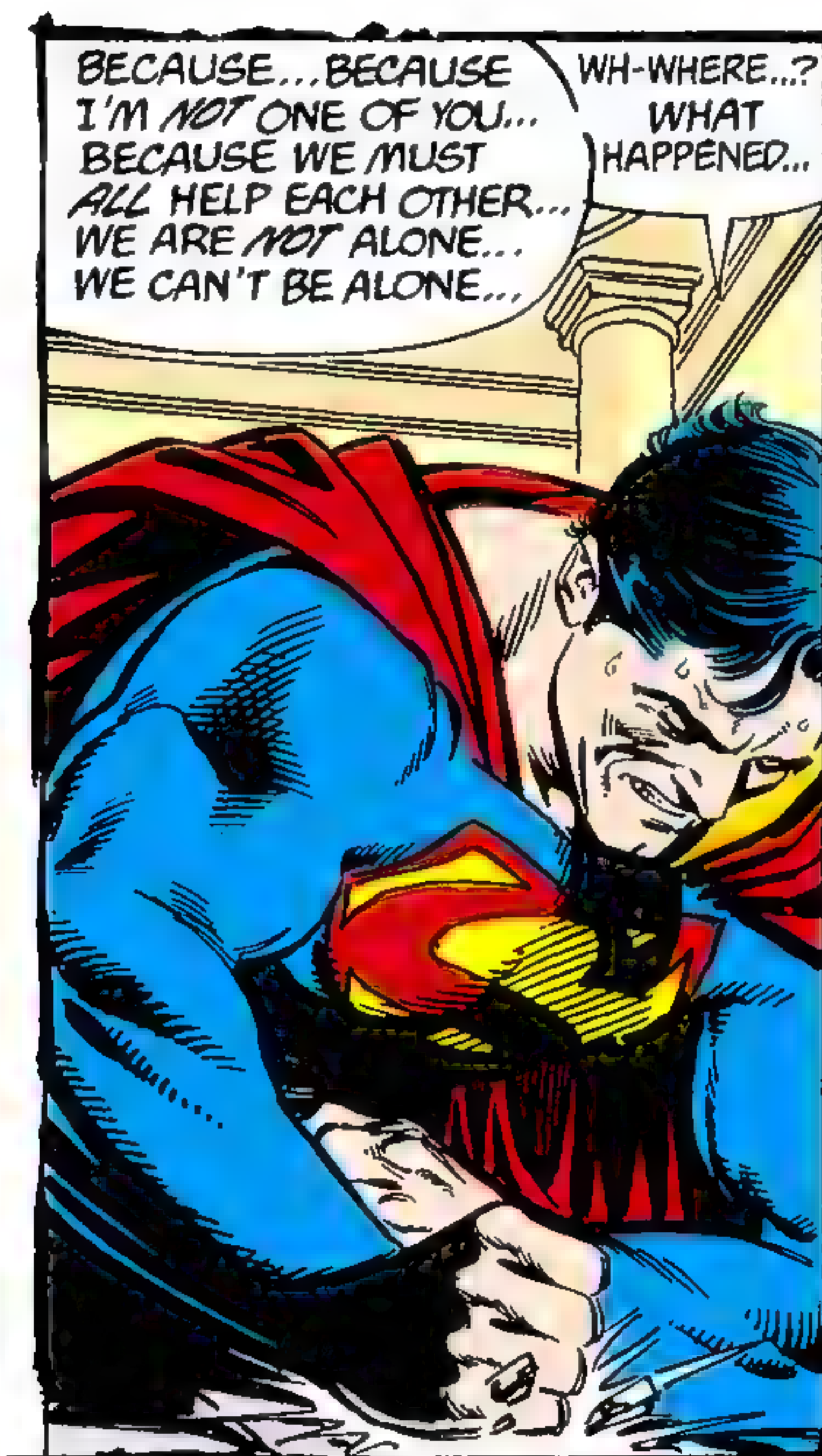
NOOOOO!!

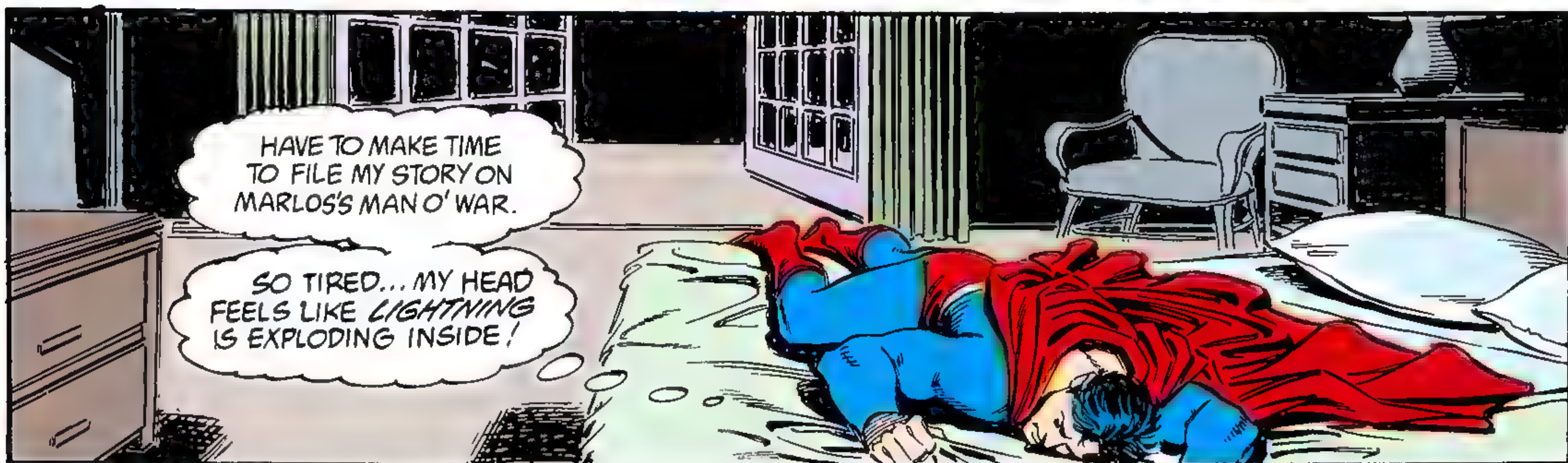
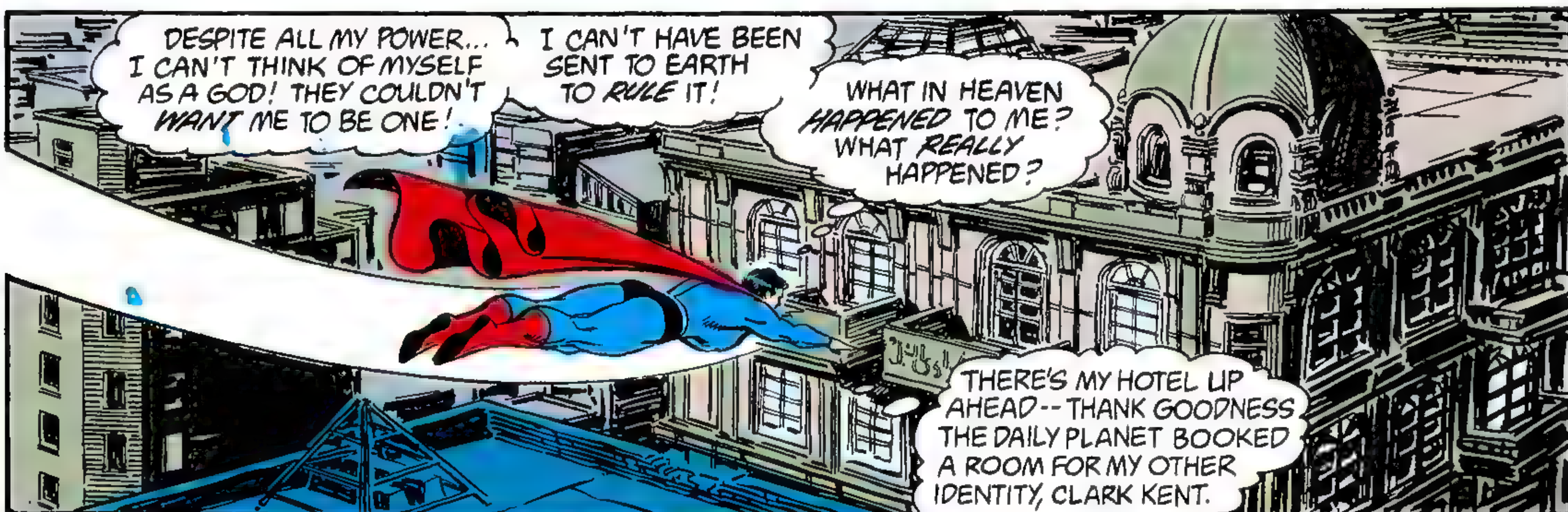
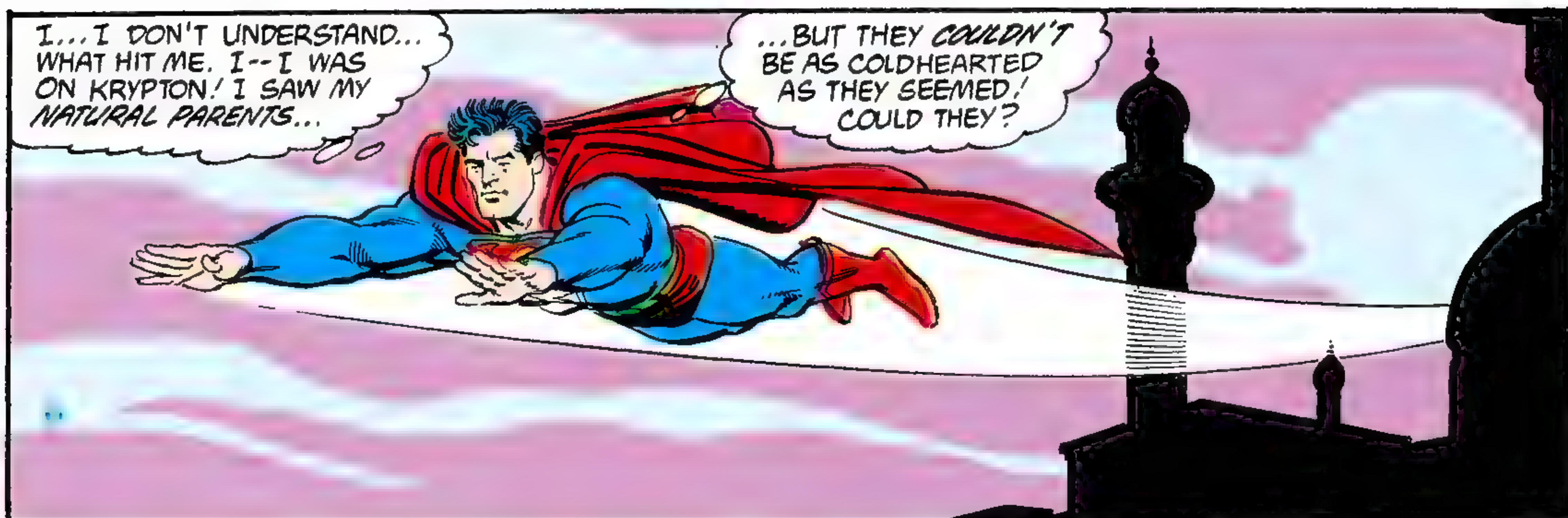


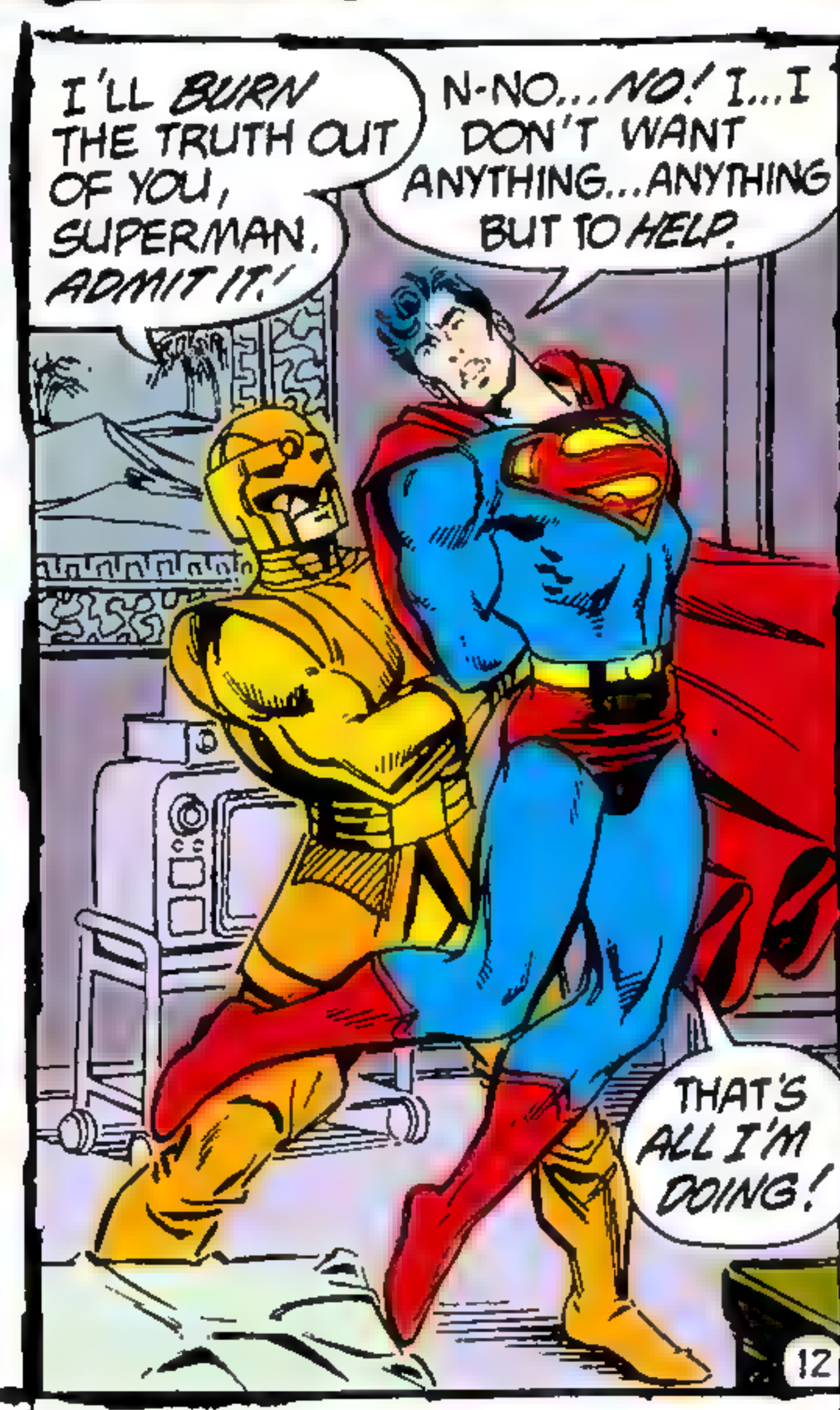
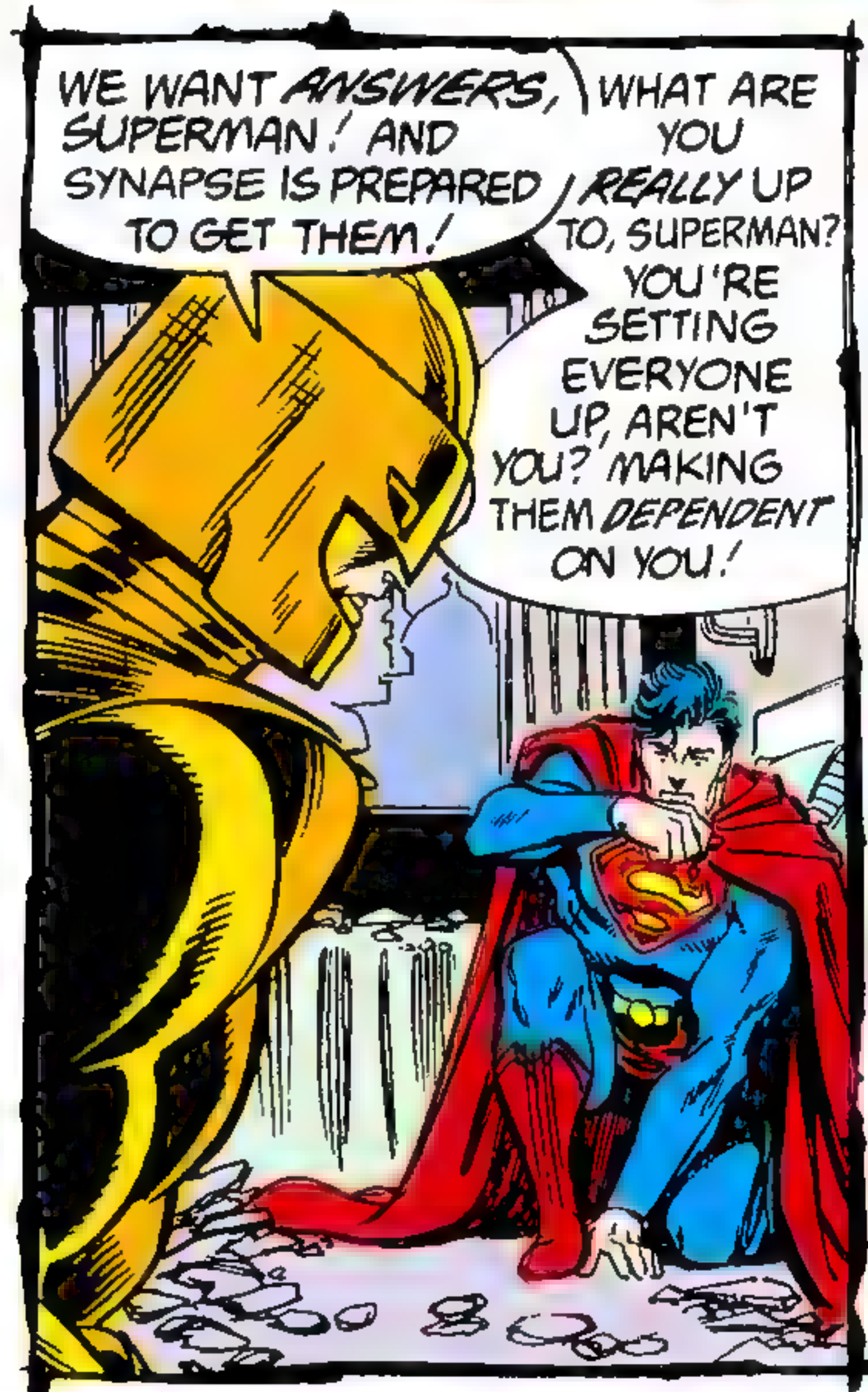
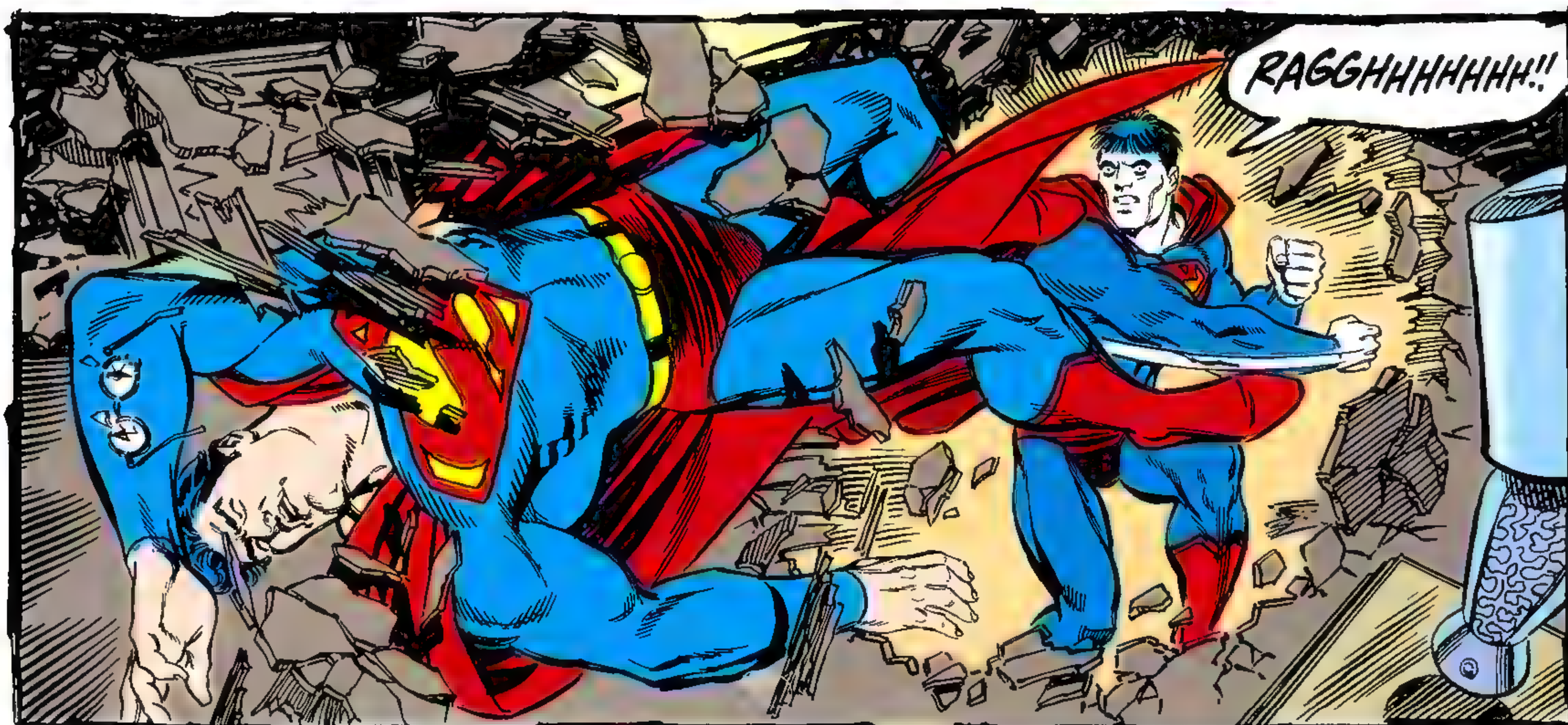
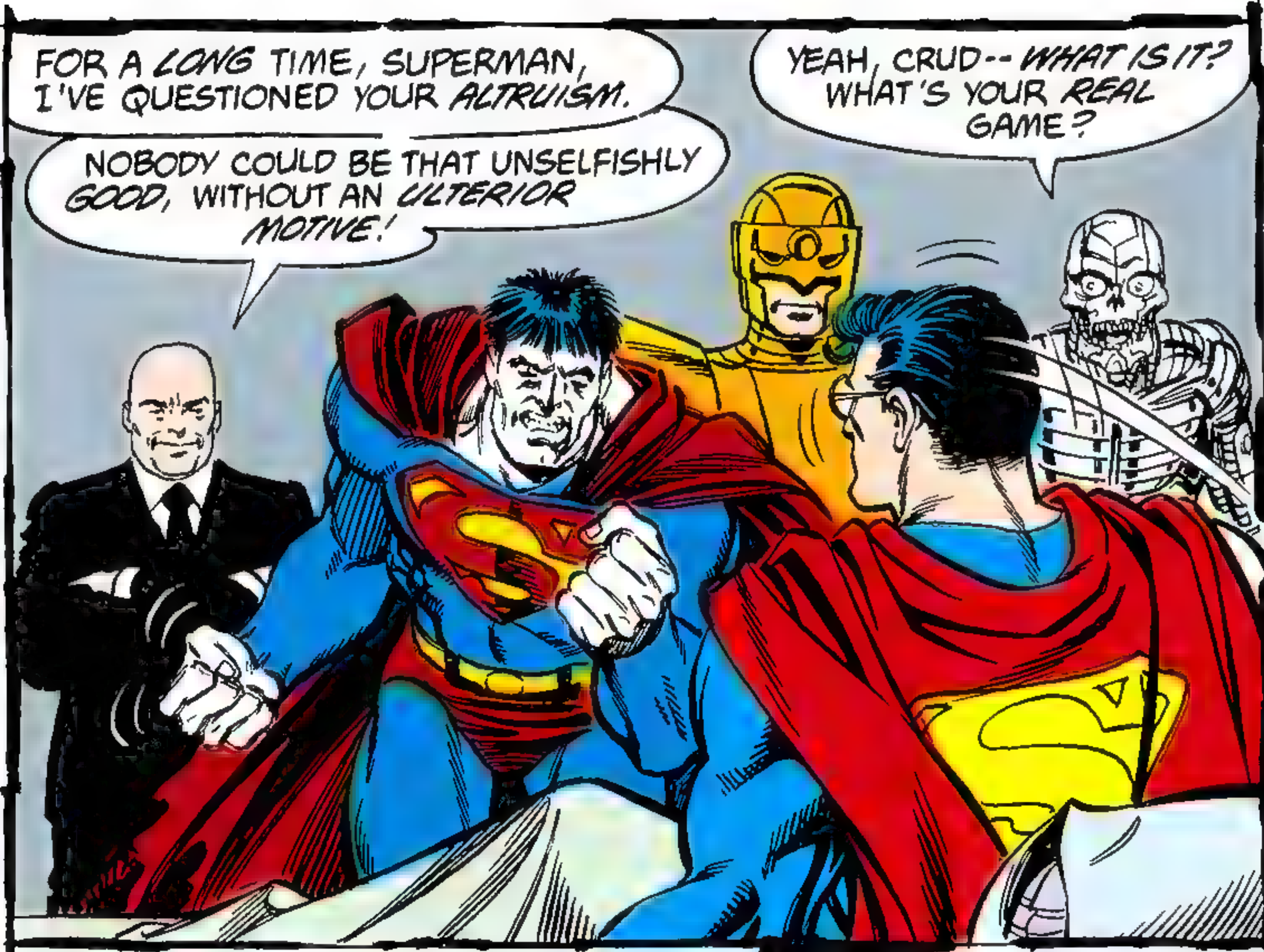
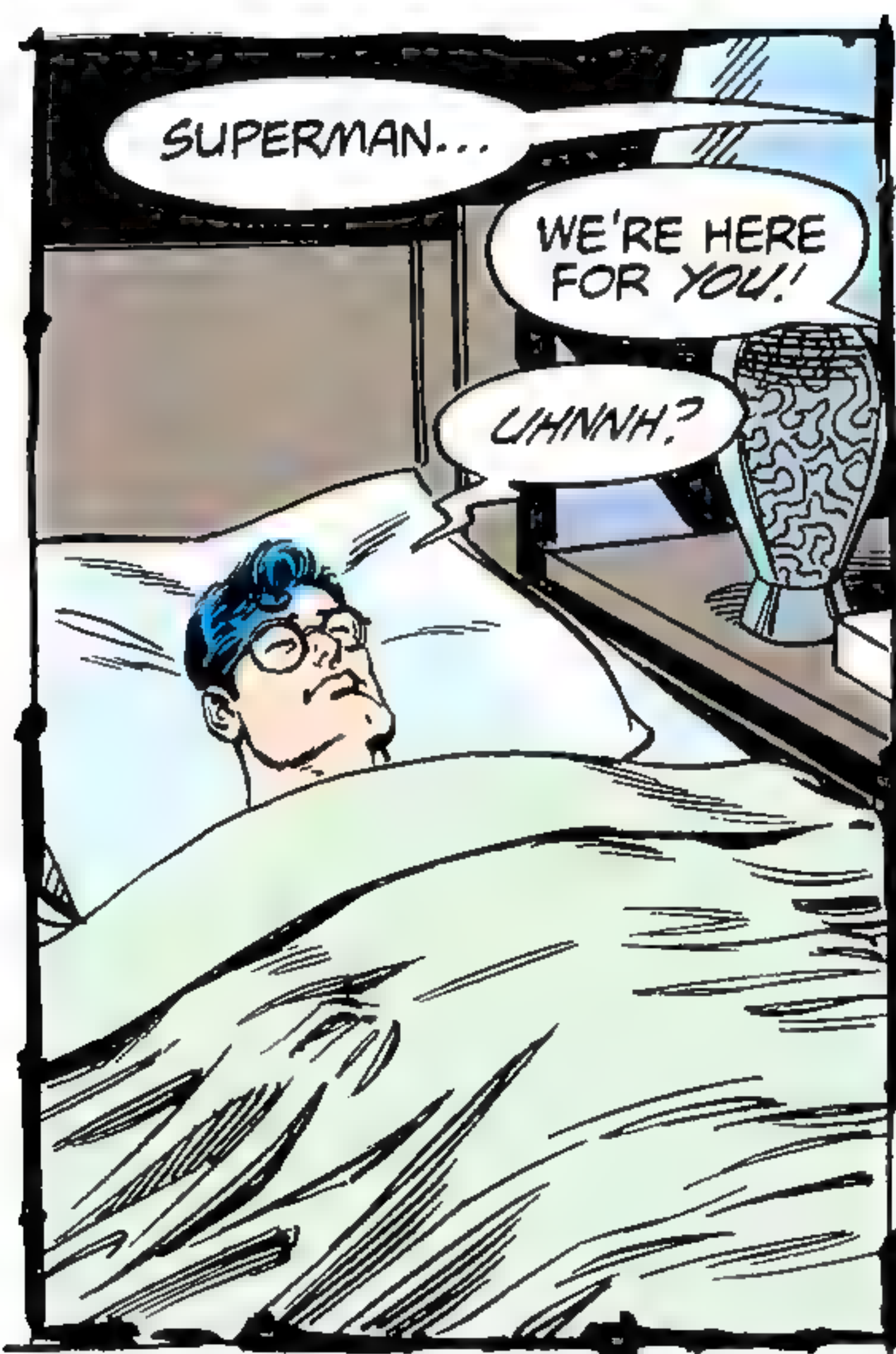
TO HELL WITH YOU,
THEN! IF YOU ARE
NOT ONE OF US,
WHO ARE YOU?
WHY ARE YOU?
YOU HAVE OUR
POWERS--

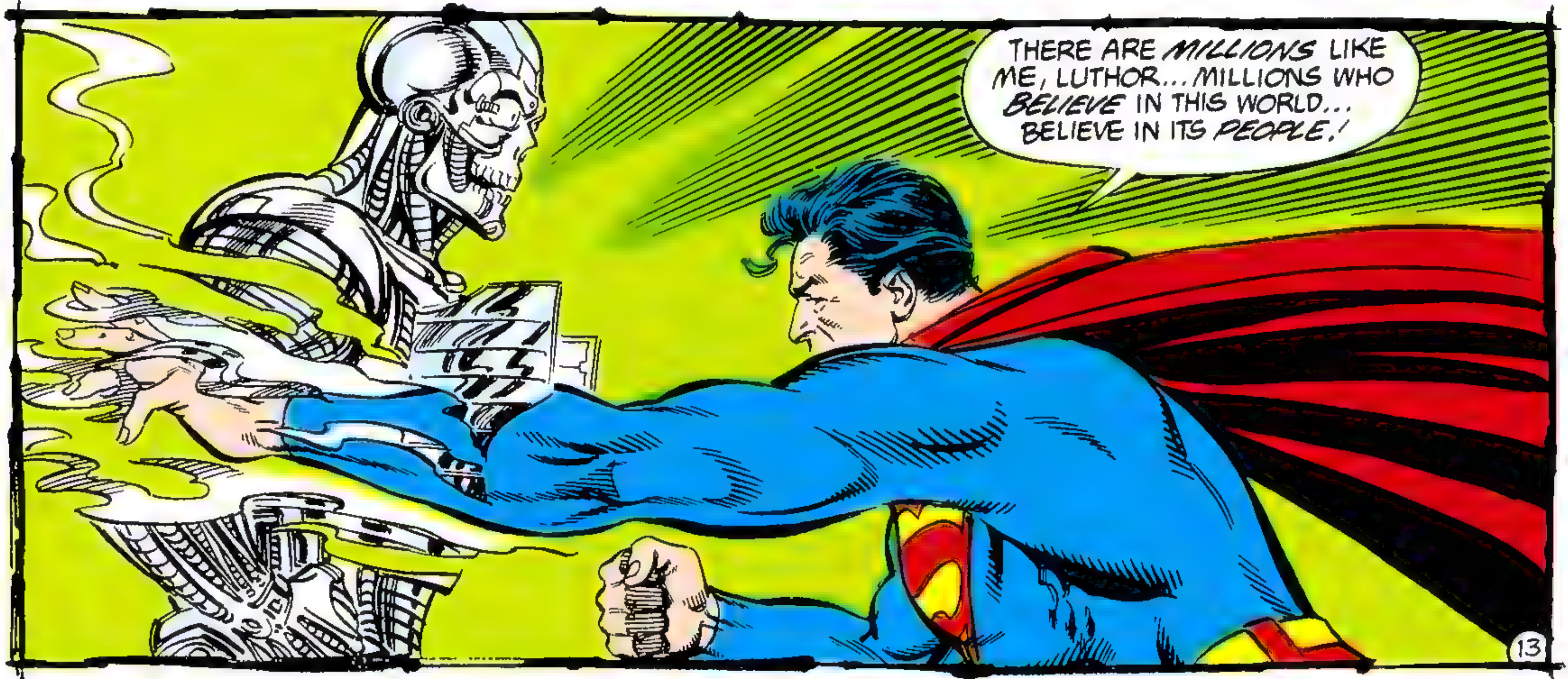
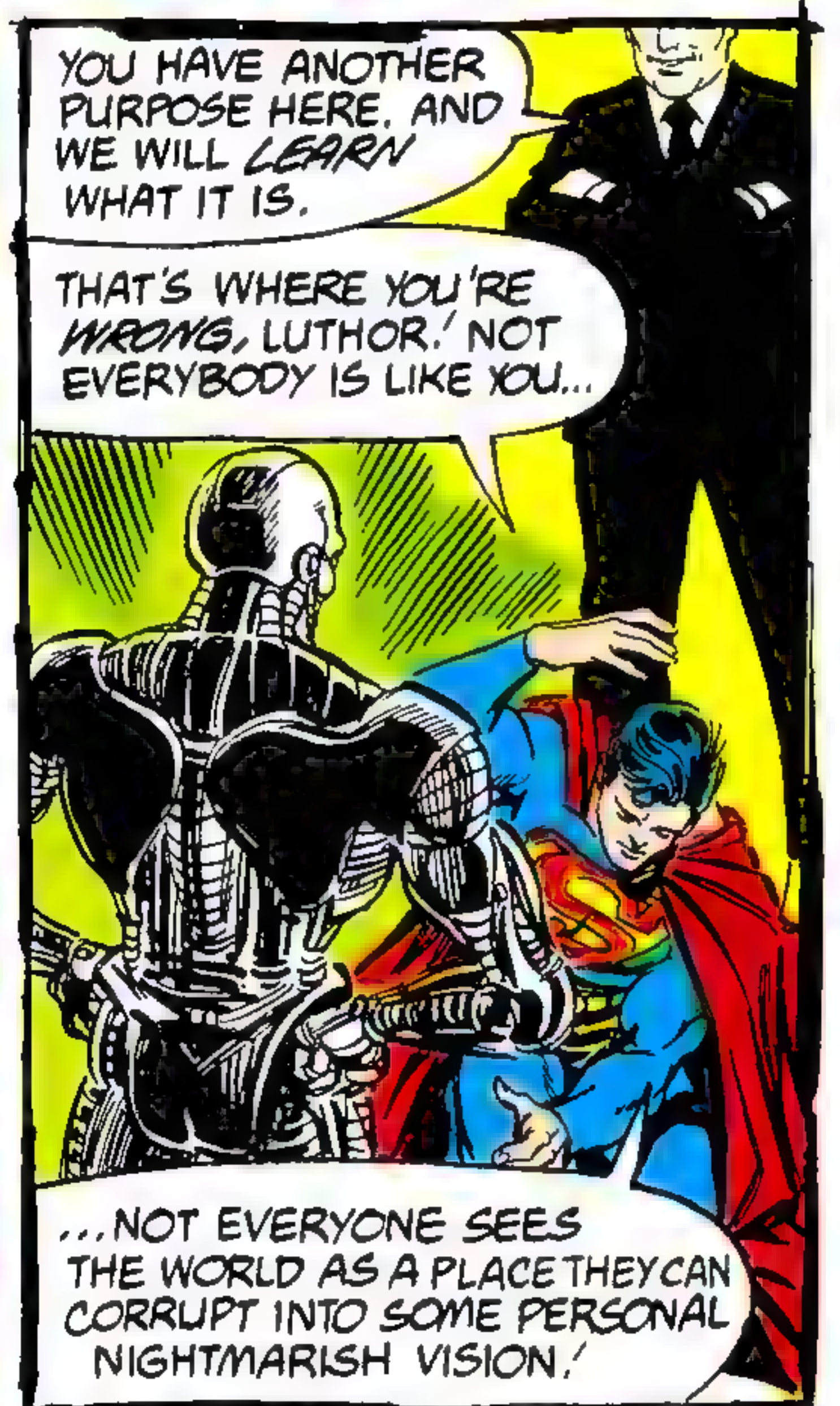
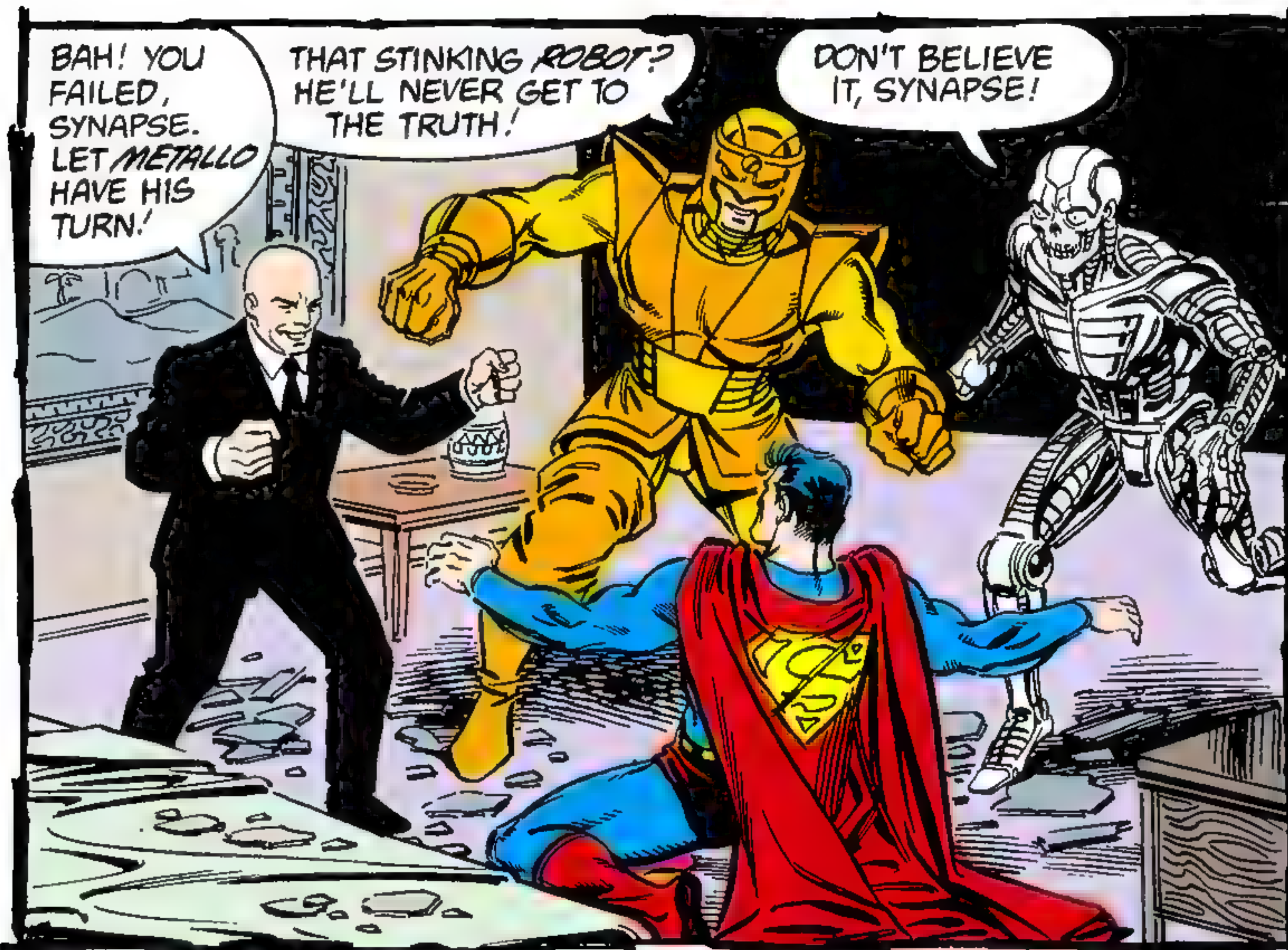
WHY DO YOU USE THEM FOR
HUMANITY? WHY DON'T YOU
USE YOUR POWERS TO RULE
AS WE WOULD?

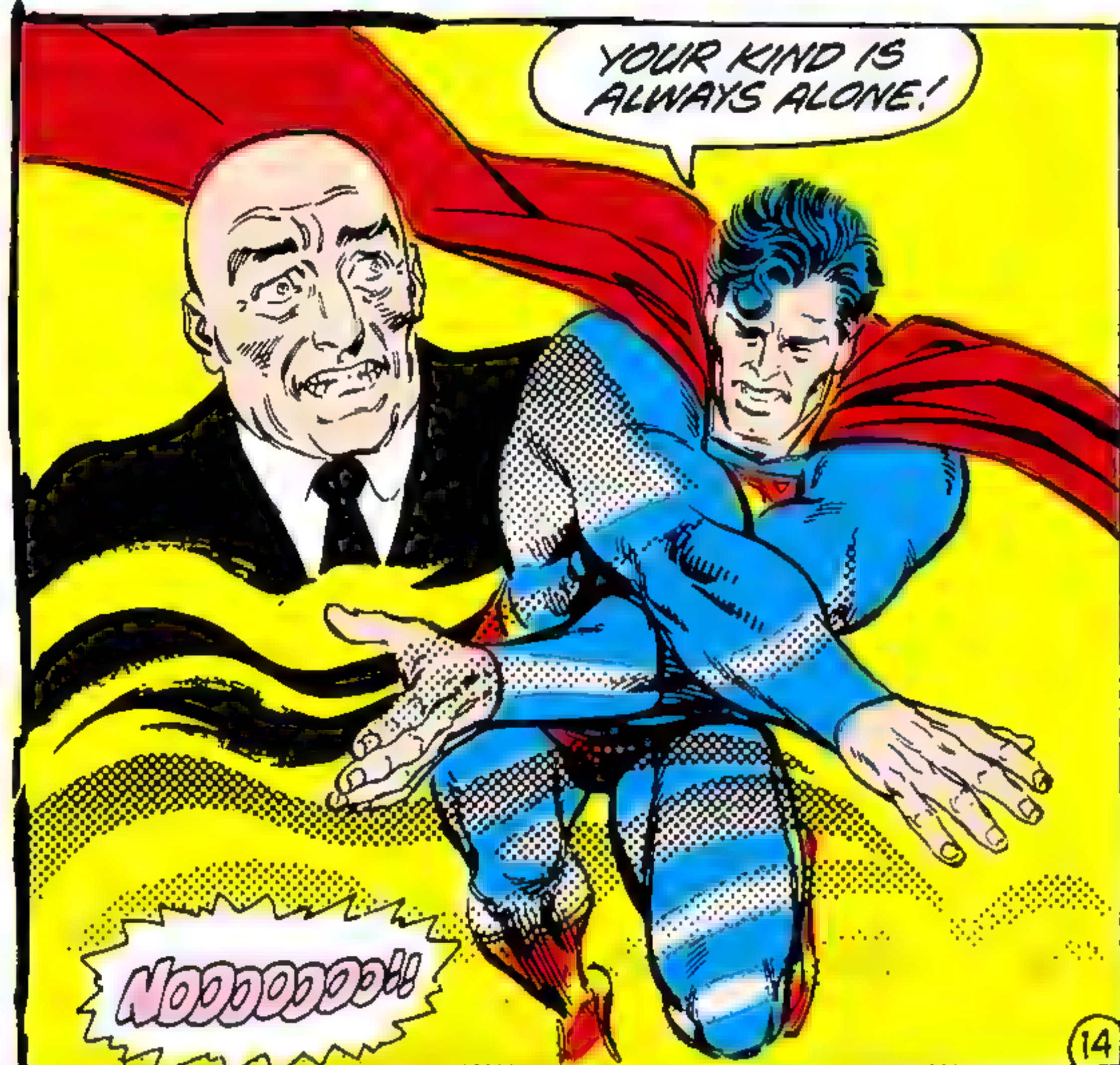
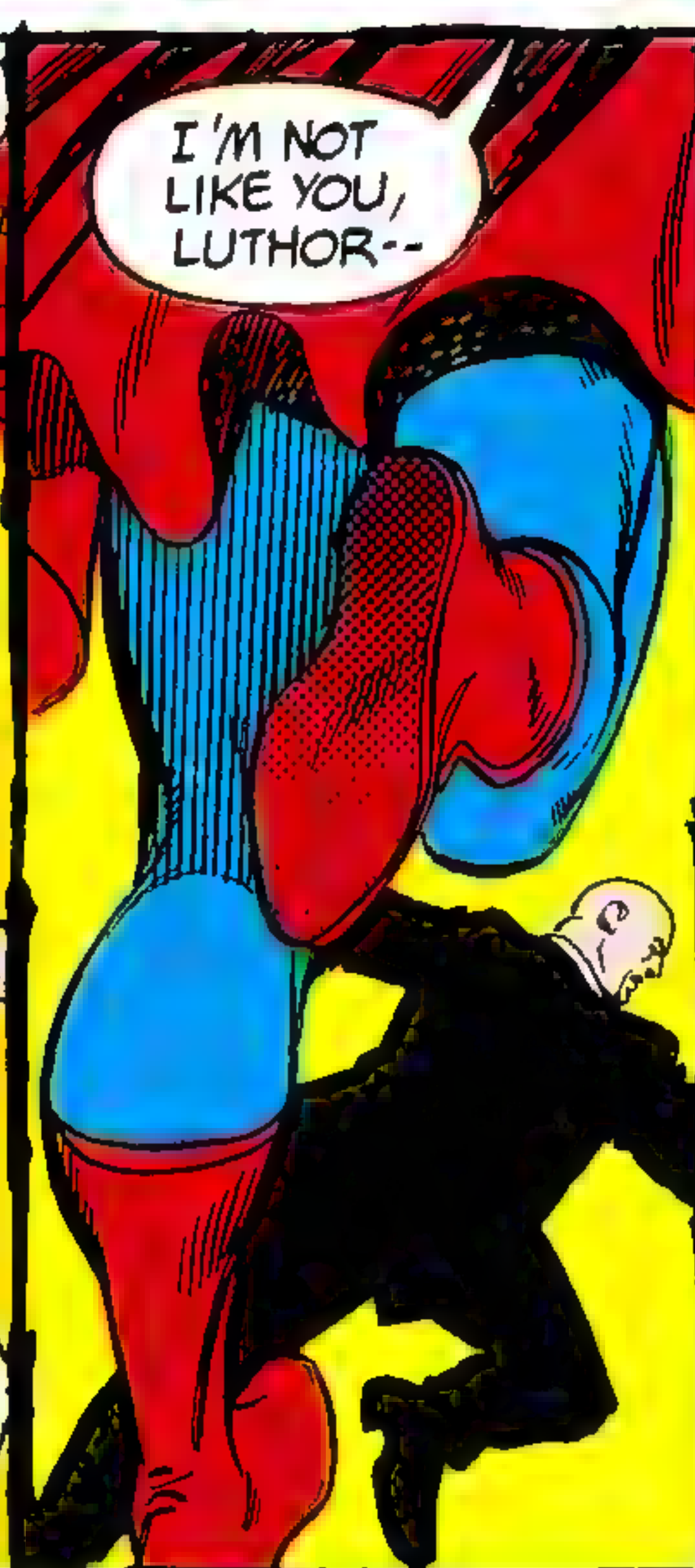
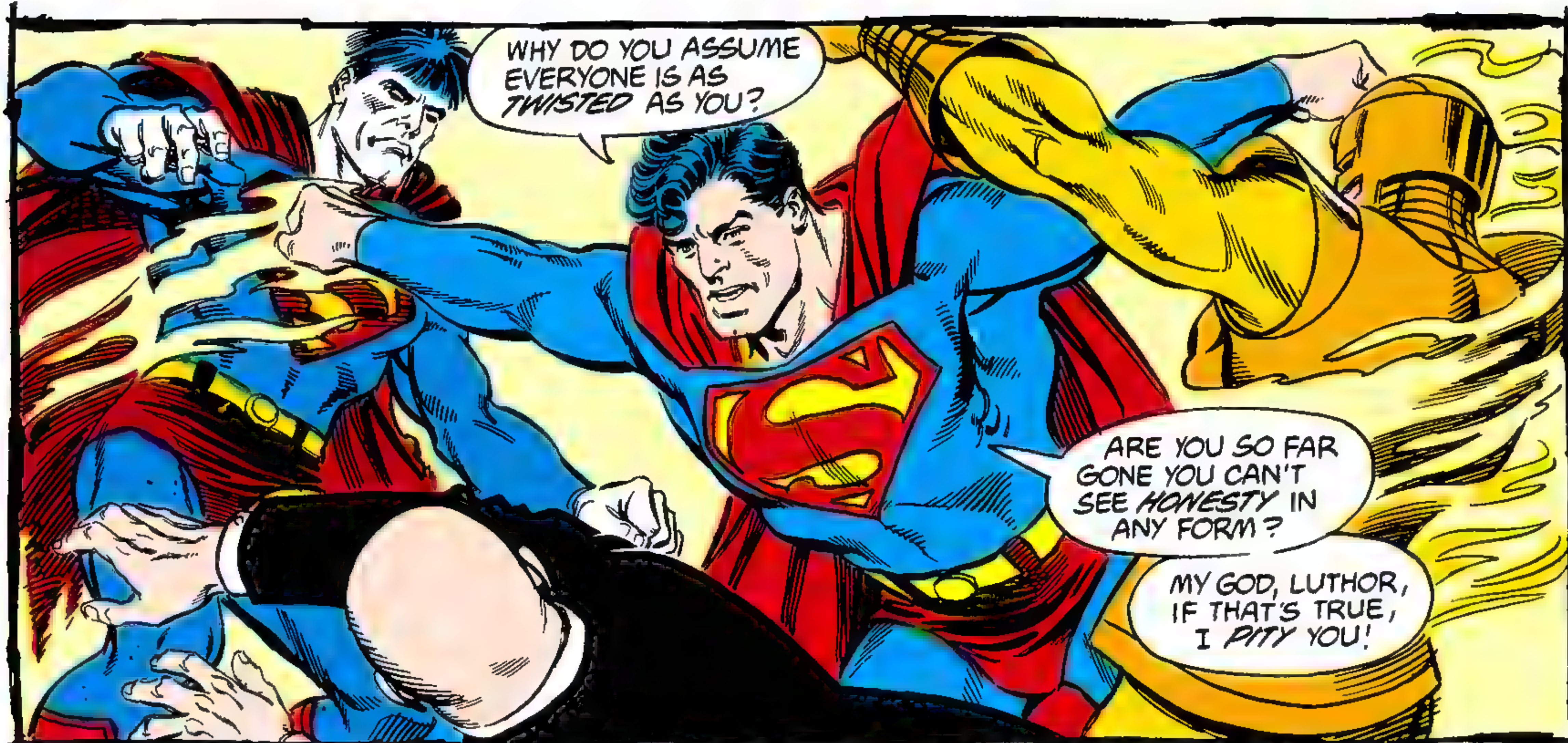
WHY? WHY?
WHY?

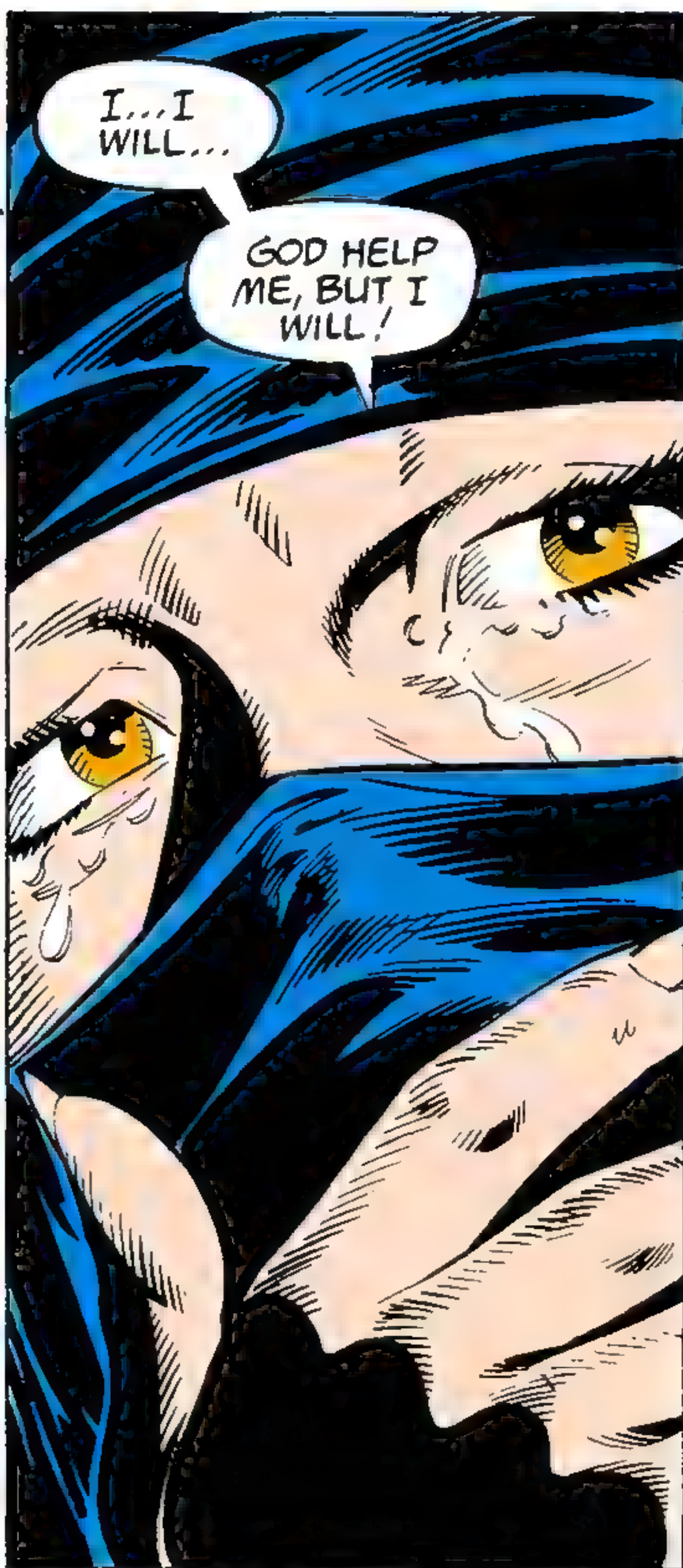


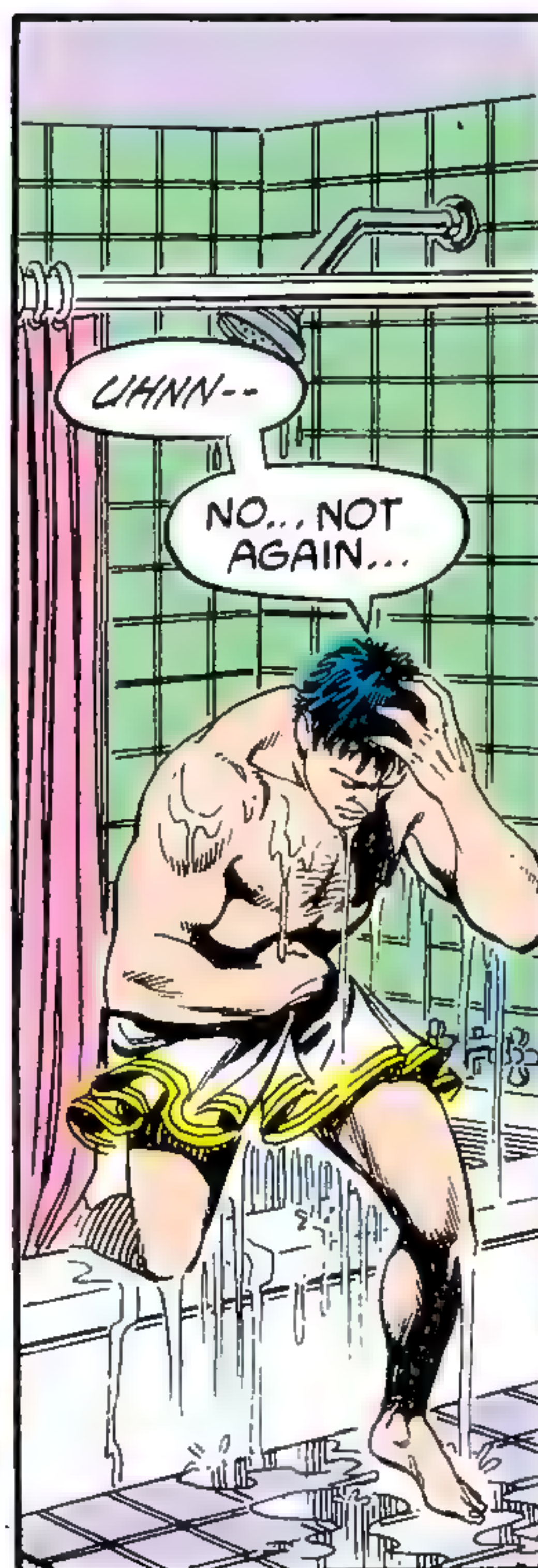
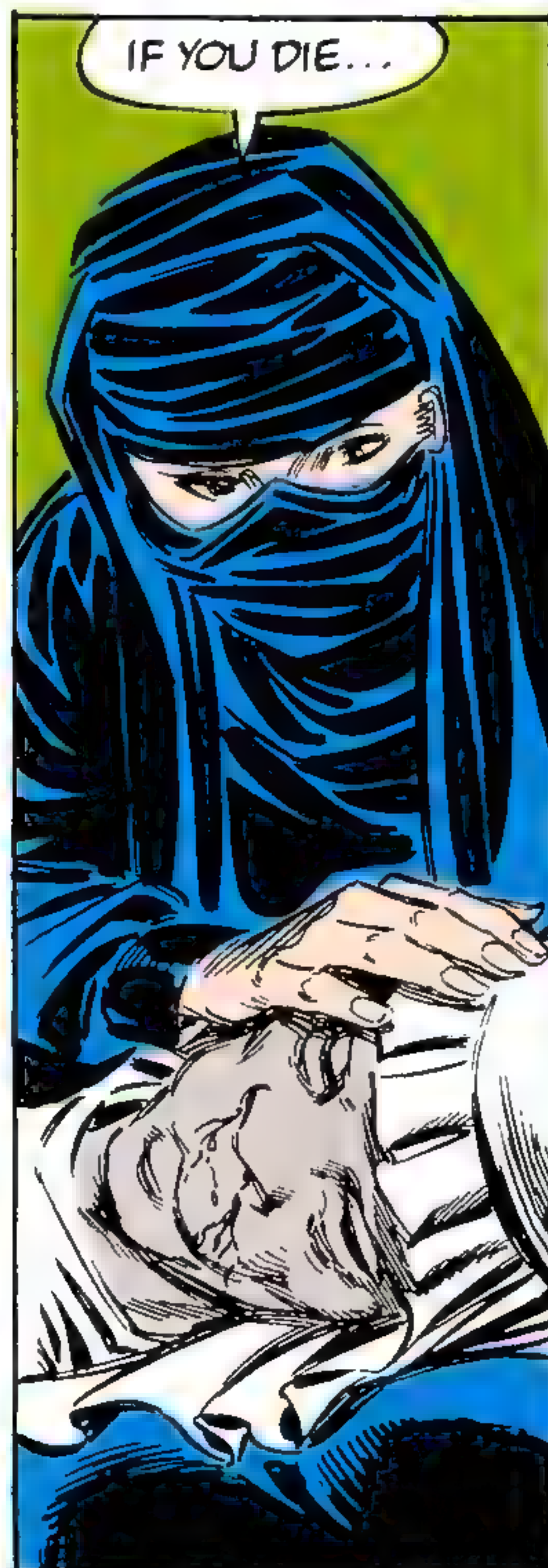
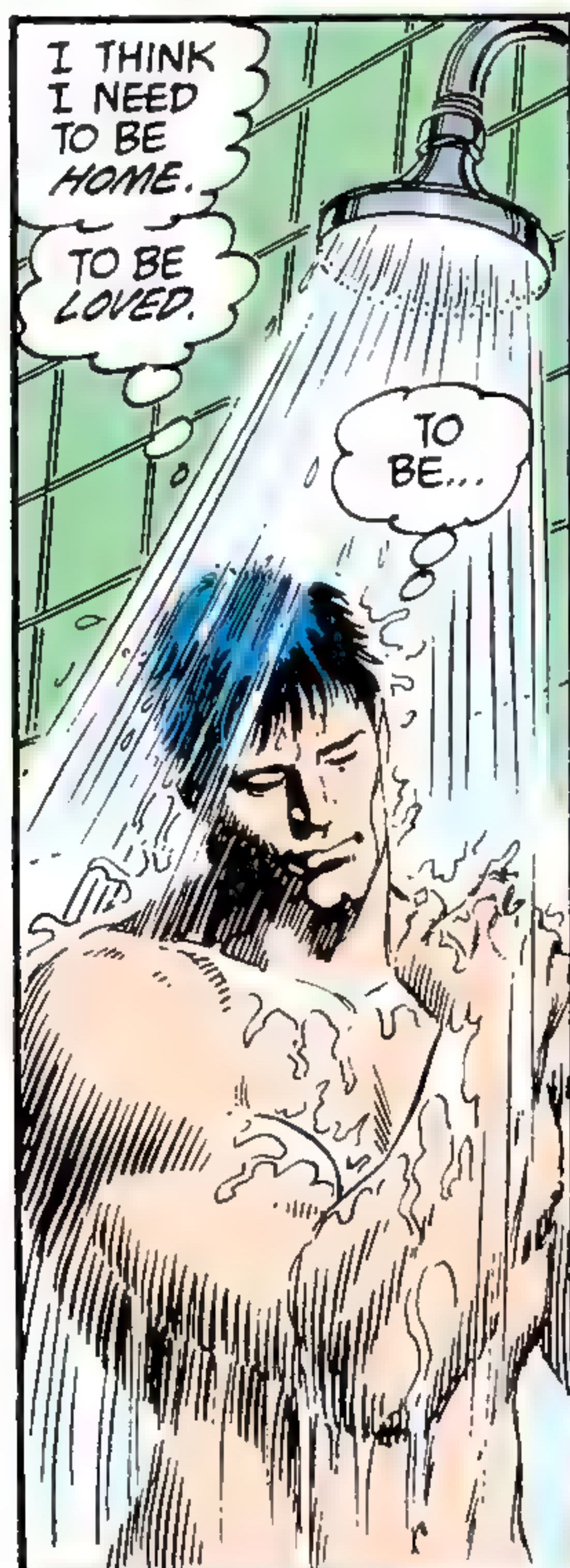
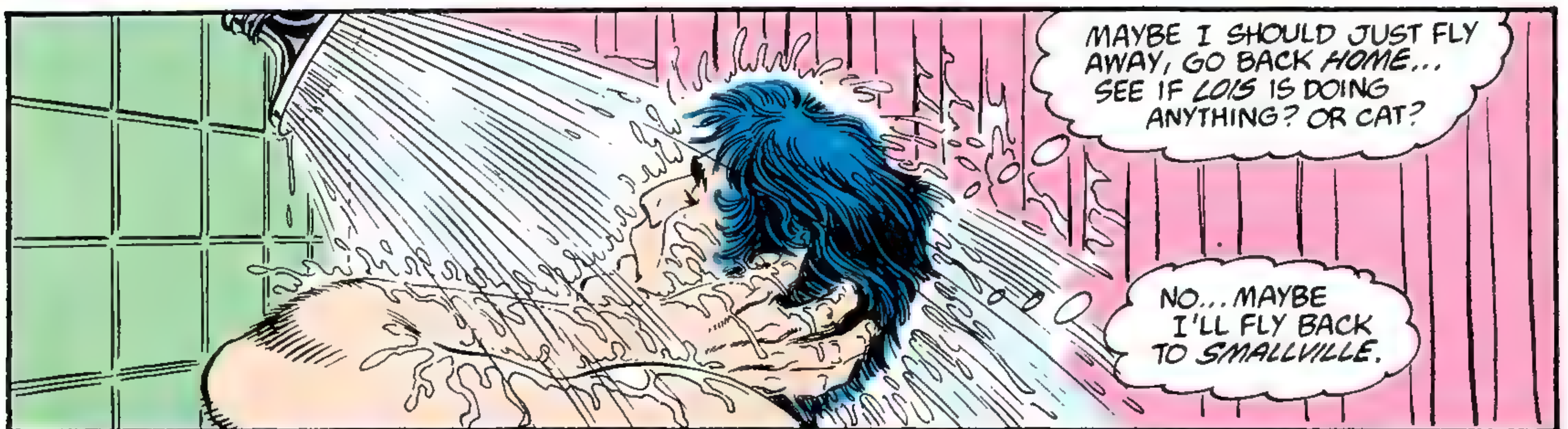
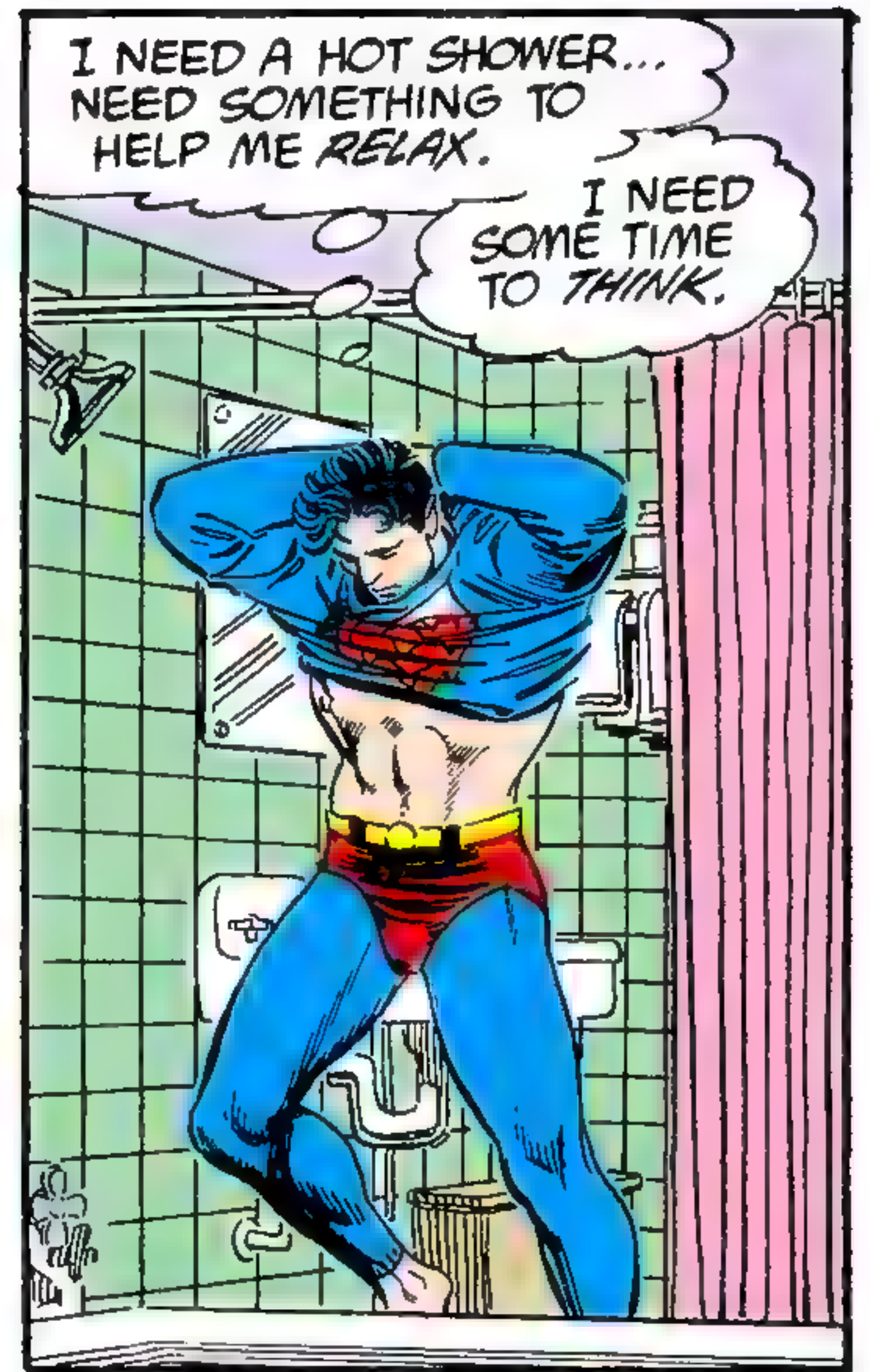
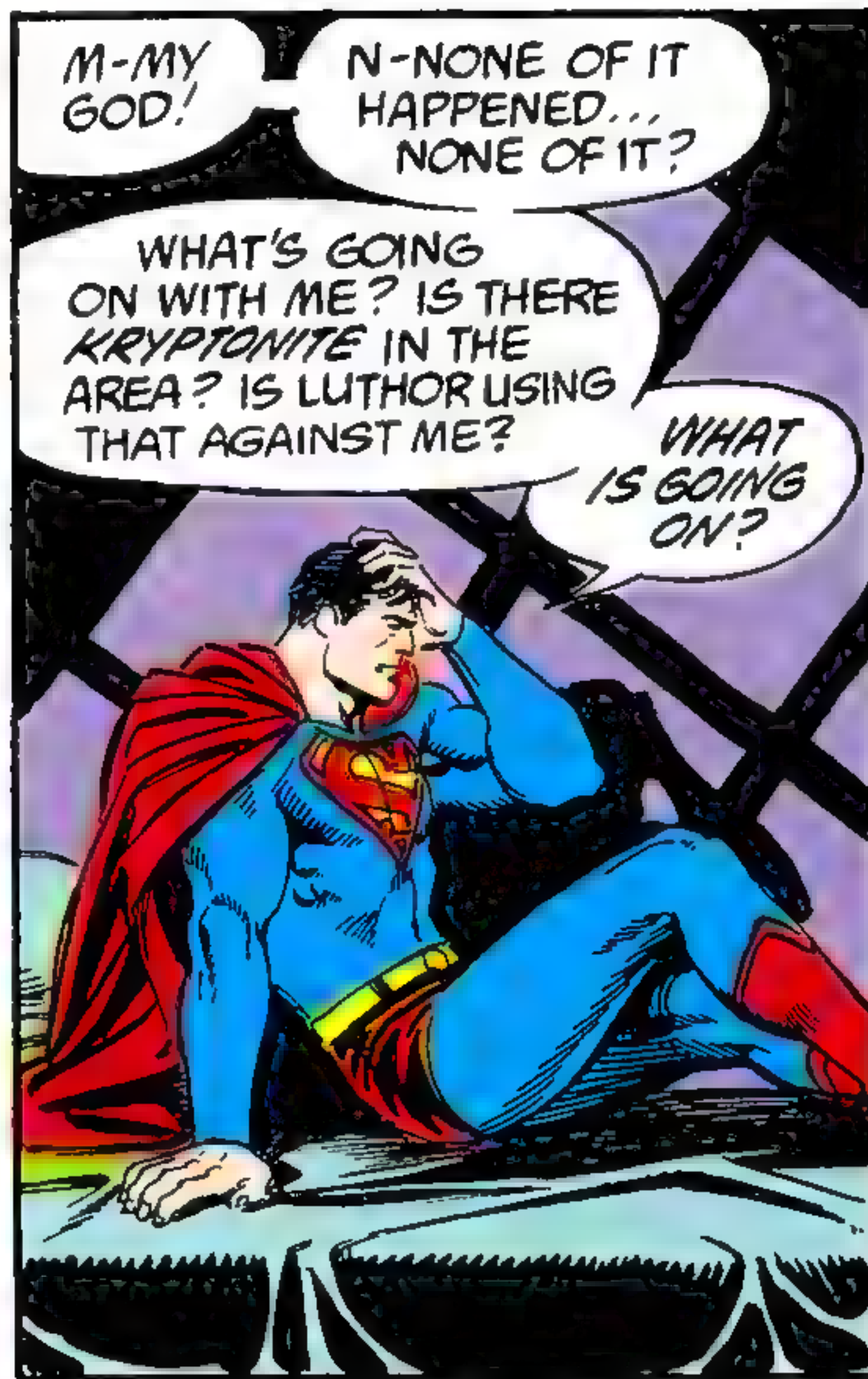














WHAT?

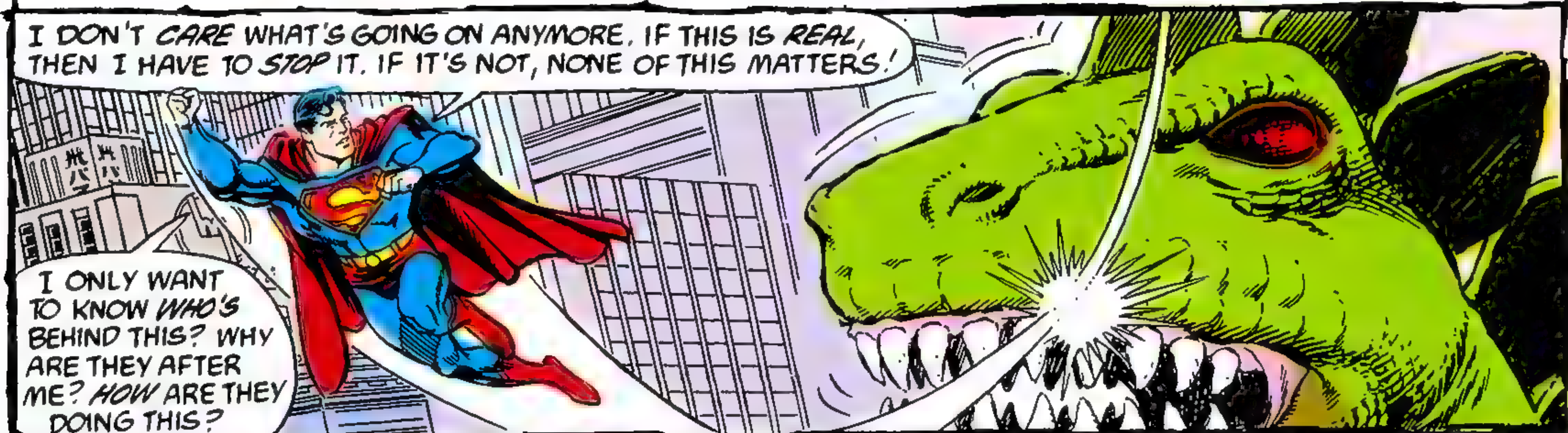
WHERE AM I?
NO... OBVIOUSLY
I'M IN JAPAN!

BUT HOW? HOW DID
I GET HERE? LUTHOR?
ARE YOU DOING THIS
TO ME? LUTHOR?

NO... IT CAN'T BE HIM...
EVEN LUTHOR'S NOT
CAPABLE OF DOING THIS!

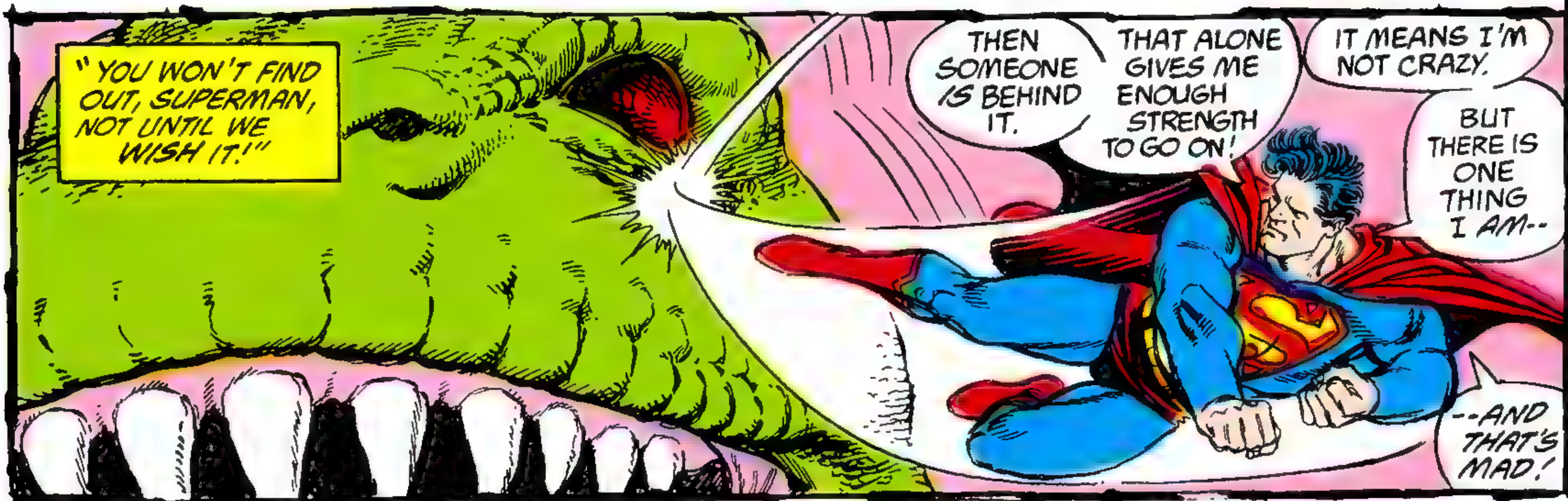
BUT IF NOT
LUTHOR-- WHO?

"WHY ARE YOU HERE,
SUPERMAN? WHO ARE
YOU? WHAT ARE YOU
DOING IN THIS WORLD?"



I DON'T CARE WHAT'S GOING ON ANYMORE. IF THIS IS REAL, THEN I HAVE TO STOP IT. IF IT'S NOT, NONE OF THIS MATTERS!

I ONLY WANT TO KNOW WHO'S BEHIND THIS? WHY ARE THEY AFTER ME? HOW ARE THEY DOING THIS?



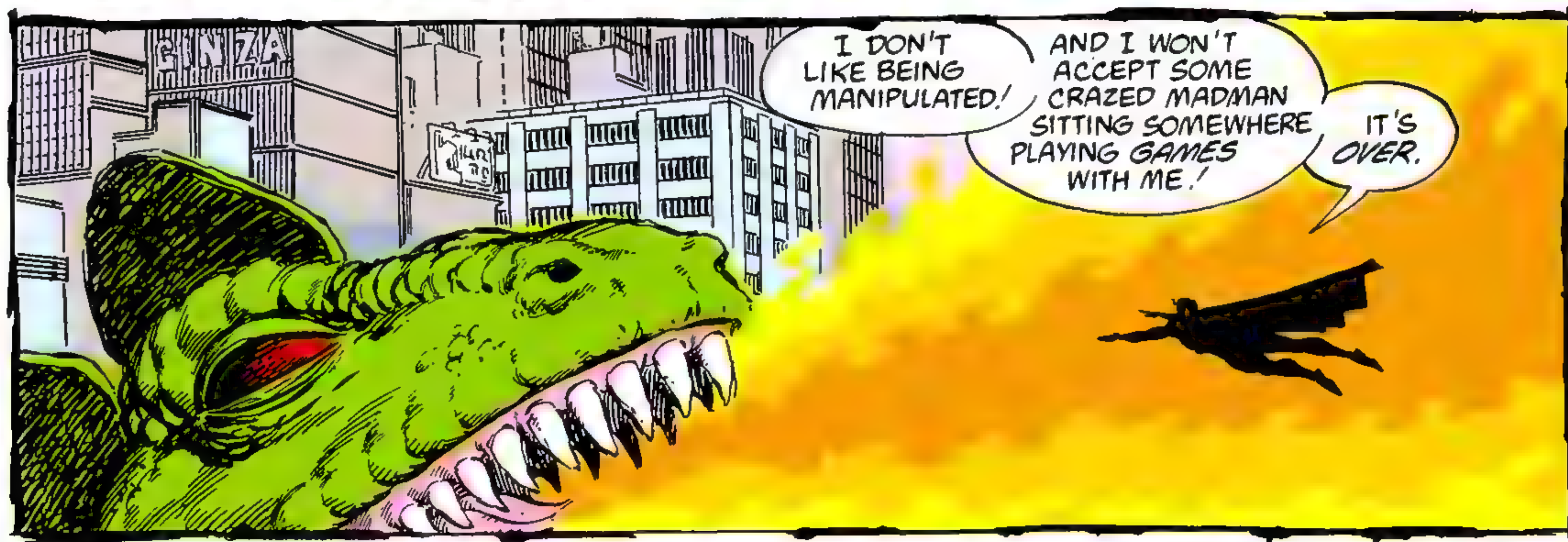
THEN SOMEONE IS BEHIND IT.

THAT ALONE GIVES ME ENOUGH STRENGTH TO GO ON!

IT MEANS I'M NOT CRAZY.

BUT THERE IS ONE THING I AM--

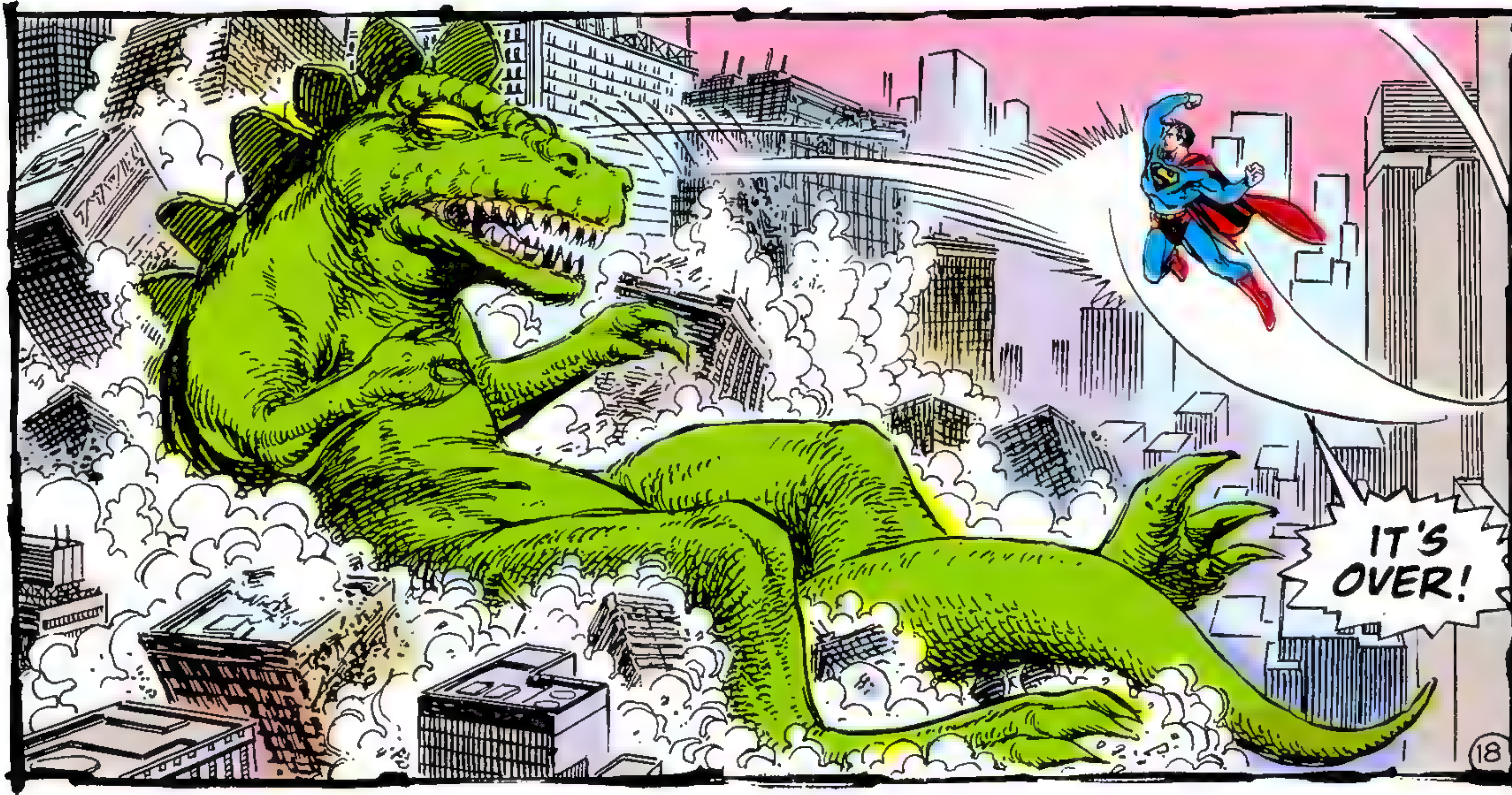
--AND THAT'S MAD!



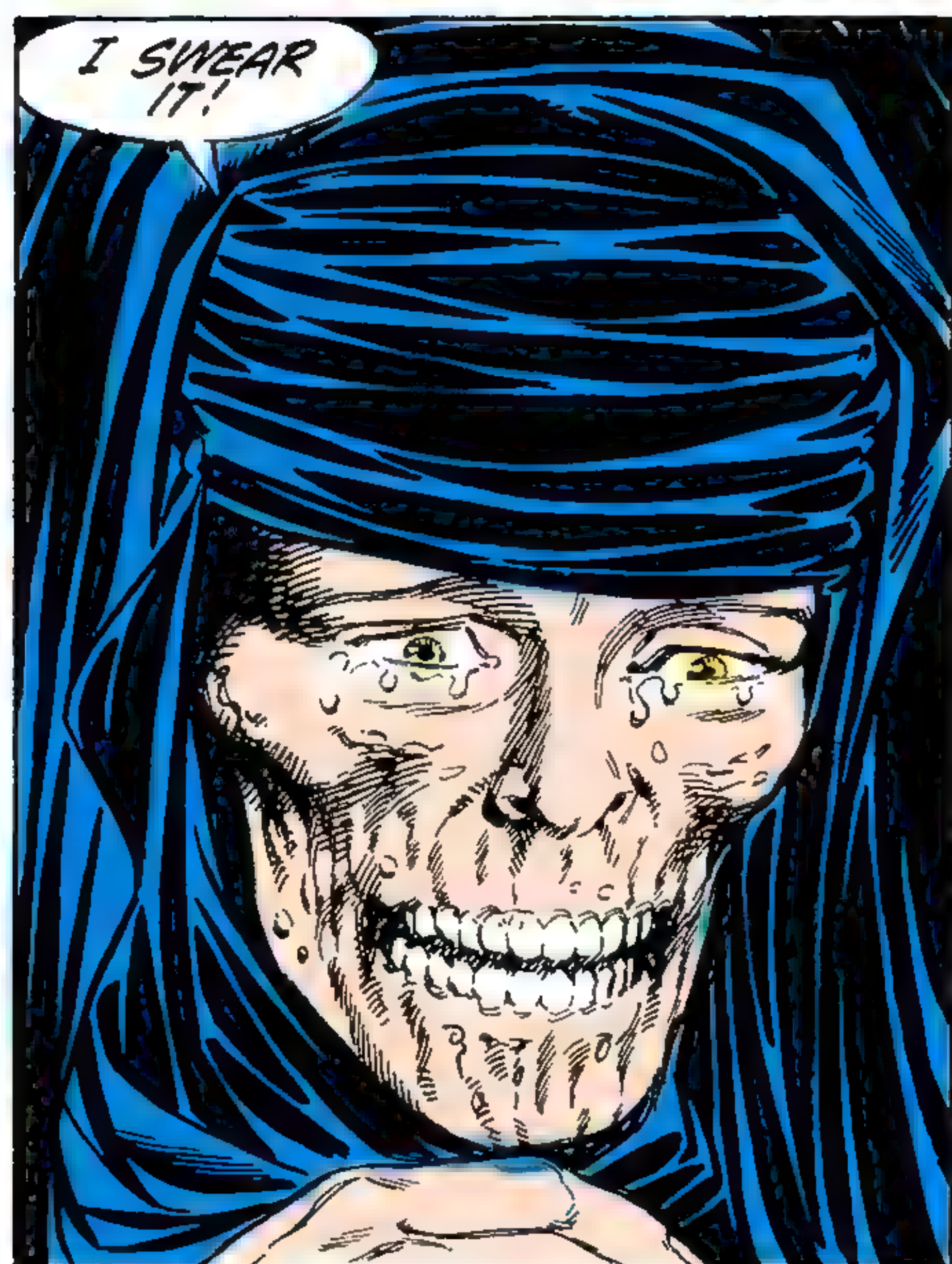
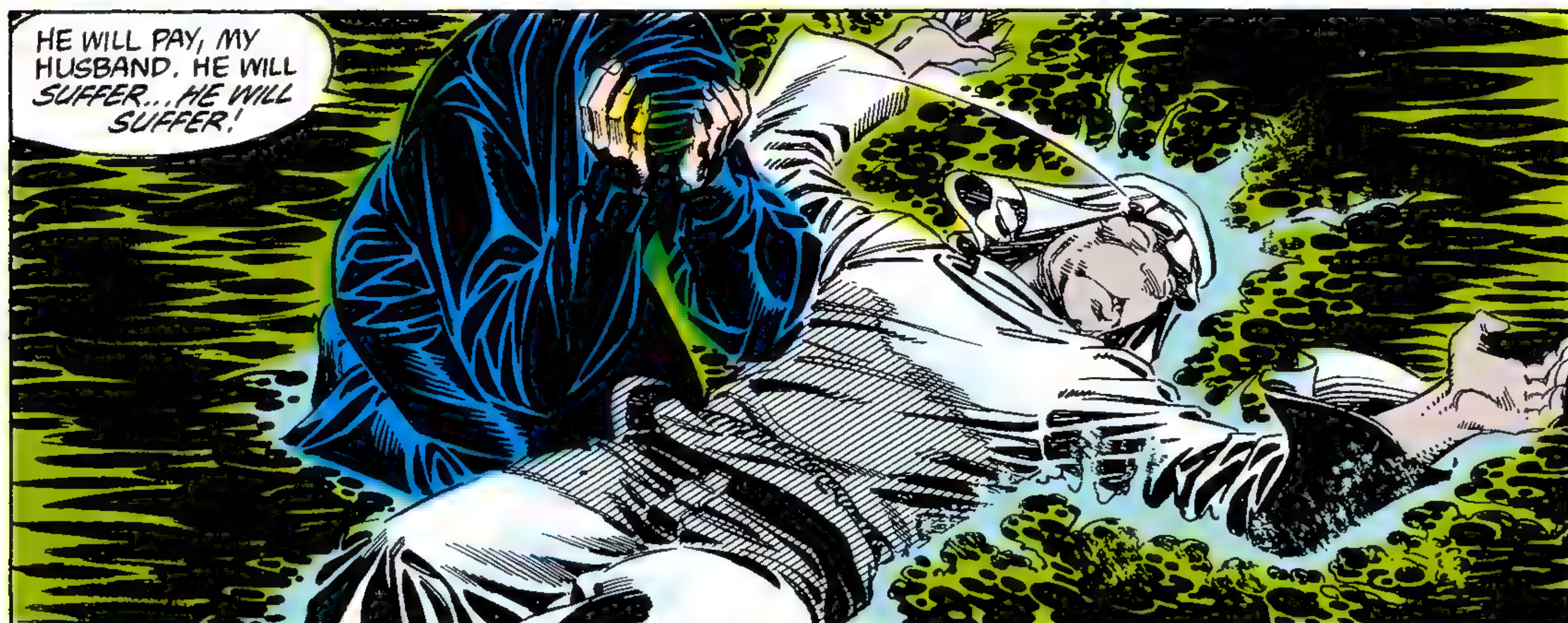
I DON'T LIKE BEING MANIPULATED!

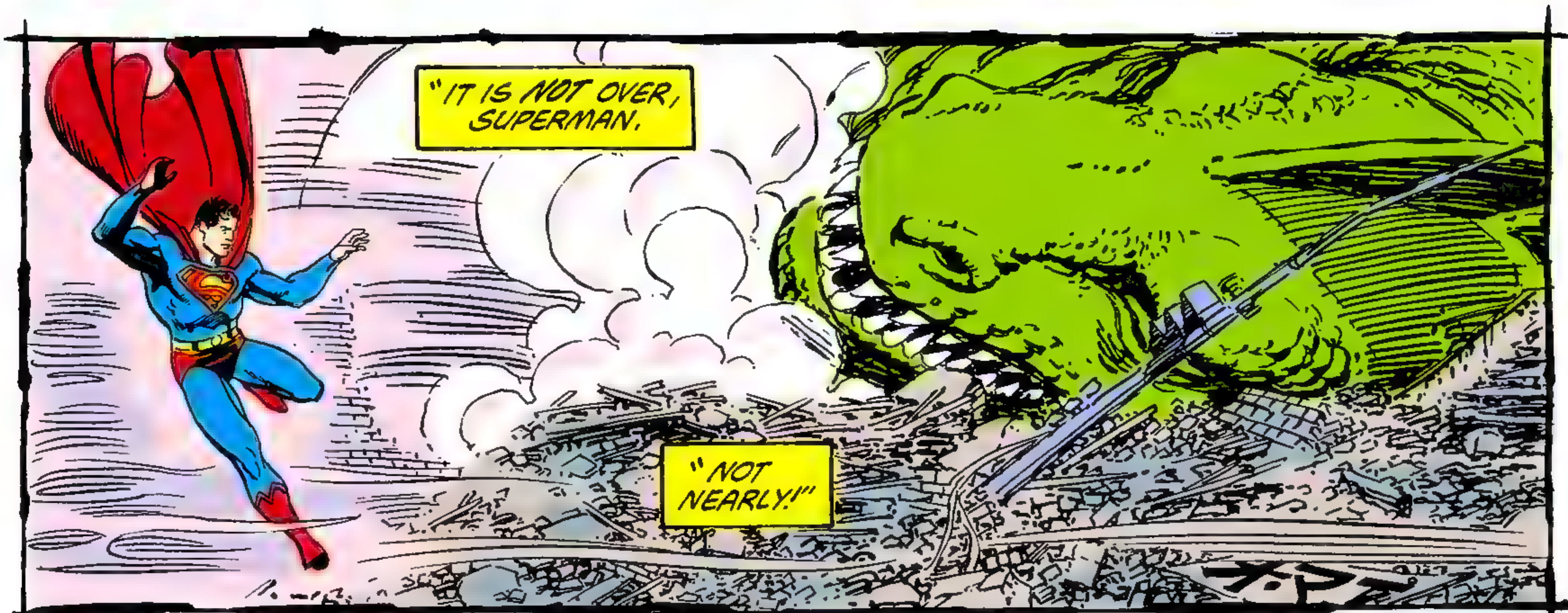
AND I WON'T ACCEPT SOME CRAZED MADMAN SITTING SOMEWHERE PLAYING GAMES WITH ME!

IT'S OVER.



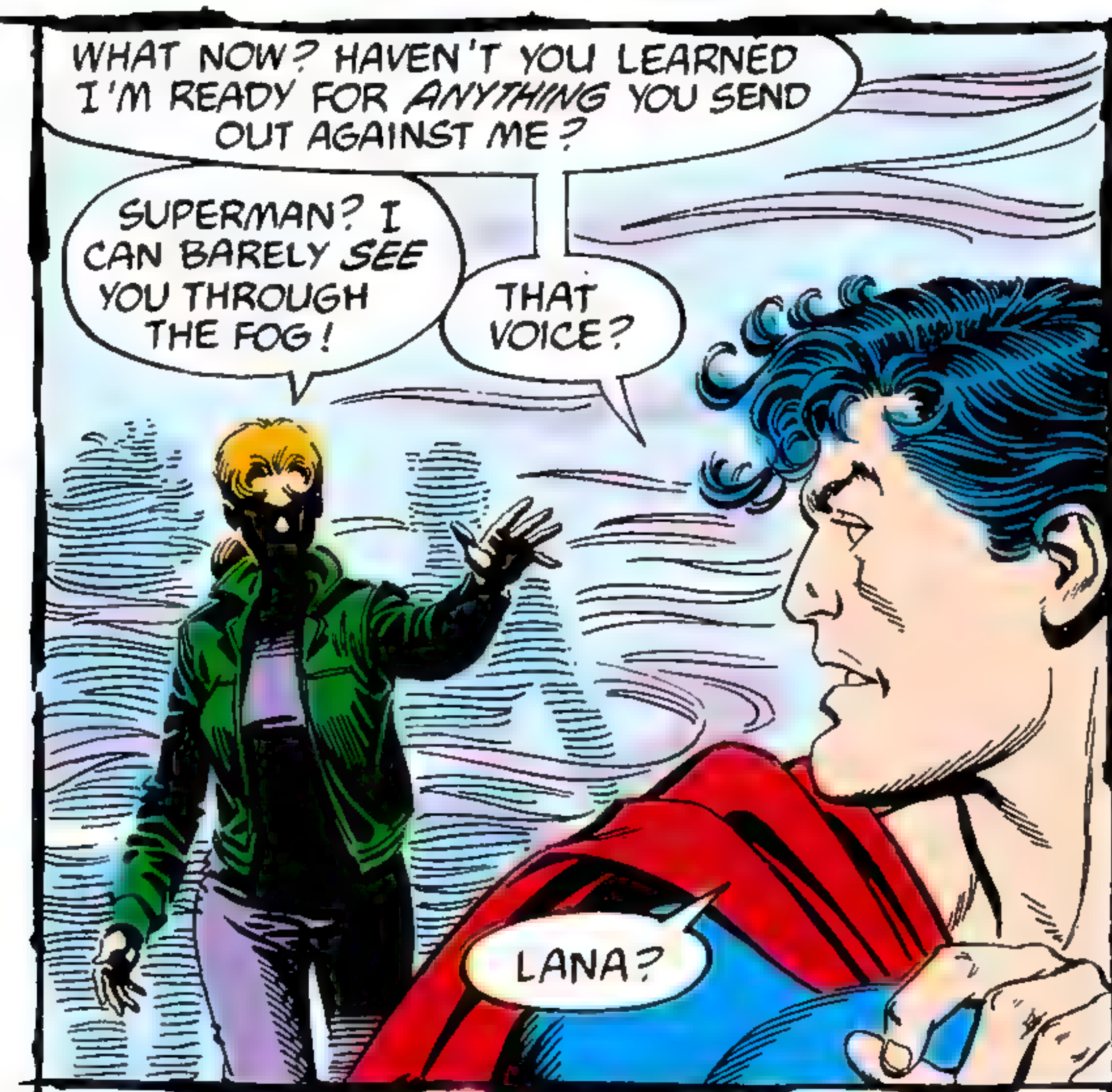
IT'S OVER!





"IT IS NOT OVER,
SUPERMAN."

"NOT
NEARLY!"

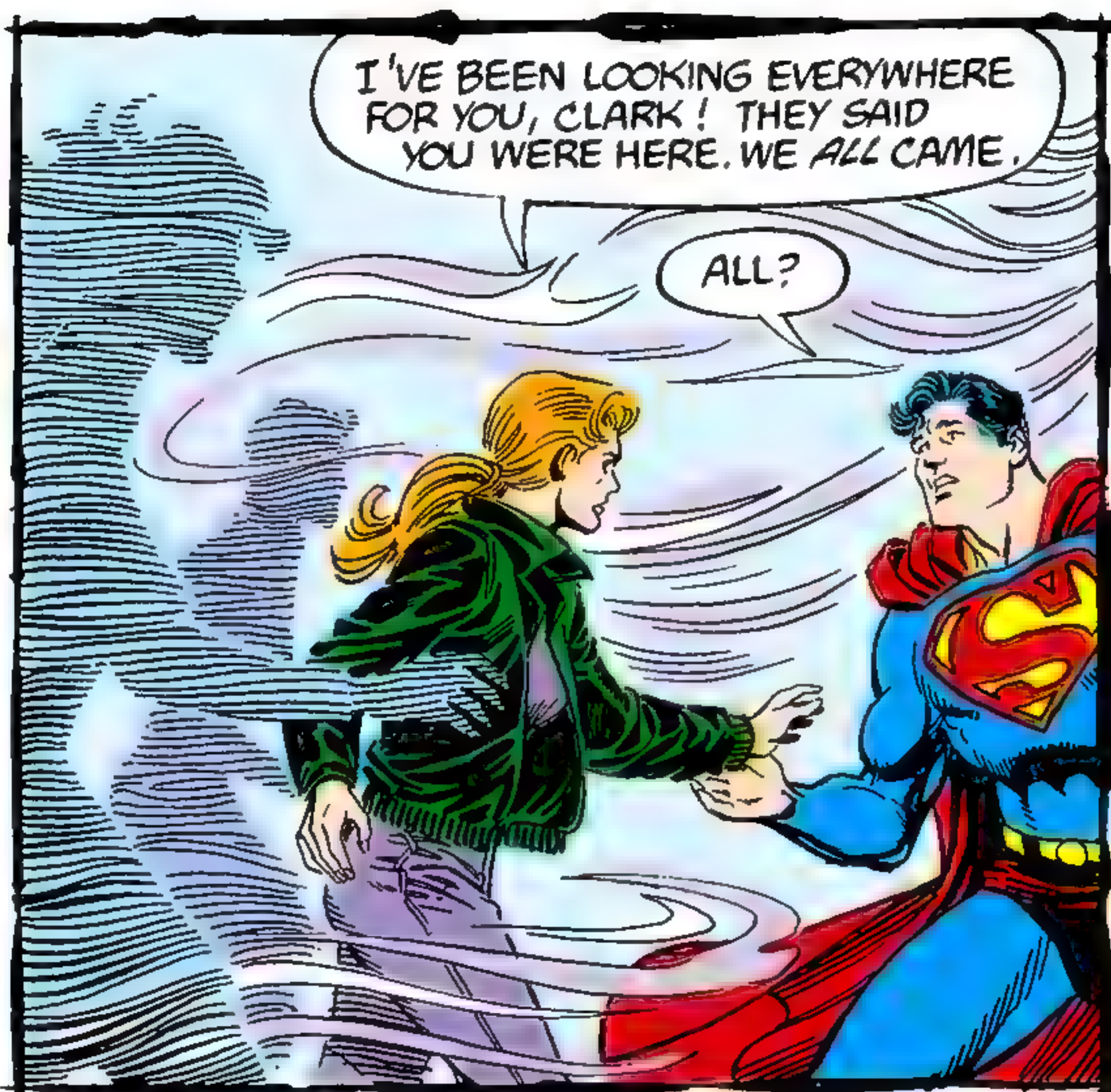


WHAT NOW? HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED
I'M READY FOR ANYTHING YOU SEND
OUT AGAINST ME?

SUPERMAN? I
CAN BARELY SEE
YOU THROUGH
THE FOG!

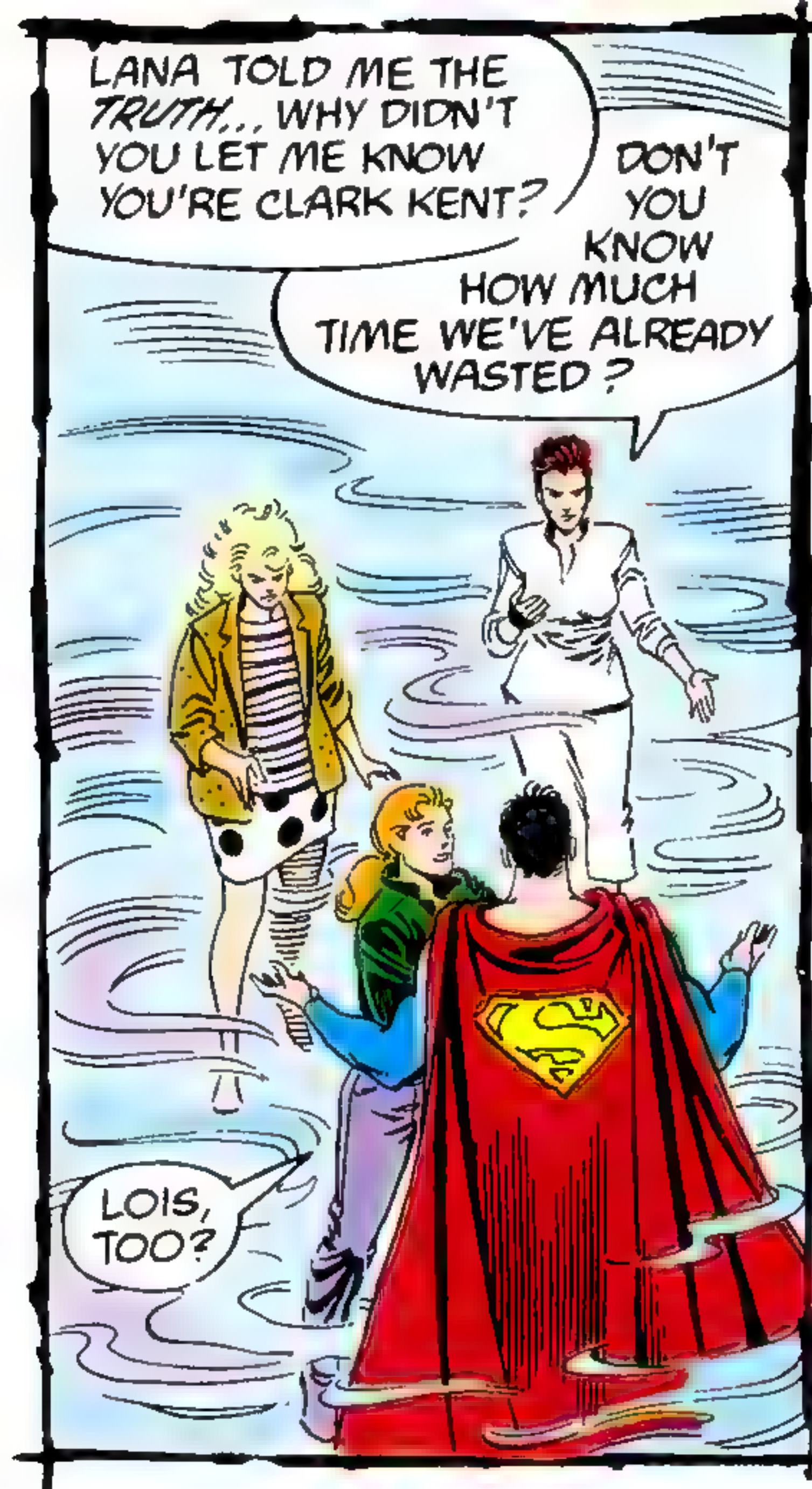
THAT
VOICE?

LANA?



I'VE BEEN LOOKING EVERYWHERE
FOR YOU, CLARK! THEY SAID
YOU WERE HERE. WE ALL CAME.

ALL?

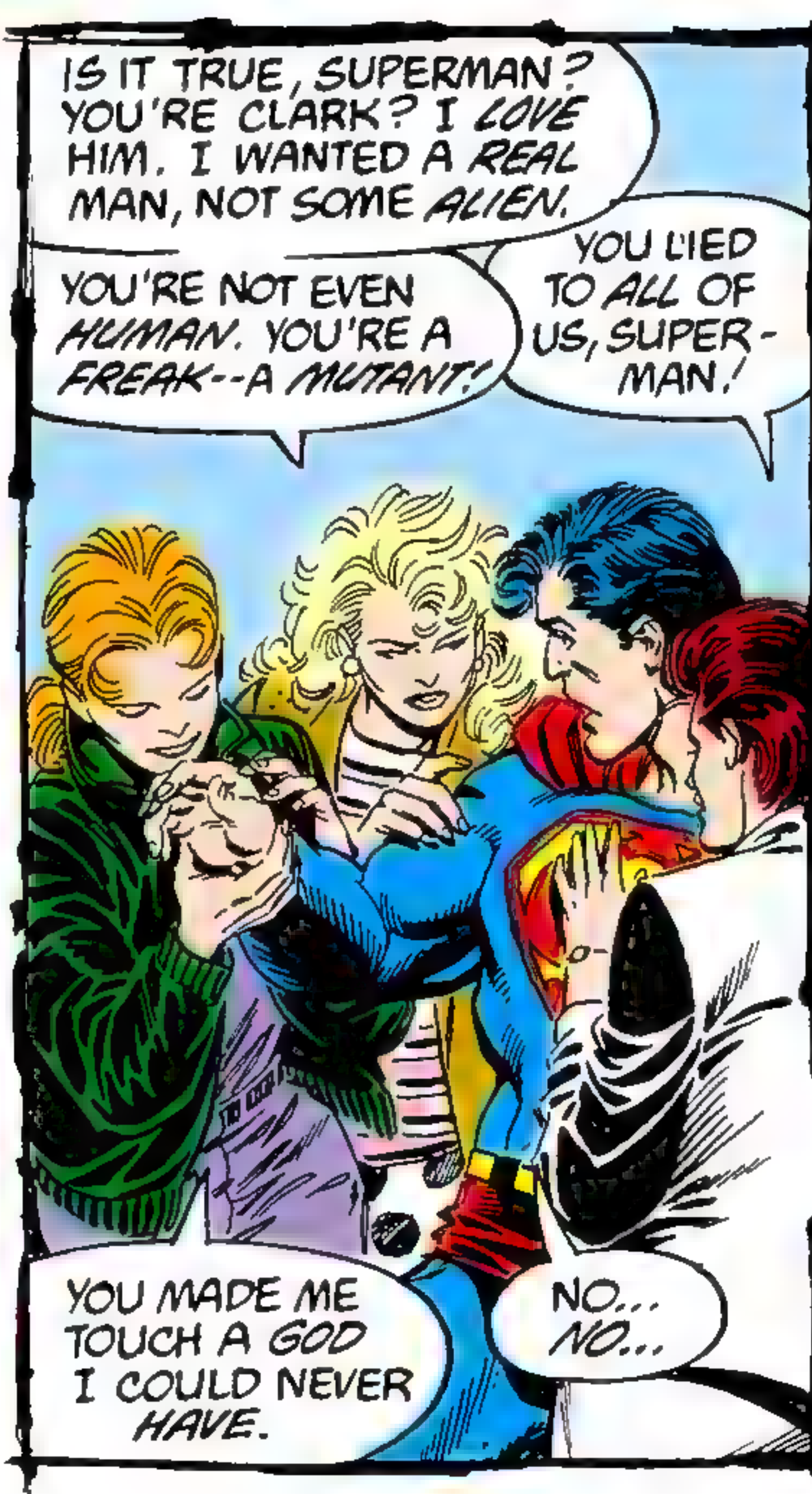


LANA TOLD ME THE
TRUTH... WHY DIDN'T
YOU LET ME KNOW
YOU'RE CLARK KENT?

DON'T
YOU
KNOW

HOW MUCH
TIME WE'VE ALREADY
WASTED?

LOIS,
TOO?



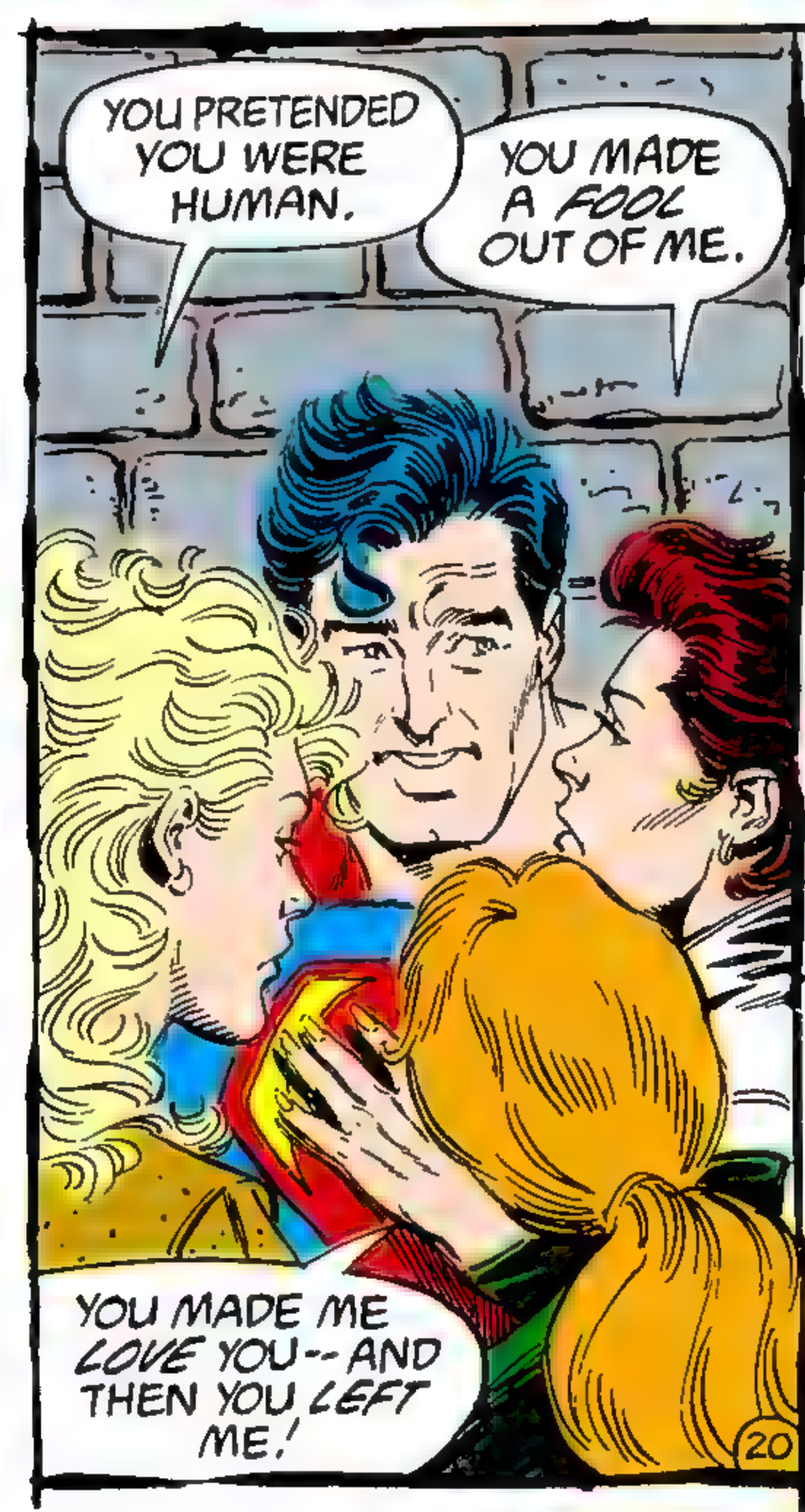
IS IT TRUE, SUPERMAN?
YOU'RE CLARK? I LOVE
HIM. I WANTED A REAL
MAN, NOT SOME ALIEN.

YOU'RE NOT EVEN
HUMAN. YOU'RE A
FREAK--A MUTANT!

YOU LIED
TO ALL OF
US, SUPER-
MAN!

YOU MADE ME
TOUCH A GOD
I COULD NEVER
HAVE.

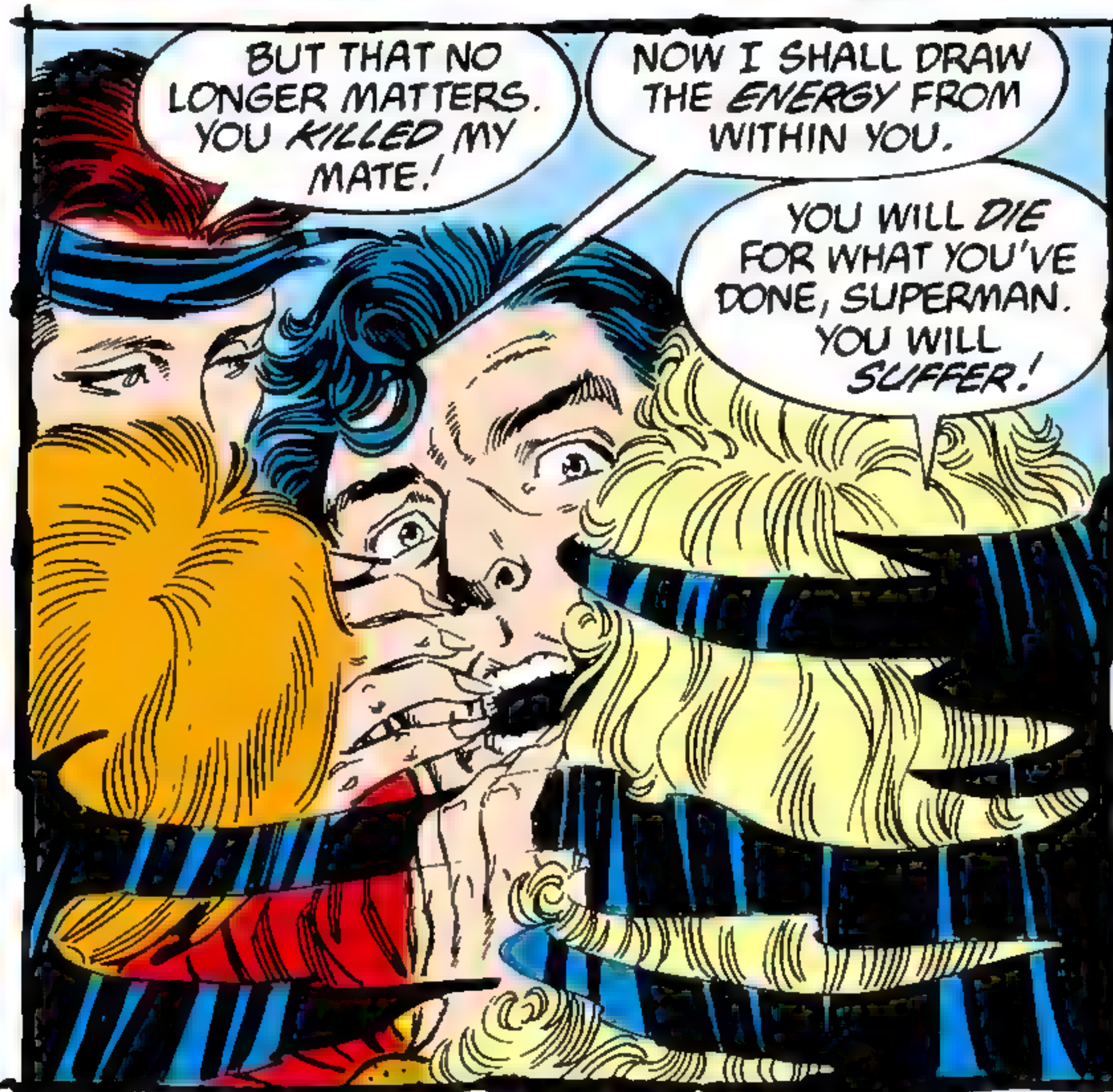
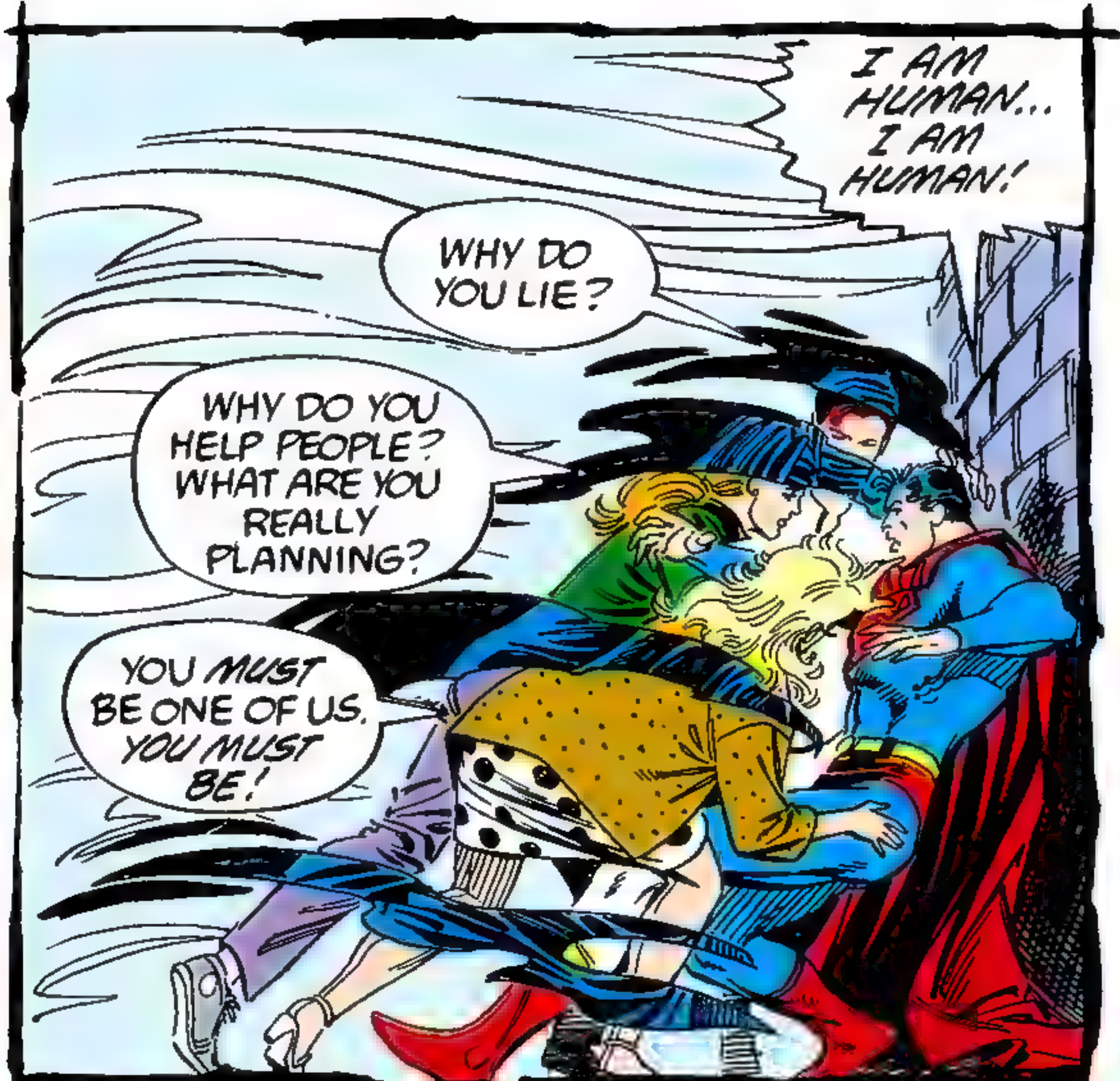
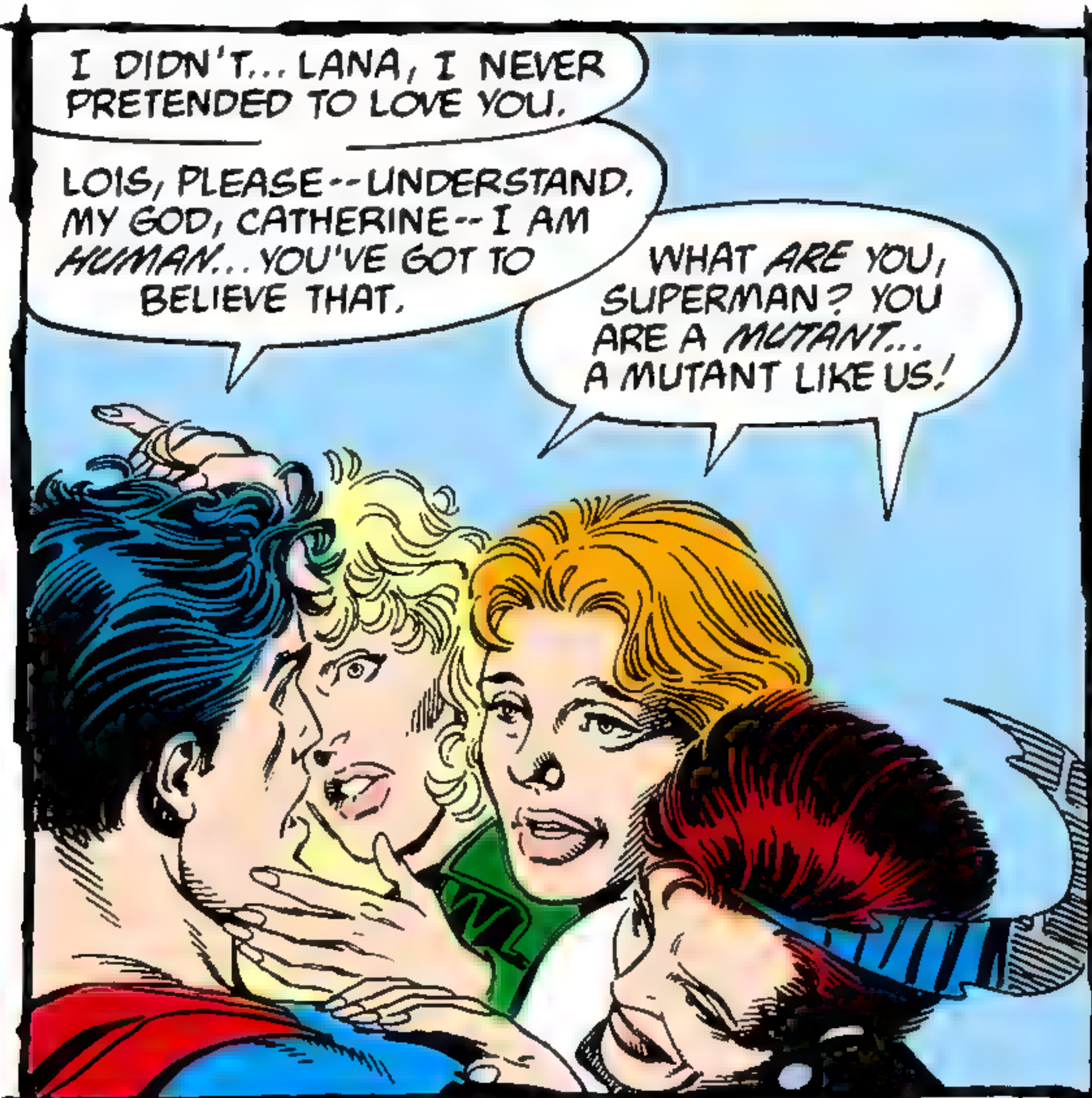
NO...
NO...

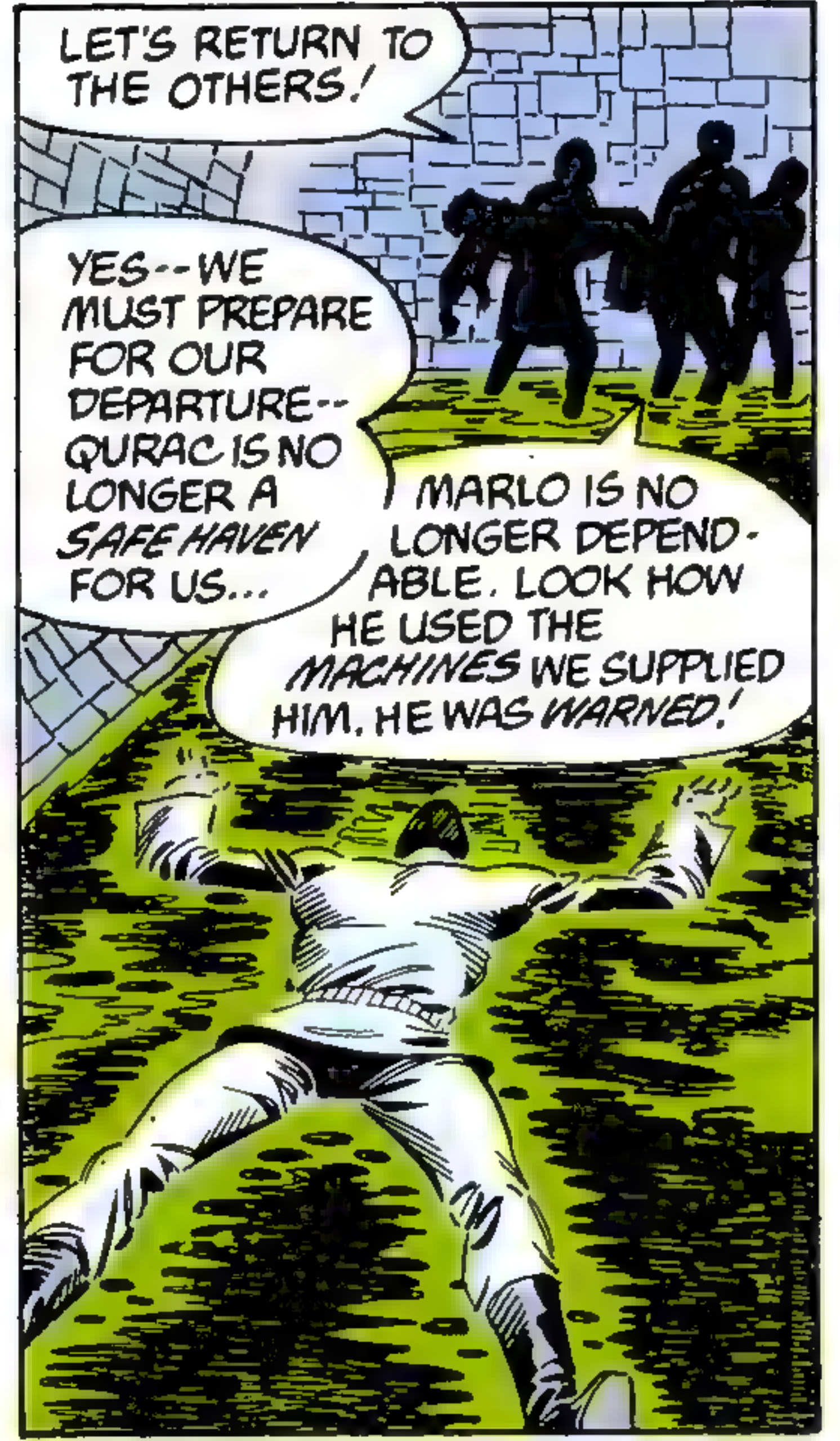


YOU PRETENDED
YOU WERE
HUMAN.

YOU MADE
A FOOL
OUT OF ME.

YOU MADE ME
LOVE YOU-- AND
THEN YOU LEFT
ME!

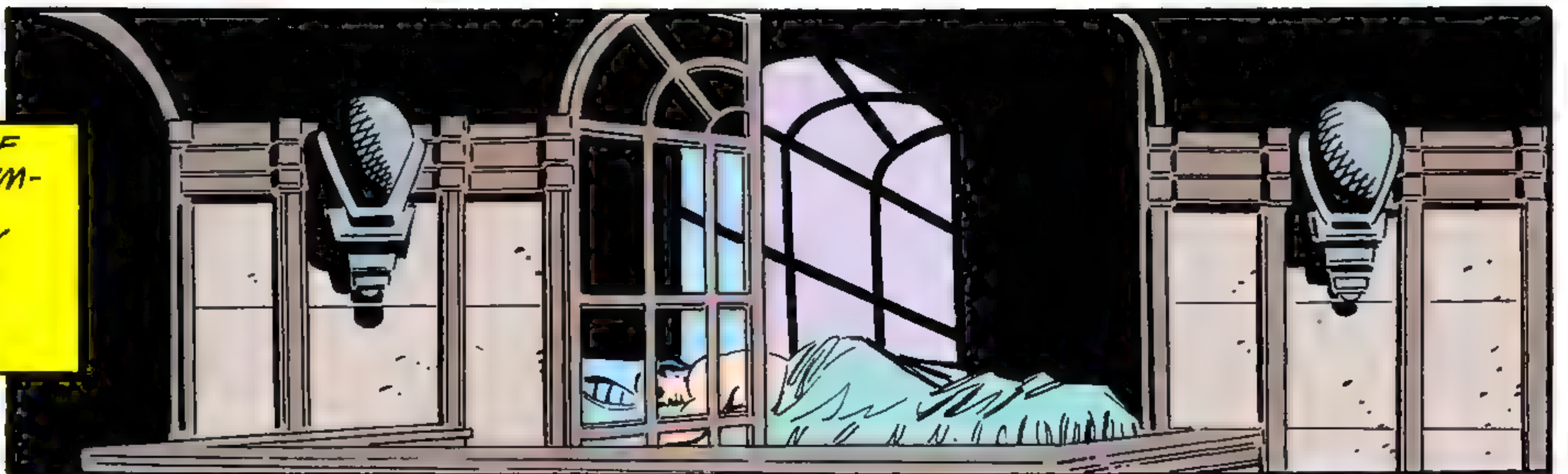




"OTHERS OF THE CIRCLE HAVE ALREADY TAKEN RESIDENCE IN NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES, LONDON, PARIS AND MOSCOW! OUR GROUP WILL MOVE TO METROPOLIS TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE SUPERMAN!"



"YES, BUT WHAT OF THE SUPERMAN HIMSELF? IS HE ONE OF US? WHY DOES HE USE HIS POWERS TO AID THE HUMANS?"



"WE WILL LEARN THE TRUTH SOON ENOUGH. IF HE IS ONE OF US, HE WILL BE FORCED TO REJOIN THE CIRCLE. AND IF HE ISN'T..."



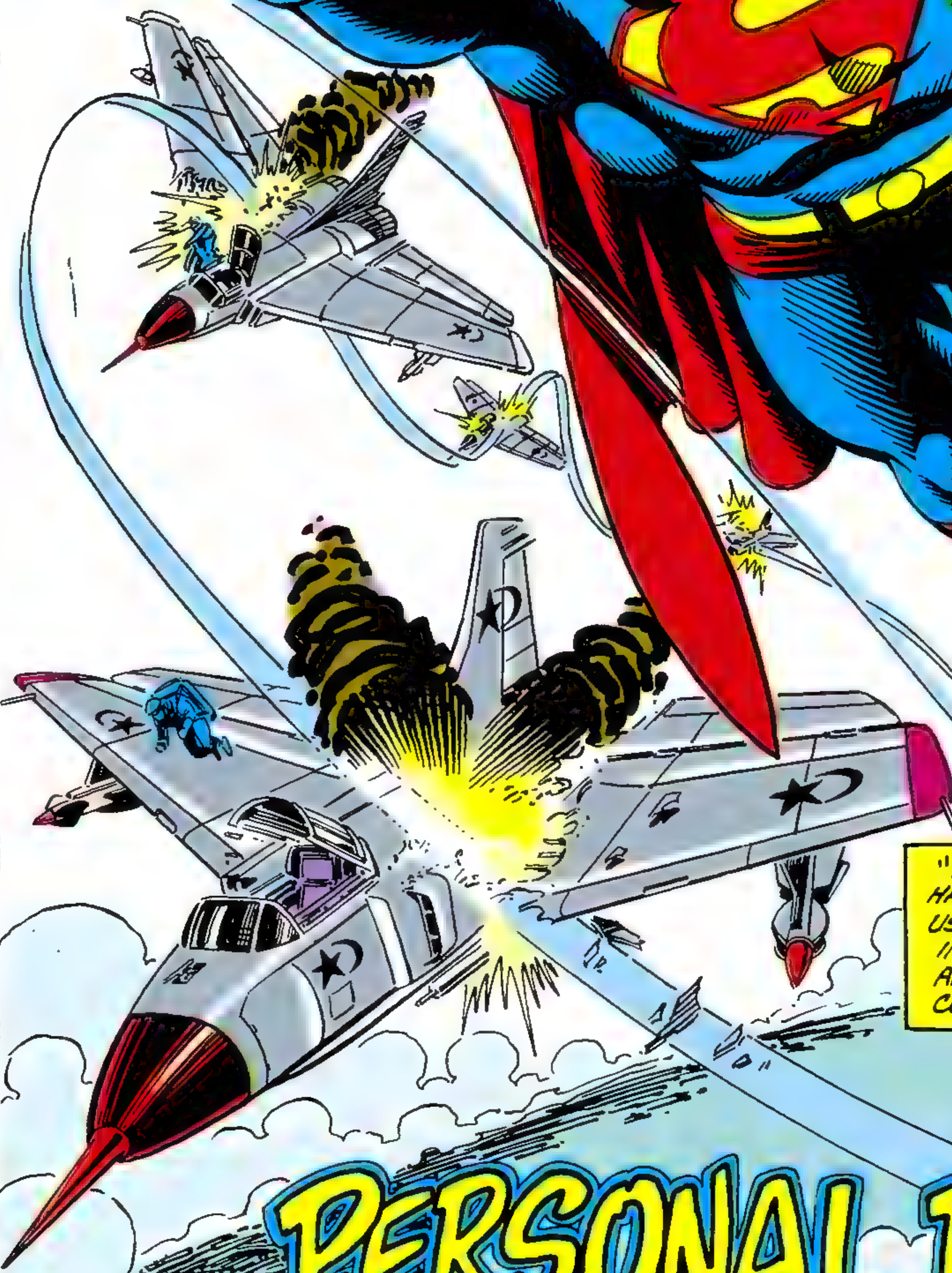
NEXT ISSUE : THE MAN OF STEEL RETURNS TO METROPOLIS-- TO FIND PERRY WHITE'S SON HELD--

HOSTAGE!

THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN

Created by
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER

"FOR THOSE WATCHING, THE SIGHT
OF THE AMAZING MAN OF STEEL
COMPLETELY DISMANTLING THE
QURAKUI AIR FORCE WAS TRULY
ASTONISHING."



"NEVER, IN ALL HIS YEARS,
HAS SUPERMAN WILLINGLY
USED HIS INCREDIBLE POWERS
IN SUCH A FASHION, WAGING
AN ALL-OUT ATTACK ON ONE
COUNTRY'S BORDERS."

PERSONAL BEST

G-3038

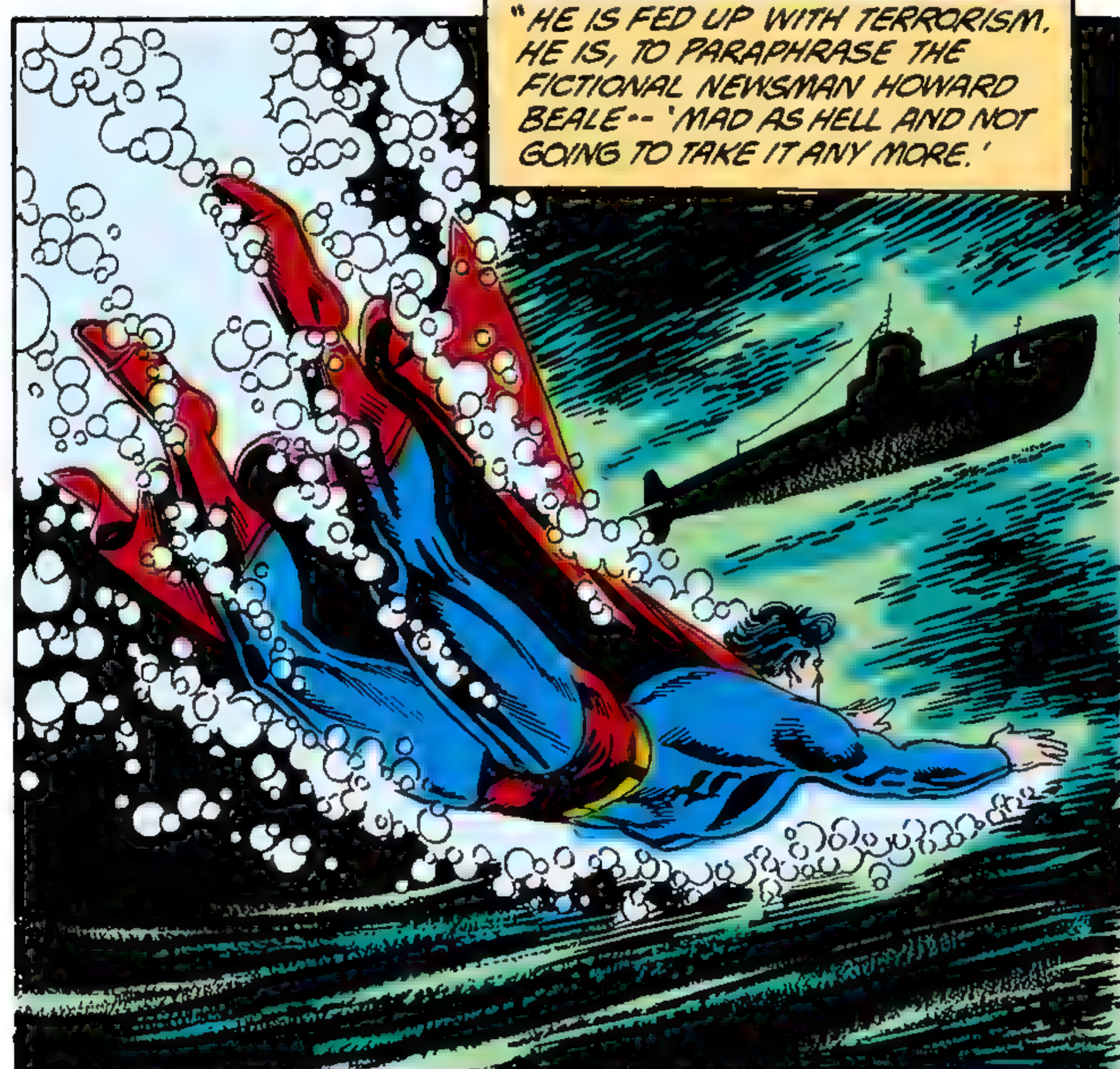
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"IT BEGAN THREE DAYS AGO, WHEN SUPERMAN FORCED HIS WAY INTO THE CAPITOL OF QURAC AND CONFRONTED THE PRESIDENT OF THAT TERRORIST NATION.

"WHAT HAPPENED IN THAT PRIVATE MEETING IS UNKNOWN, BUT SUPERMAN'S RESPONSE HAS BEEN CRYSTAL CLEAR.



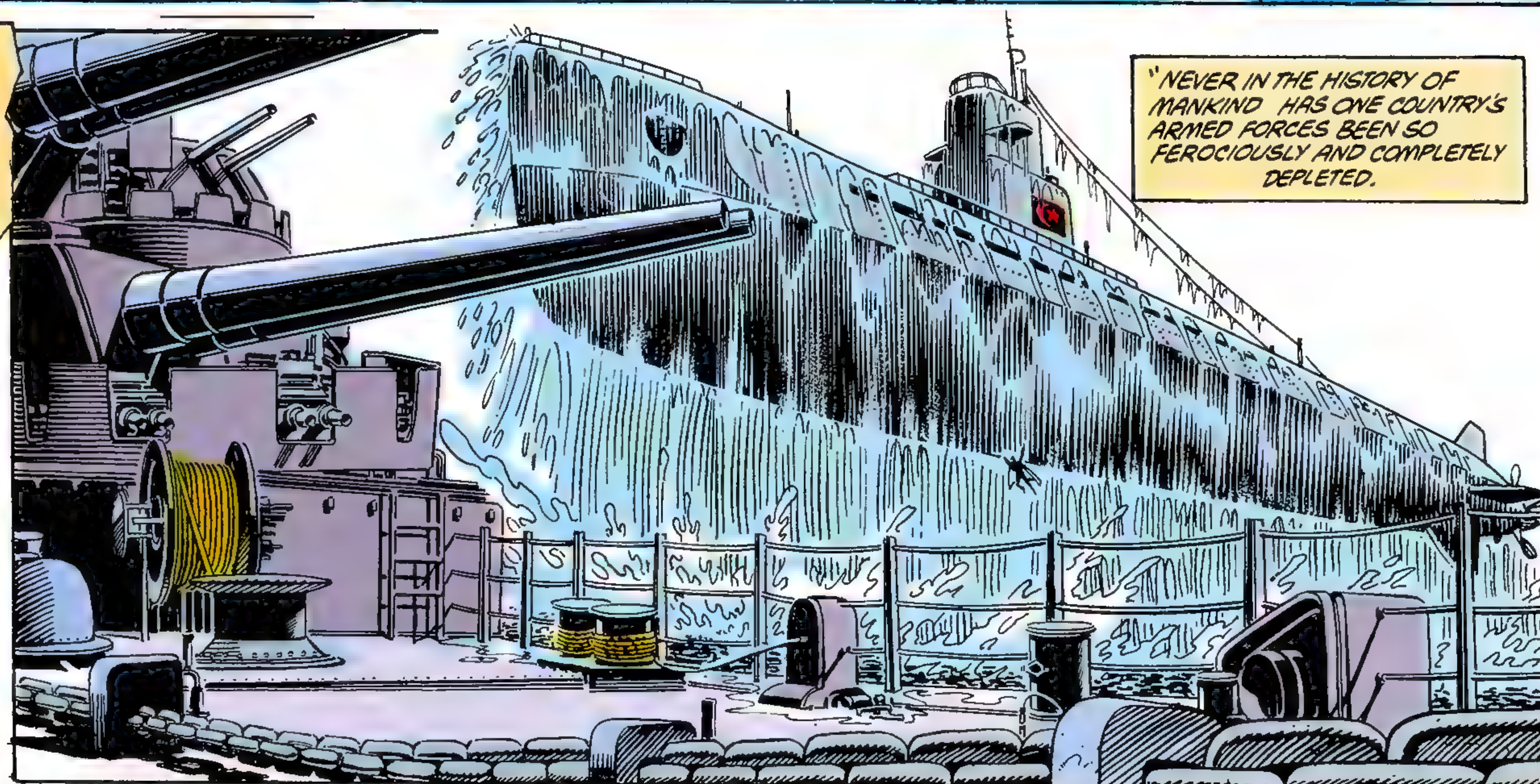
"HE IS FED UP WITH TERRORISM. HE IS, TO PARAPHRASE THE FICTIONAL NEWSMAN HOWARD BEALE-- 'MAD AS HELL AND NOT GOING TO TAKE IT ANY MORE.'



"THOUGH IT TOOK HIM A MERE TWO HOURS TO TOTALLY ROUT THE QURACUI AIR FORCE, THE LARGER TASK OF DESTROYING THE MIDDLE EASTERN NATION'S NAVY WAS COMPLETED BY NIGHTFALL.

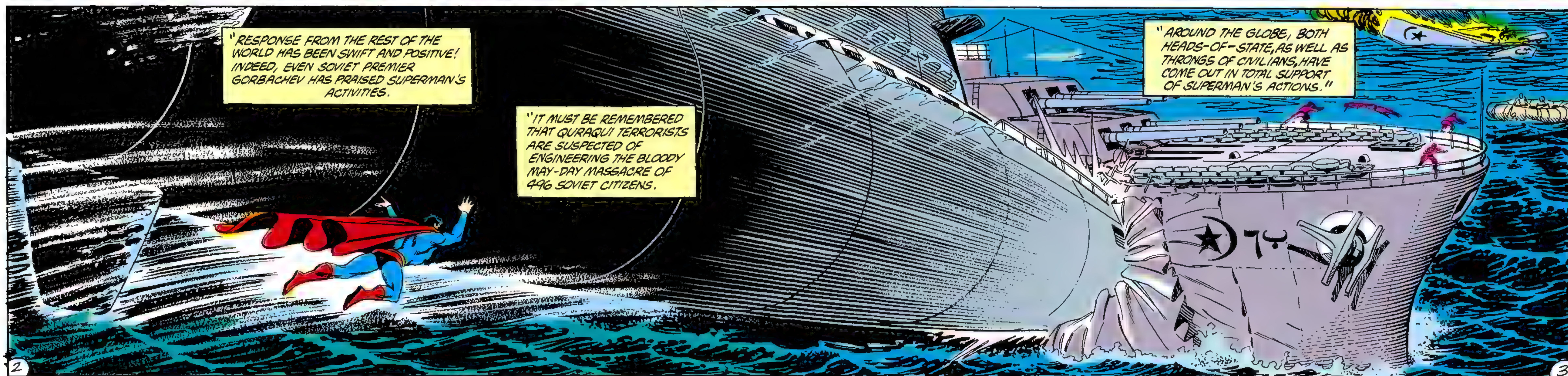


"NEVER IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND HAS ONE COUNTRY'S ARMED FORCES BEEN SO FEROCIOUSLY AND COMPLETELY DEPLETED.

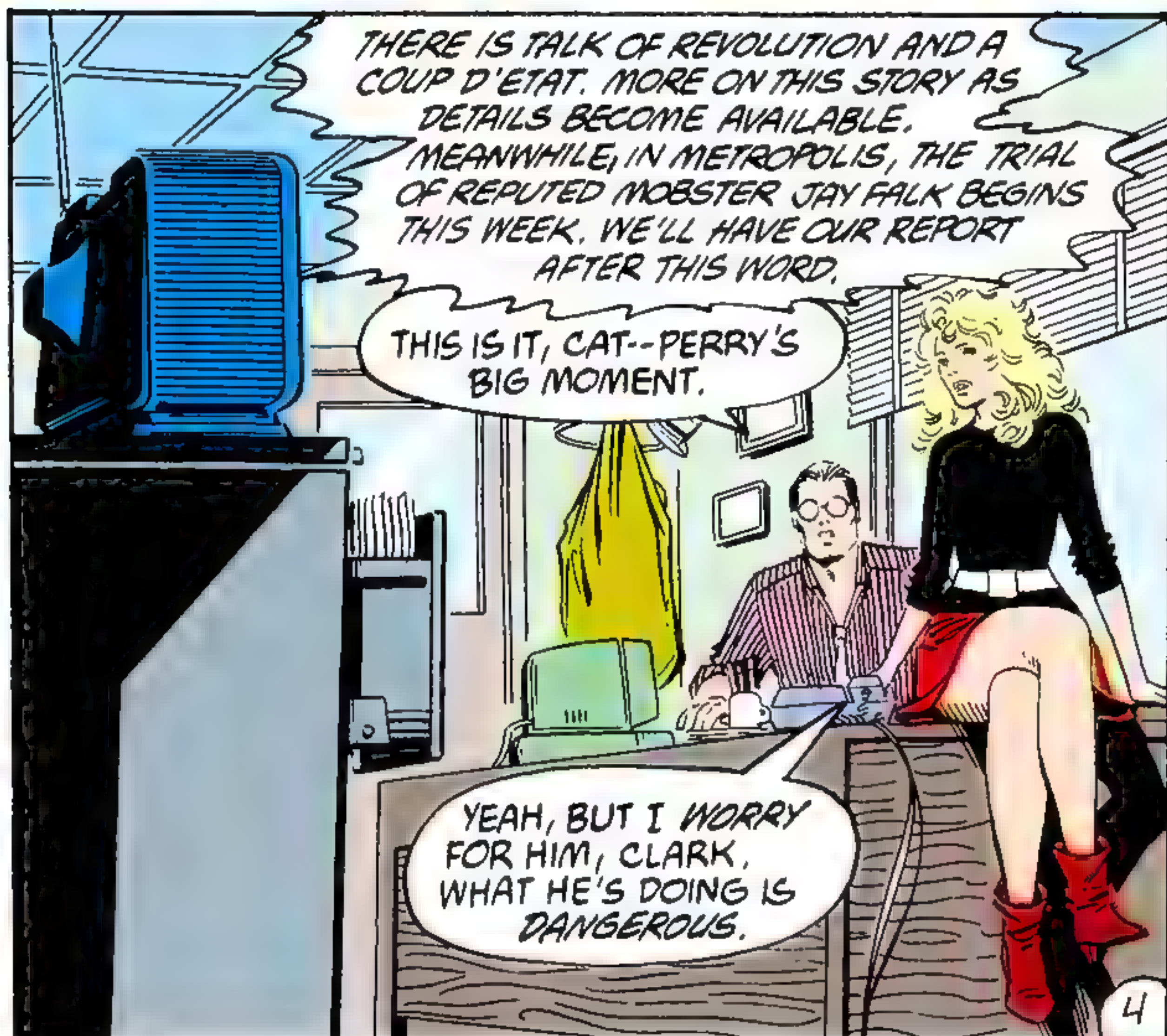
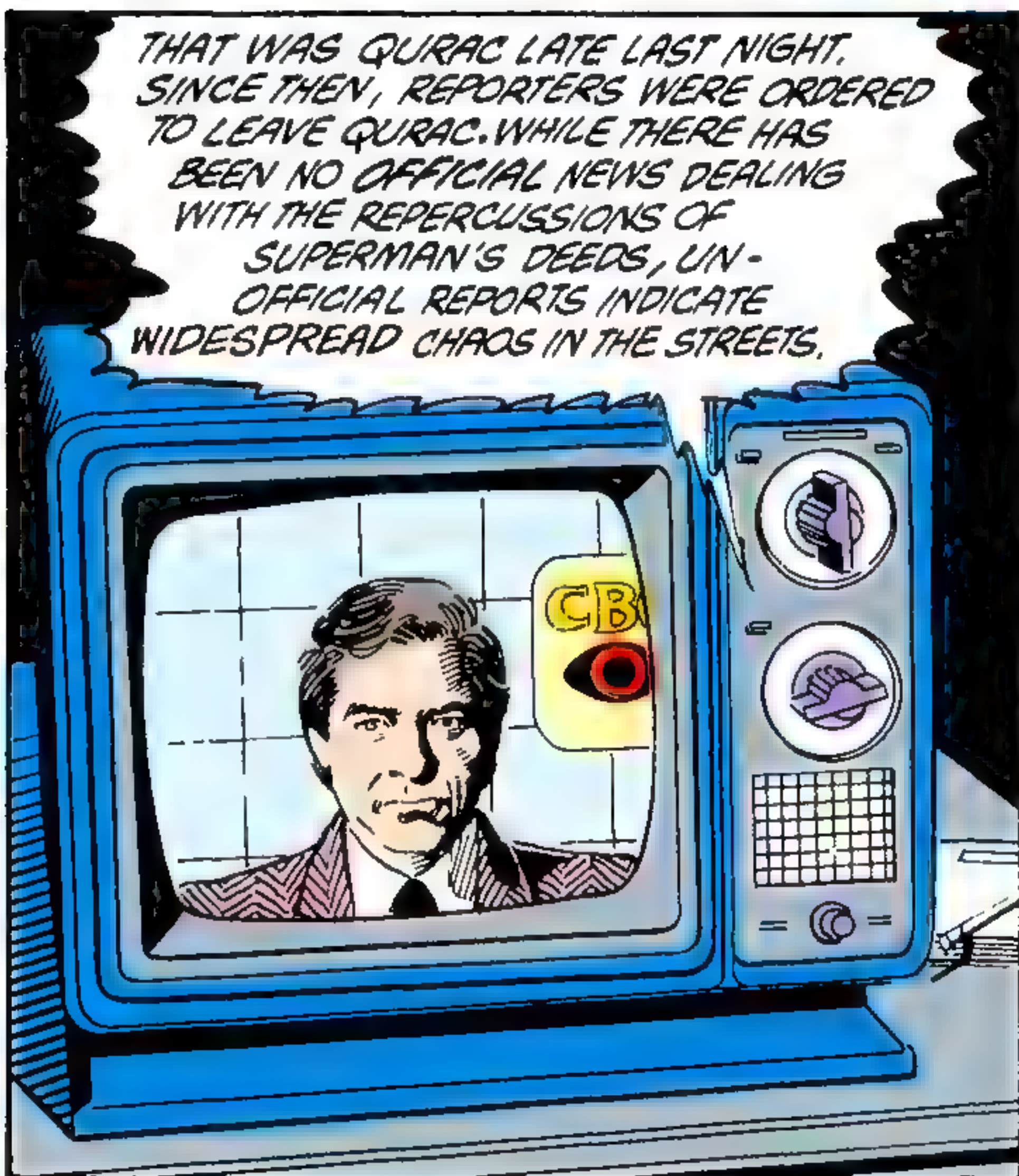
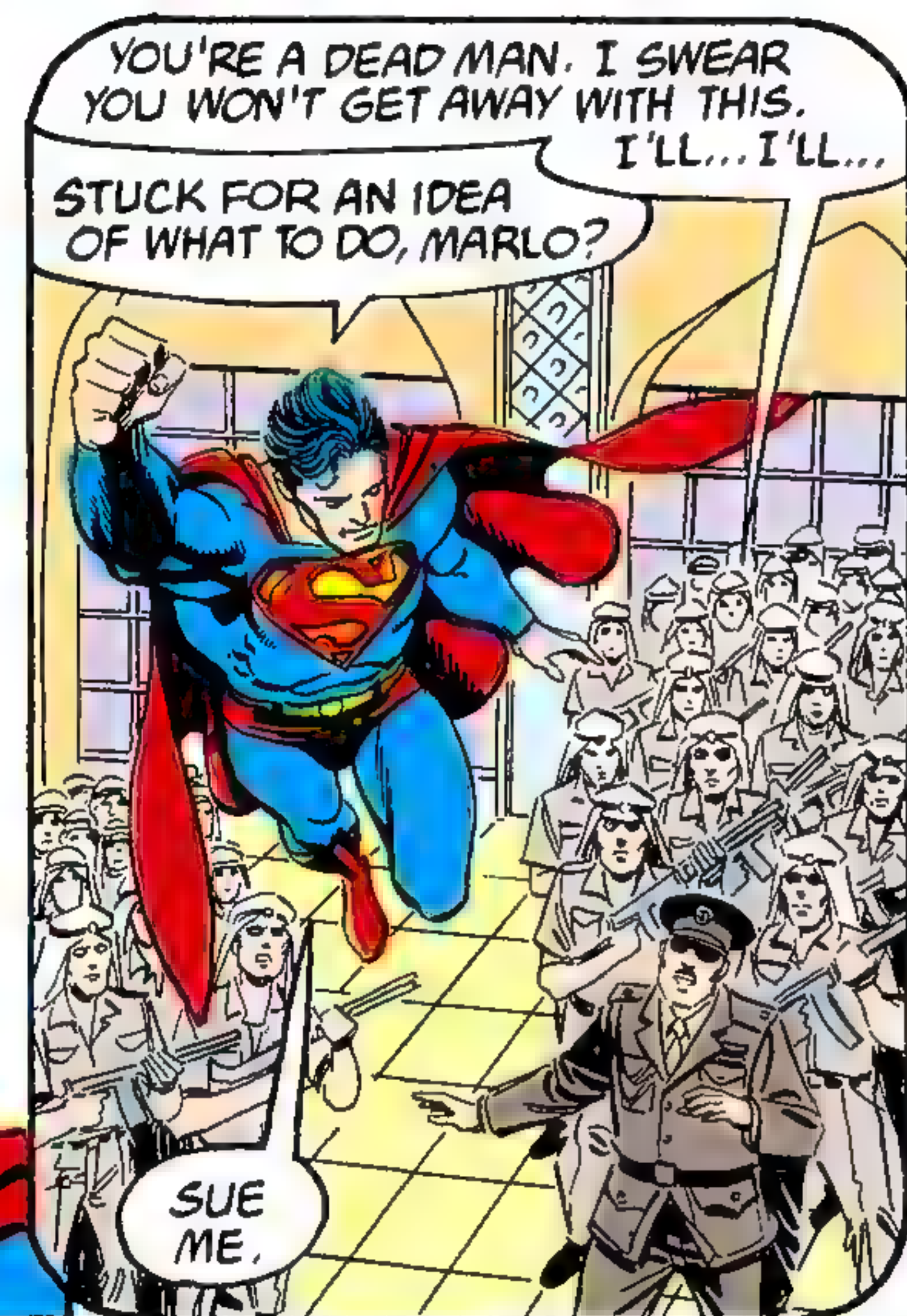
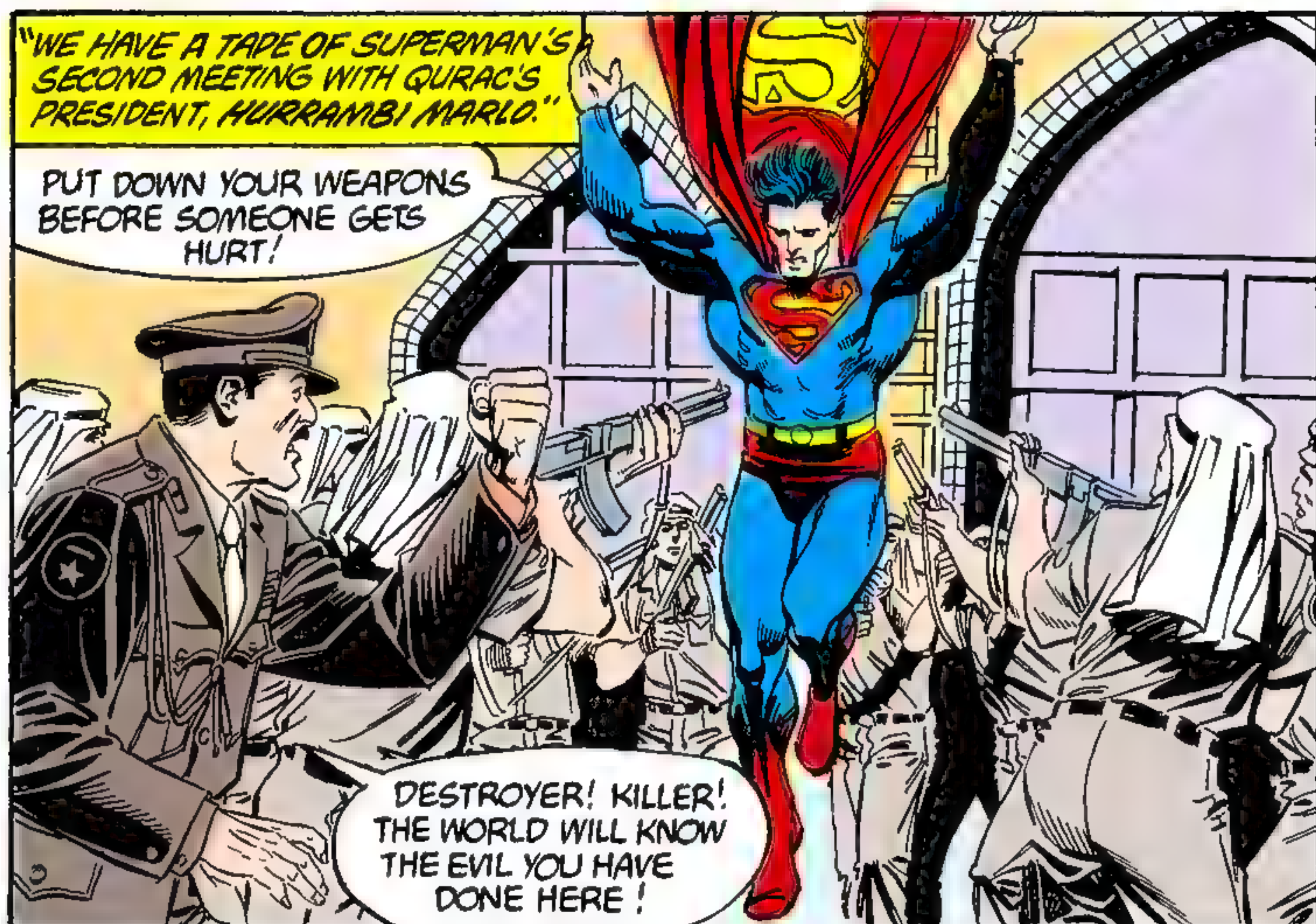
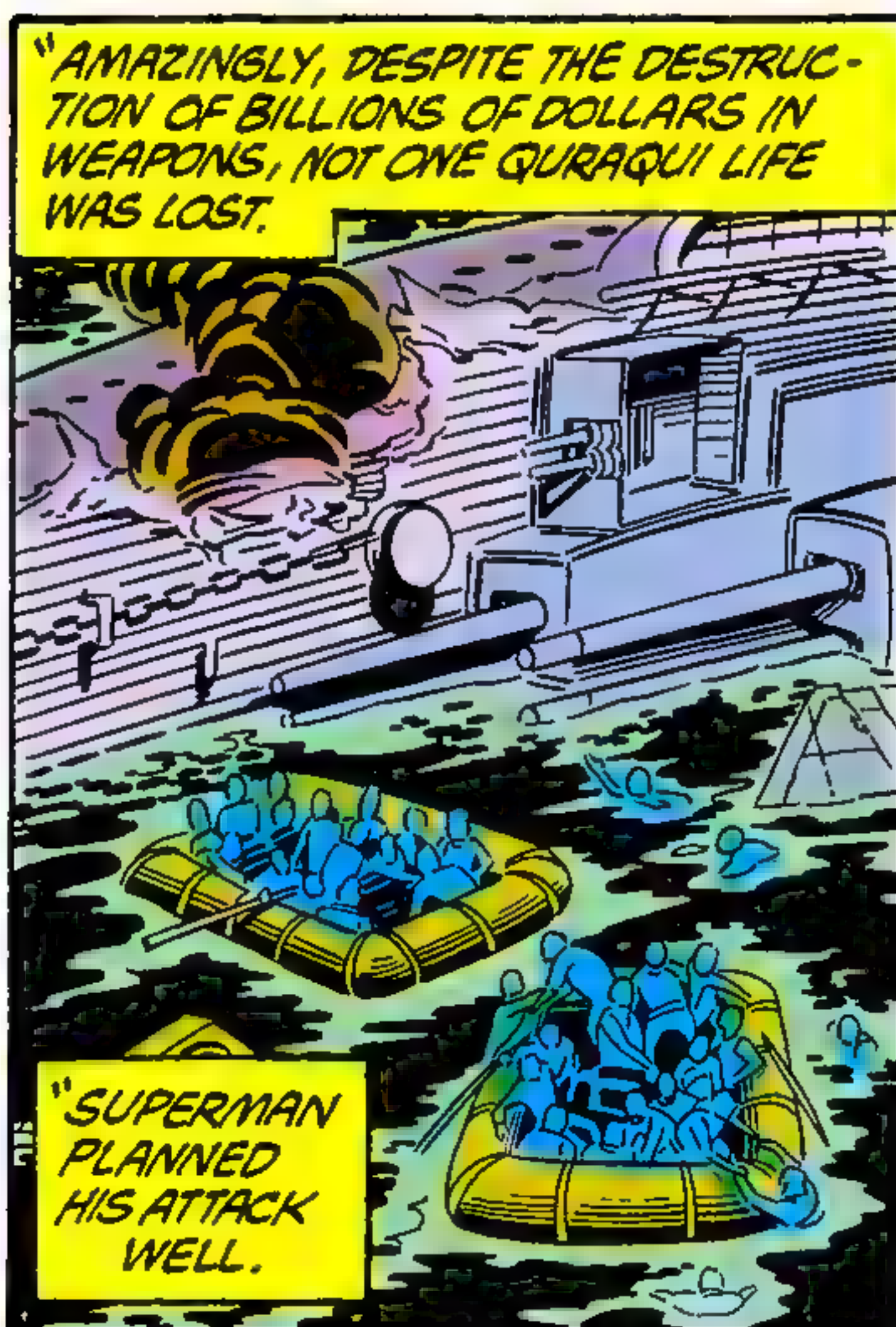


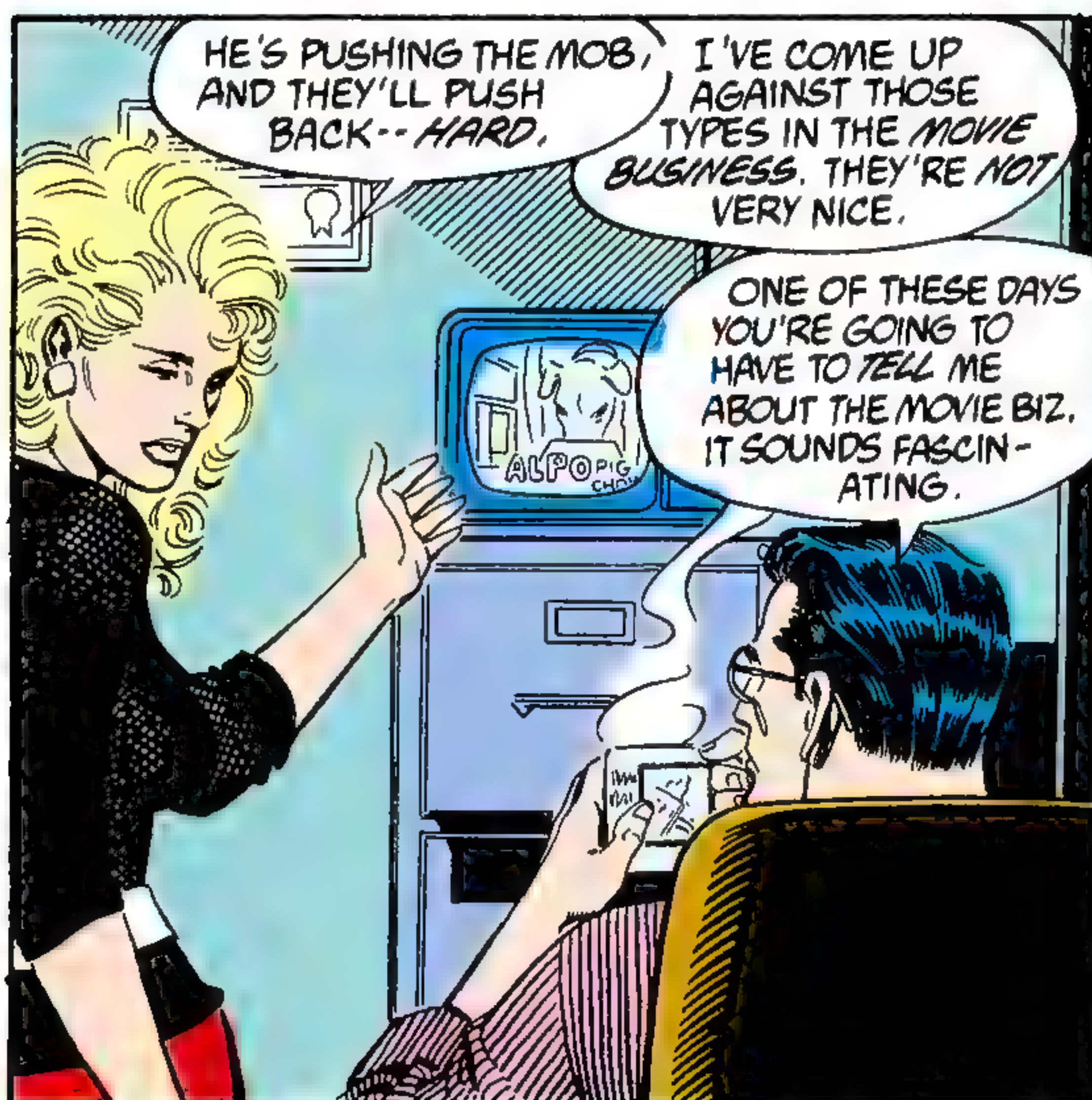
"RESPONSE FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD HAS BEEN SWIFT AND POSITIVE! INDEED, EVEN SOVIET PREMIER GORBACHEV HAS PRAISED SUPERMAN'S ACTIVITIES.

"IT MUST BE REMEMBERED THAT QURACUI TERRORISTS ARE SUSPECTED OF ENGINEERING THE BLOODY MAY-DAY MASSACRE OF 496 SOVIET CITIZENS.



"AROUND THE GLOBE, BOTH HEADS-OF-STATE, AS WELL AS THROGS OF CIVILIANS, HAVE COME OUT IN TOTAL SUPPORT OF SUPERMAN'S ACTIONS."





HE'S PUSHING THE MOB, AND THEY'LL PUSH BACK-- *HARD*.

I'VE COME UP AGAINST THOSE TYPES IN THE *MOVIE BUSINESS*. THEY'RE NOT VERY NICE.

ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TELL ME ABOUT THE *MOVIE BIZ*. IT SOUNDS FASCINATING.



ONLY IF YOU KNOW THE RIGHT PEOPLE. AND I KNOW *LOTS* OF THEM, *MMHHMM*.

YES, WELL...THE TROUBLE WITH PERRY IS THAT HE'S EVERY BIT AS *HARD-HITTING* AS HE WAS WHEN HE WAS *YOUNGER*.



HE'S NOT A *YOUNG MAN* ANYMORE, BUT HE'S JUST AS *IDEALISTIC* AS ANY *CUB REPORTER*! NOBODY CAN CORRUPT HIM! HE'S *BRUTALLY FAIR*, AND SOMETIMES THAT RUBS PEOPLE THE *WRONG WAY*.

BUT PERRY CARES, AND I'D RATHER WORK FOR HIM THAN ANYBODY ELSE. HE HAS MY *TRUST*... AND MY *RESPECT*.



HE'S KINDA LIKE YOU, *HANDSOME*. IN YOUR *BABY-BLUE EYES* I SEE THAT YOU'RE HERE BECAUSE YOU WANT TO *HELP PEOPLE*. YOU'RE ONE OF THE *GOOD GUYS*.

DAMN FEW OF YOU *WINDMILL-TILTERS* LEFT.

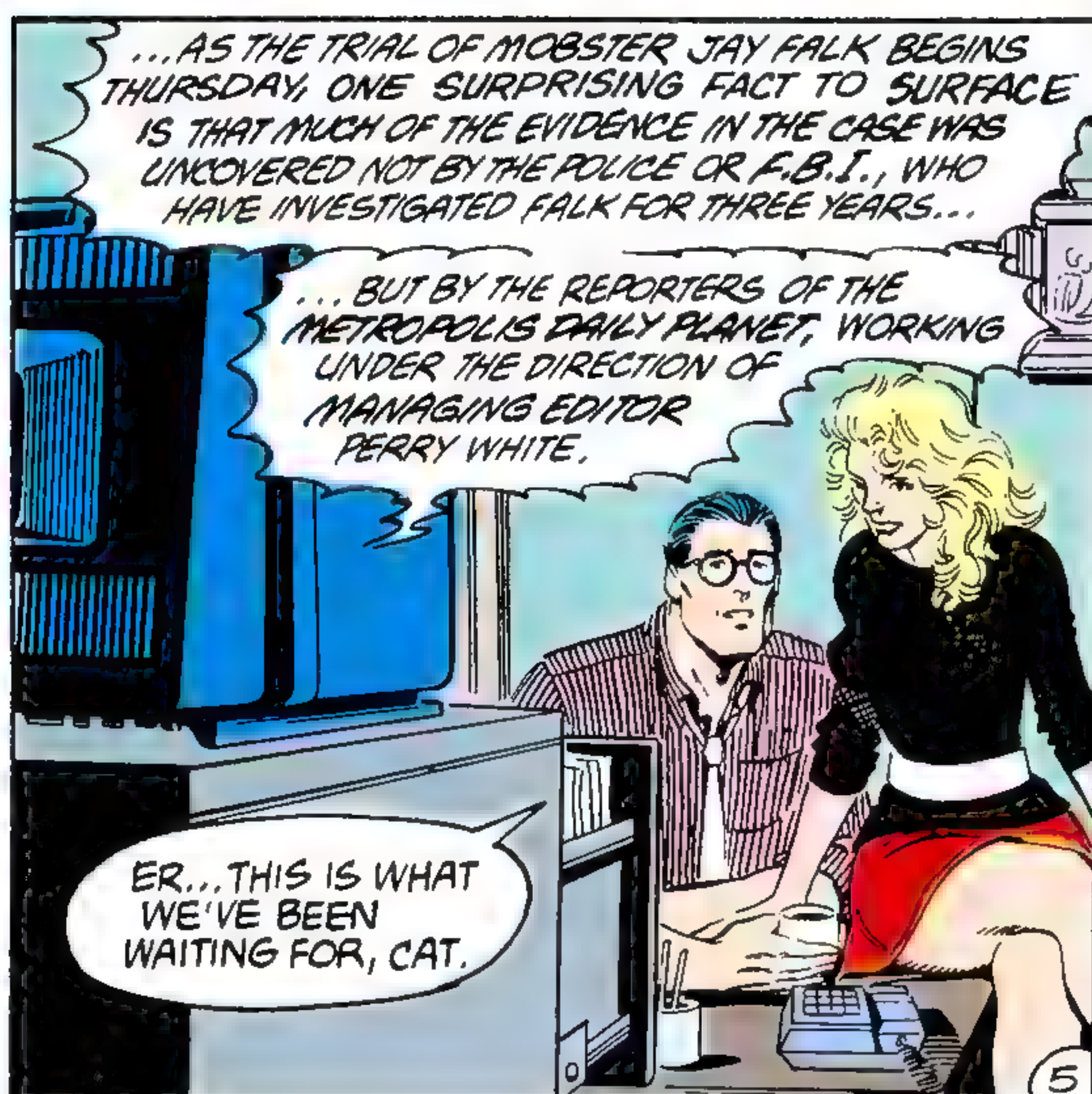


GUESS THAT'S BECAUSE I WAS A *BOYSCOUT* WHEN I GREW UP.

MMHHMM. ARE YOU *ALWAYS PREPARED*?

I TRY TO BE.

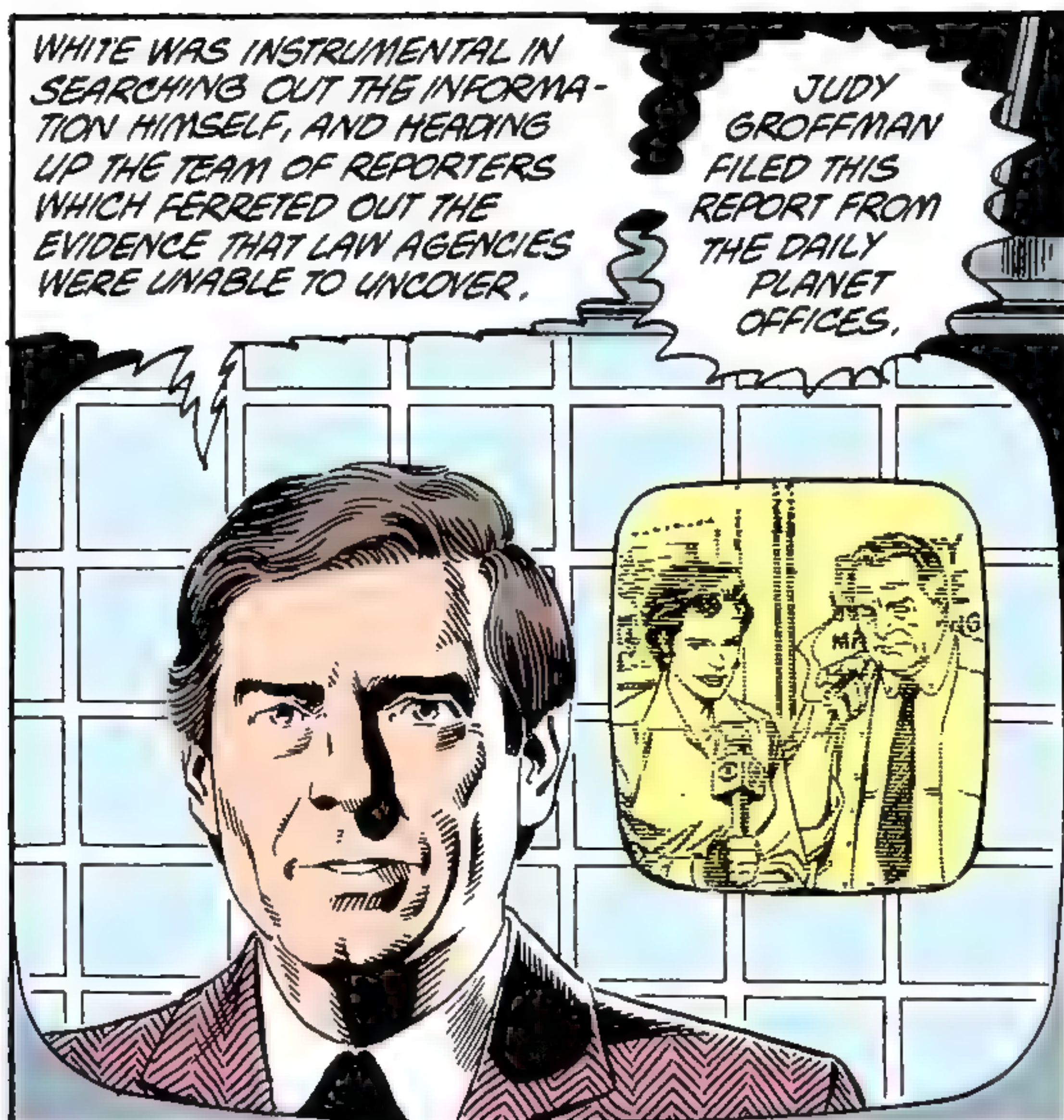
I BET YOU ARE.

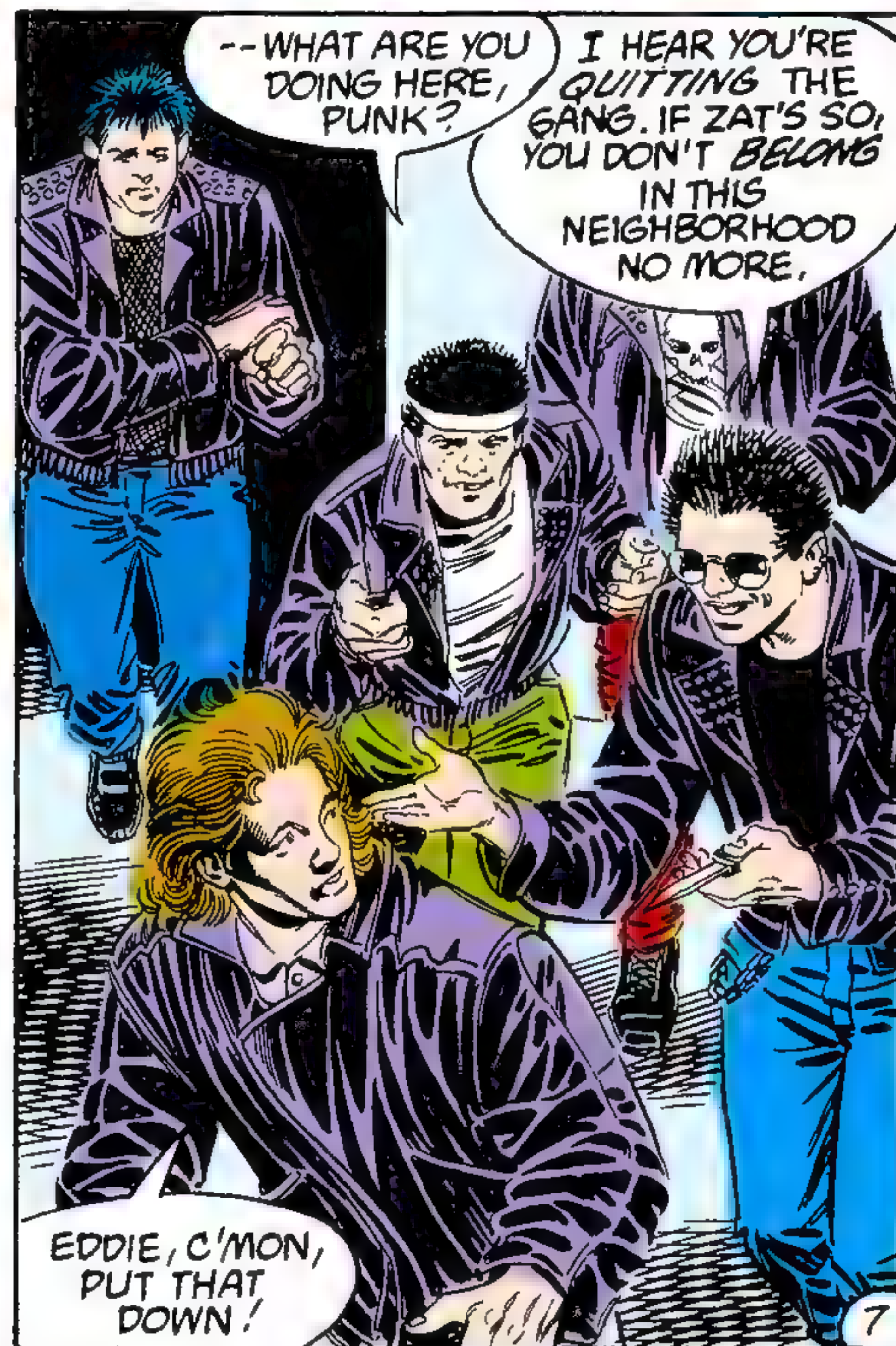
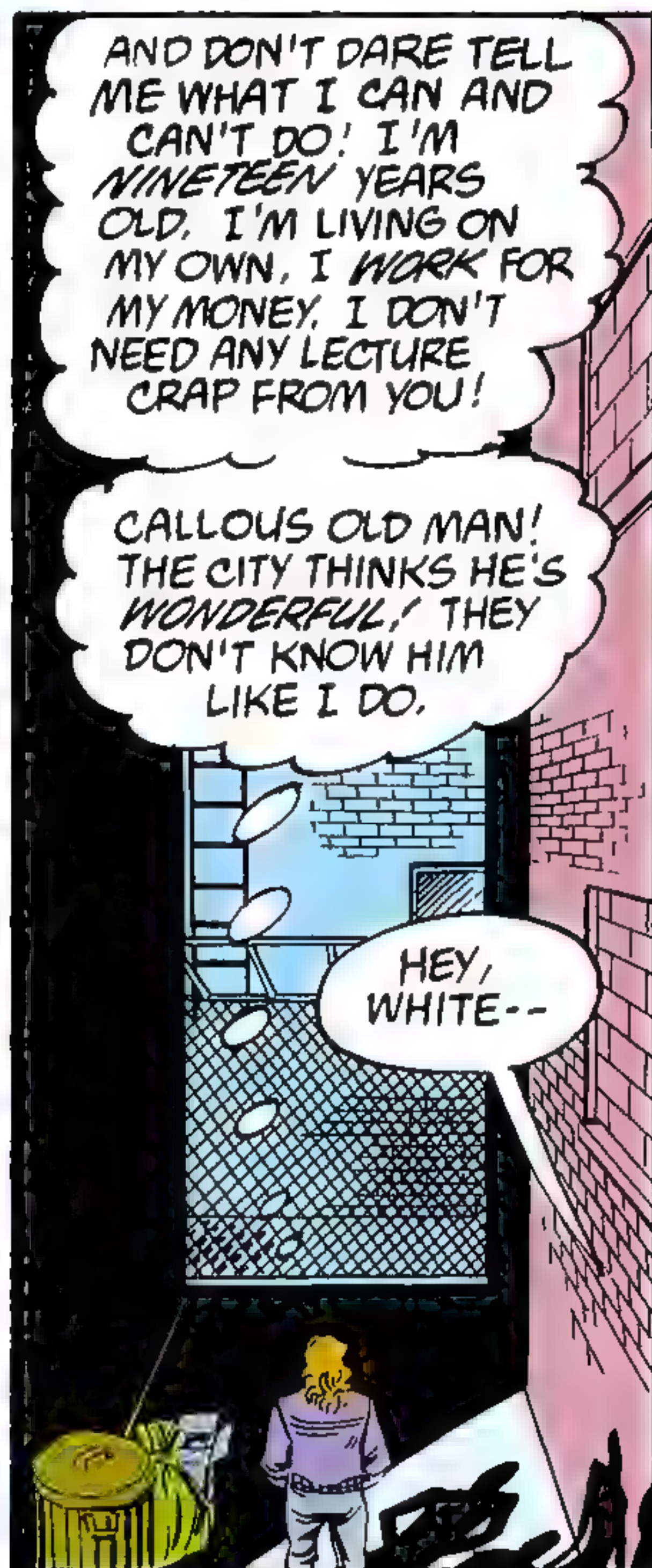
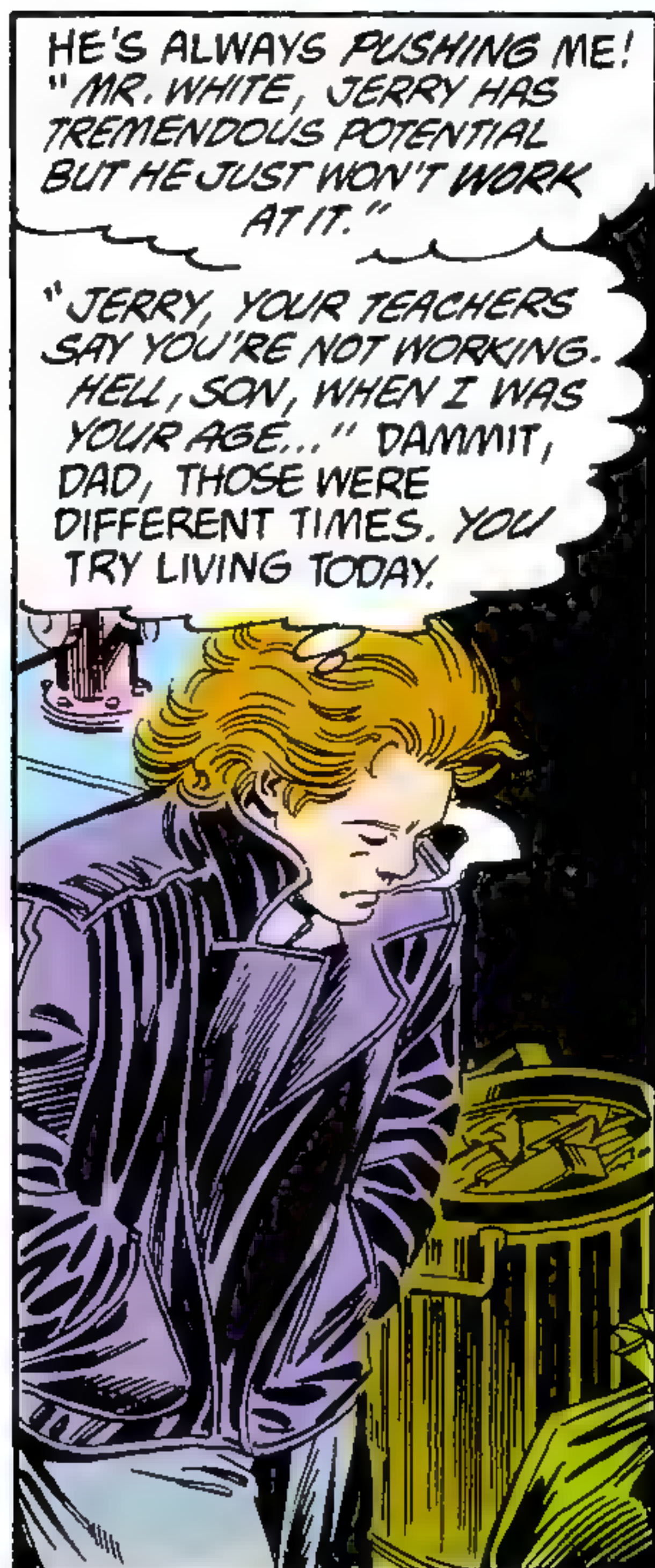
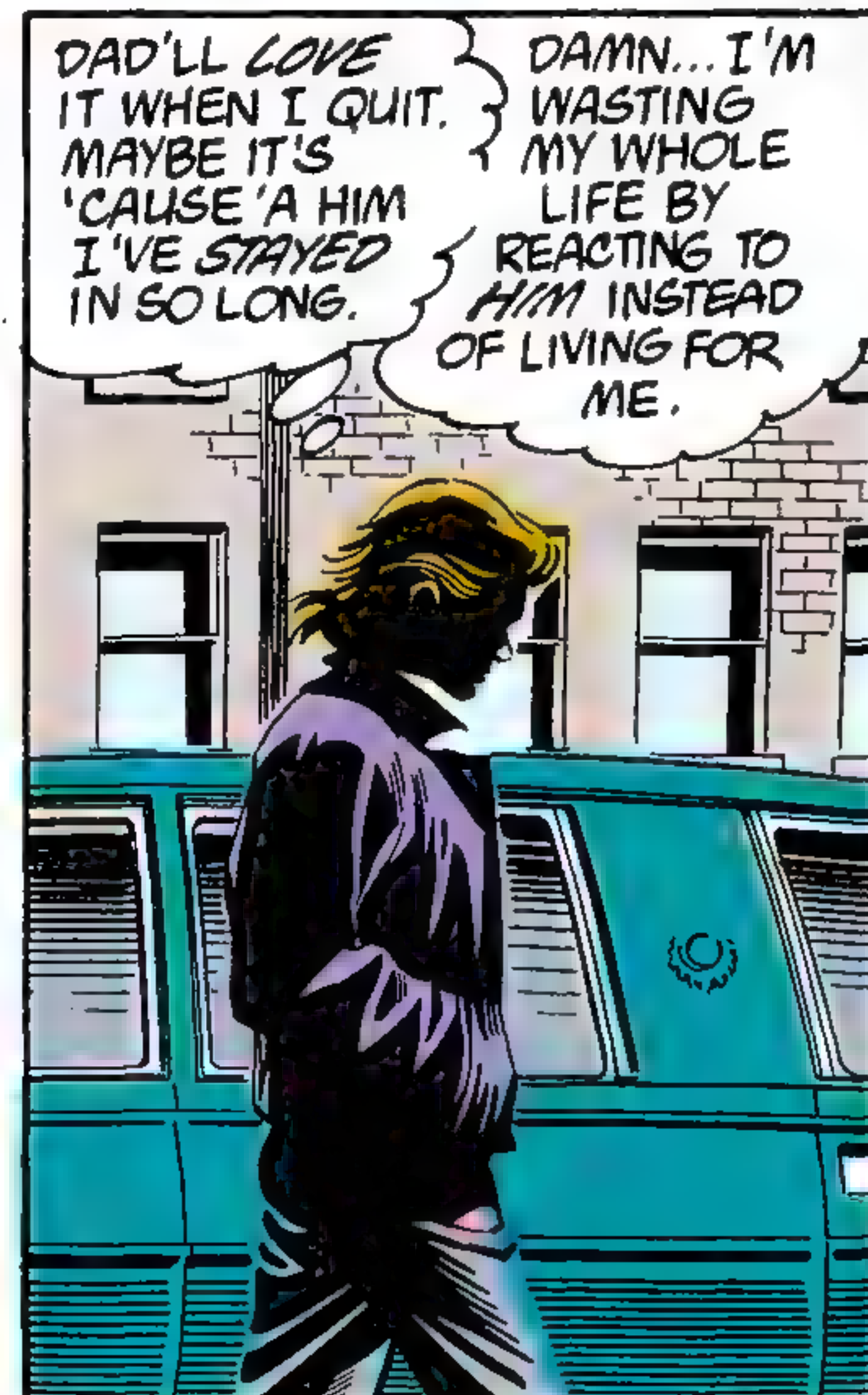
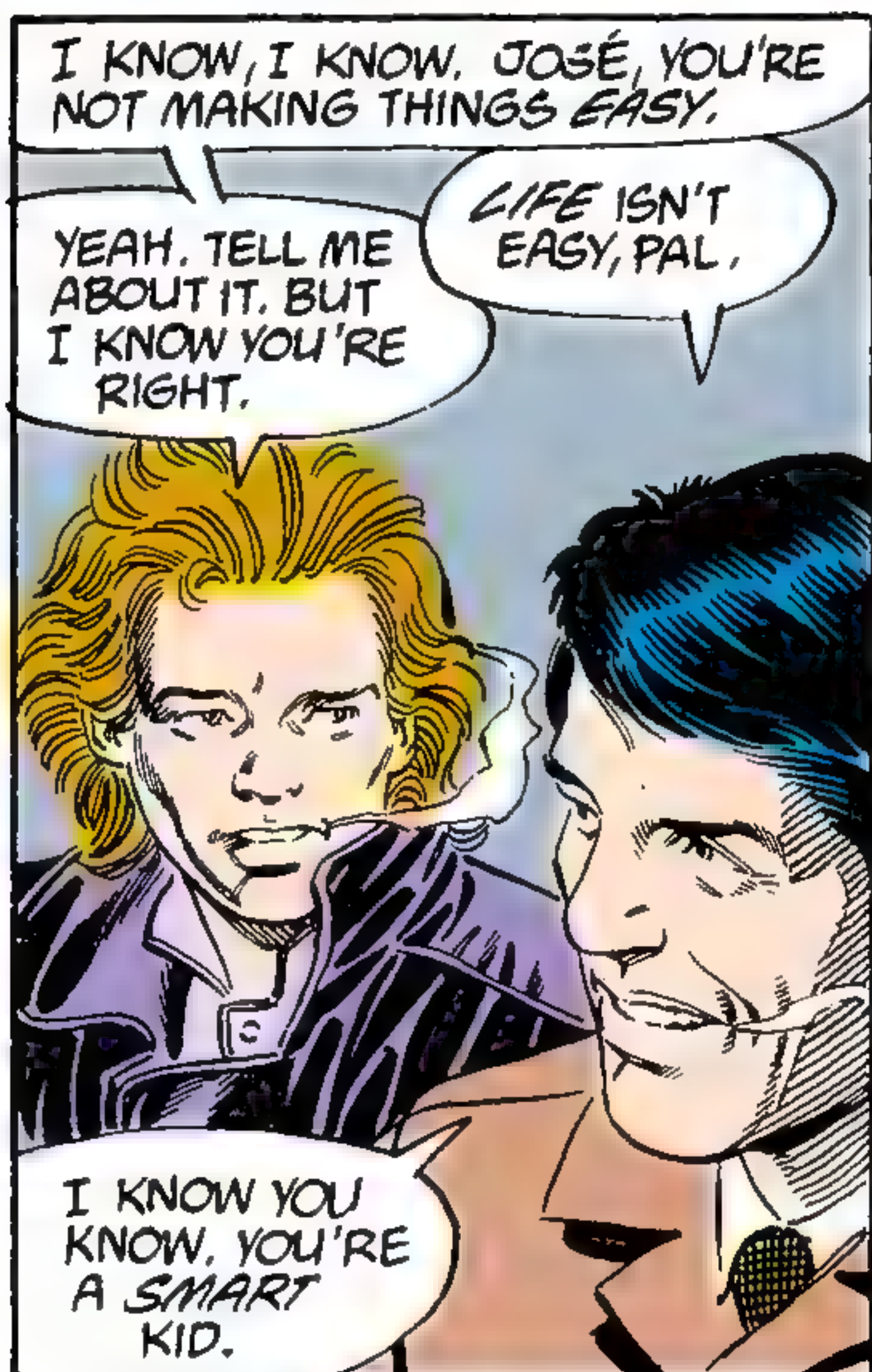


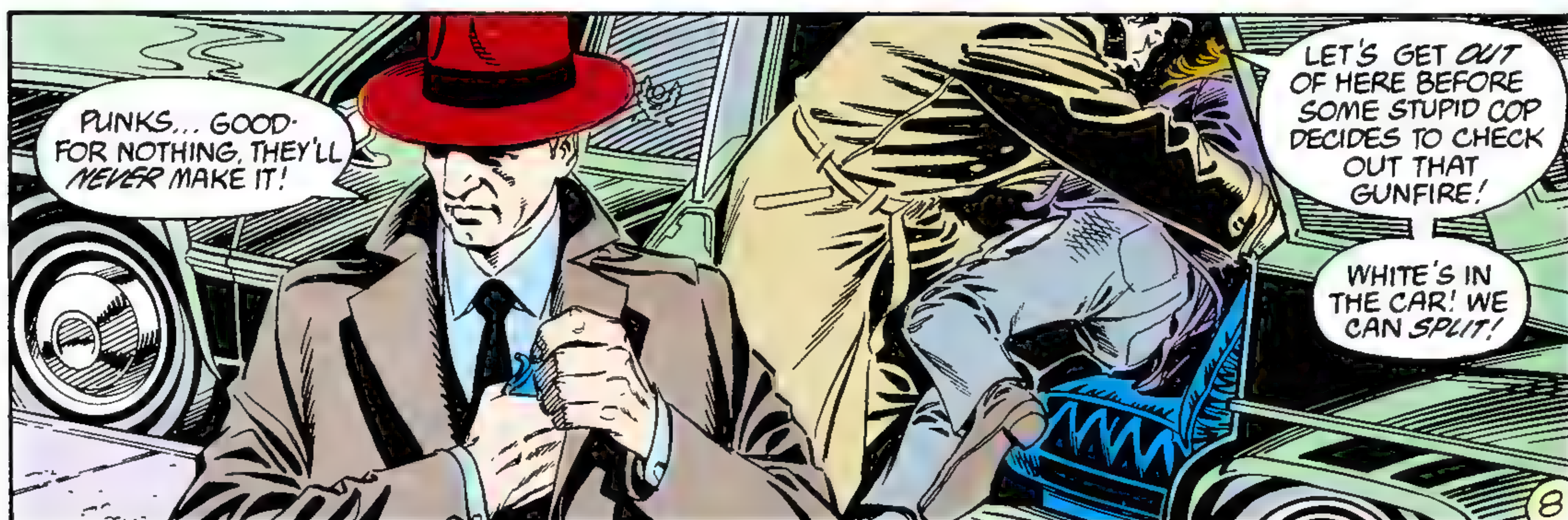
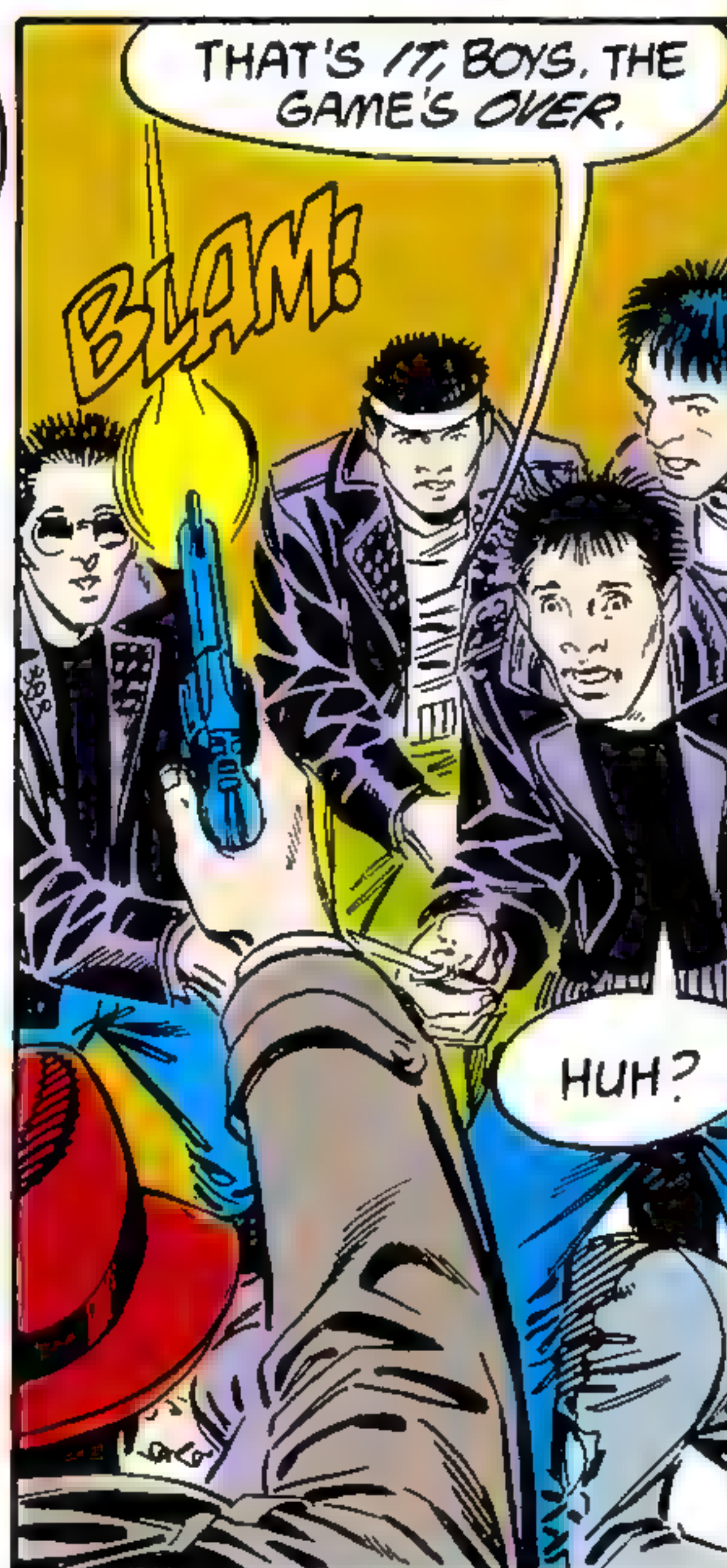
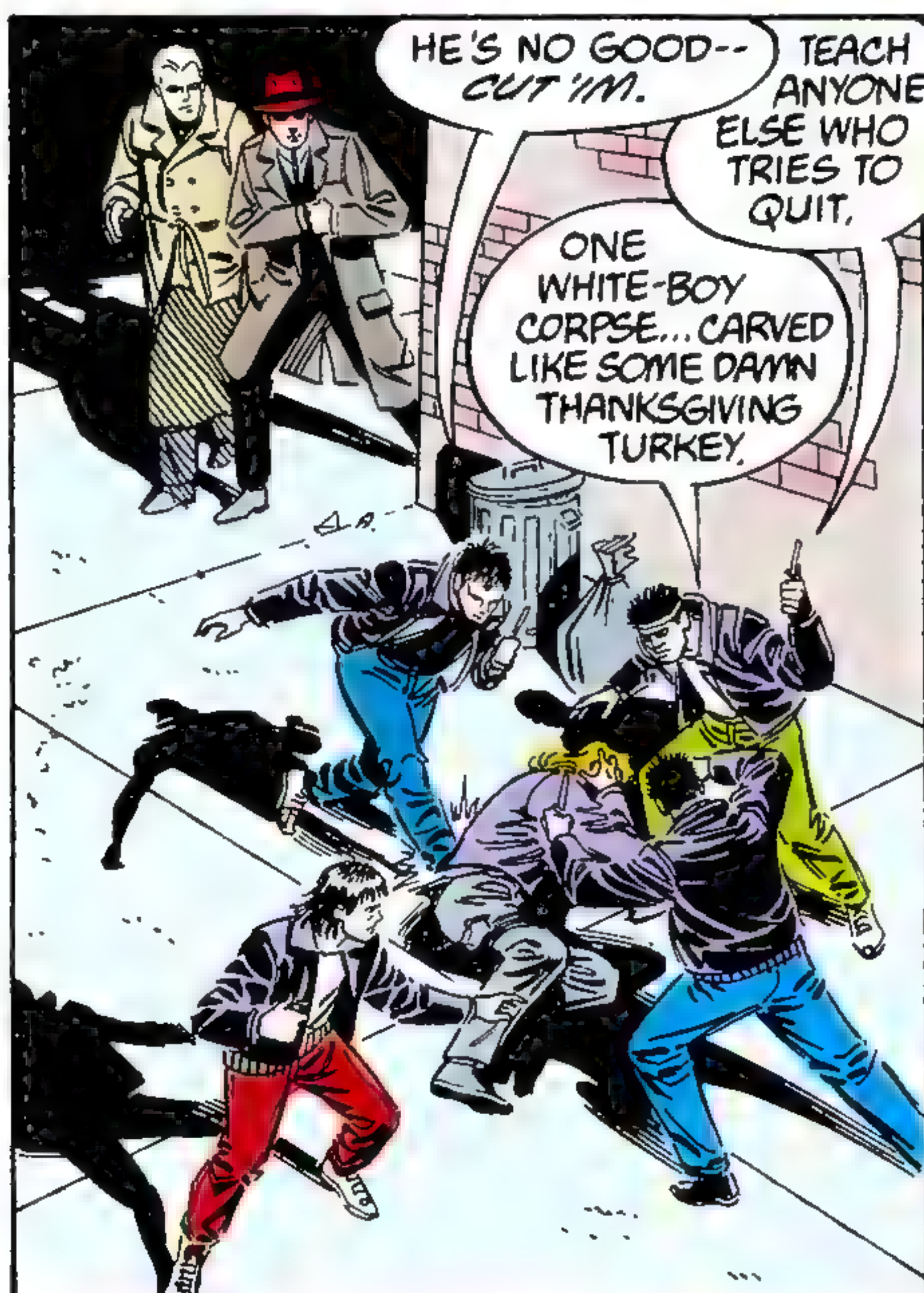
...AS THE TRIAL OF *MOBSTER JAY FALK* BEGINS THURSDAY, ONE SURPRISING FACT TO SURFACE IS THAT MUCH OF THE EVIDENCE IN THE CASE WAS UNCOVERED NOT BY THE POLICE OR *F.B.I.*, WHO HAVE INVESTIGATED FALK FOR THREE YEARS...

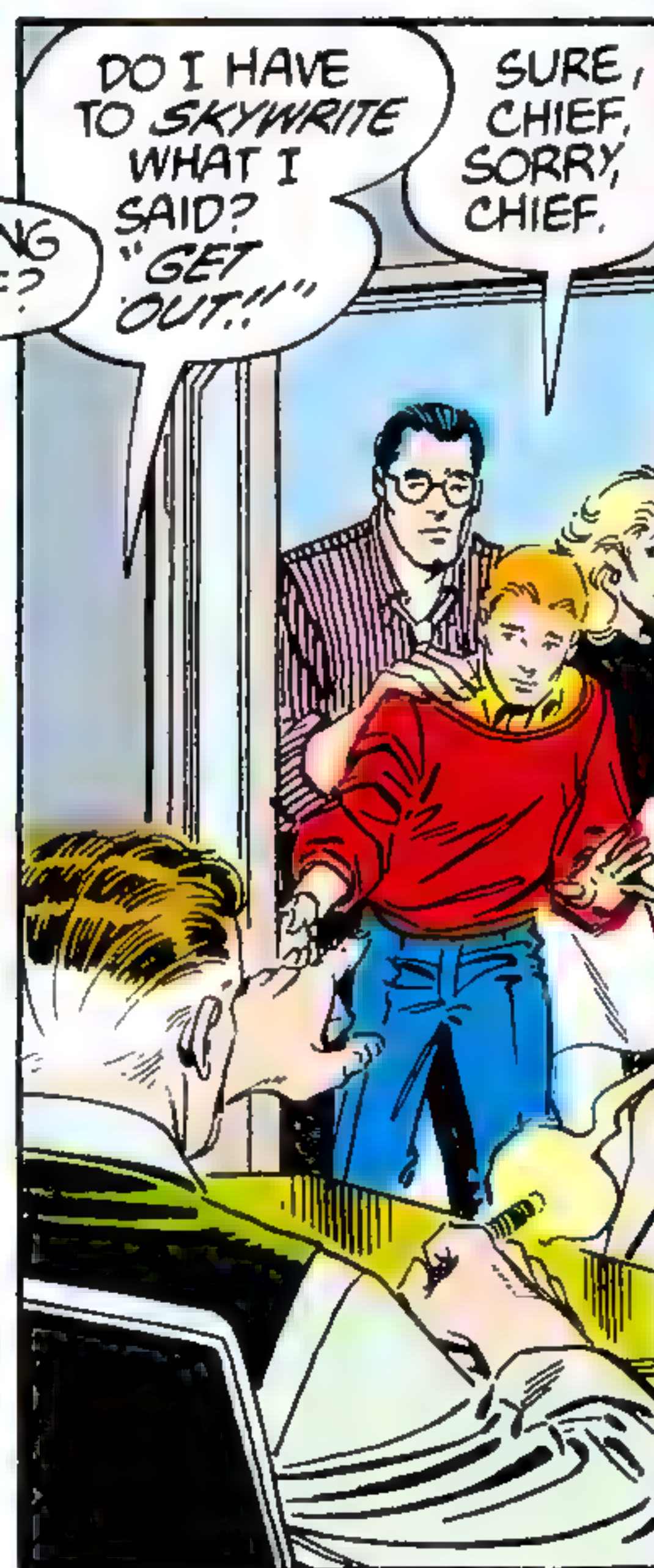
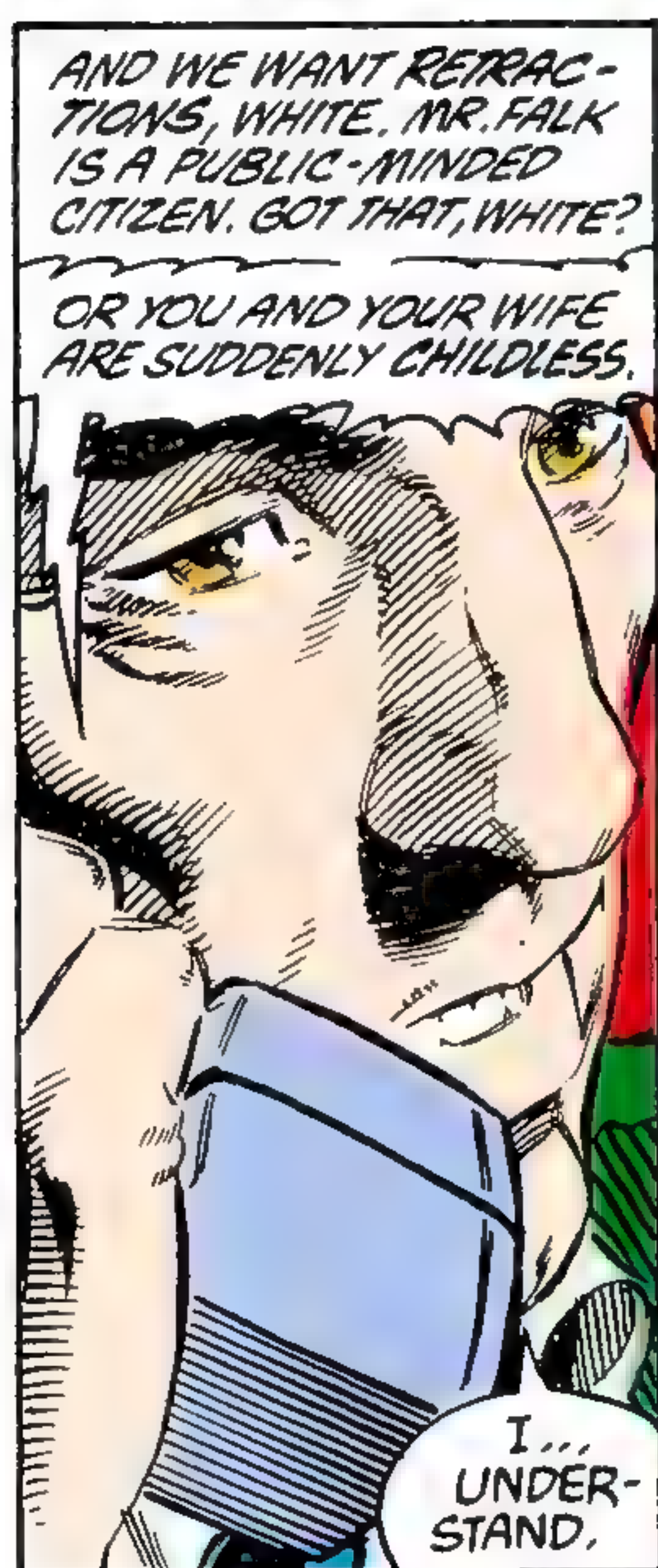
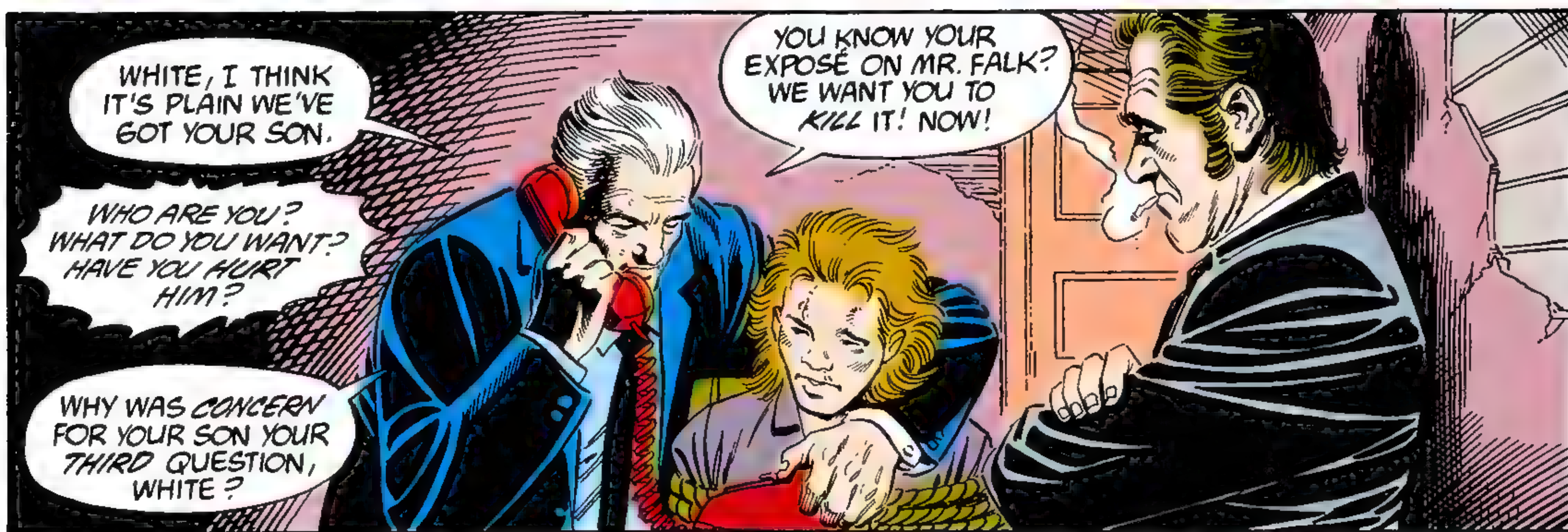
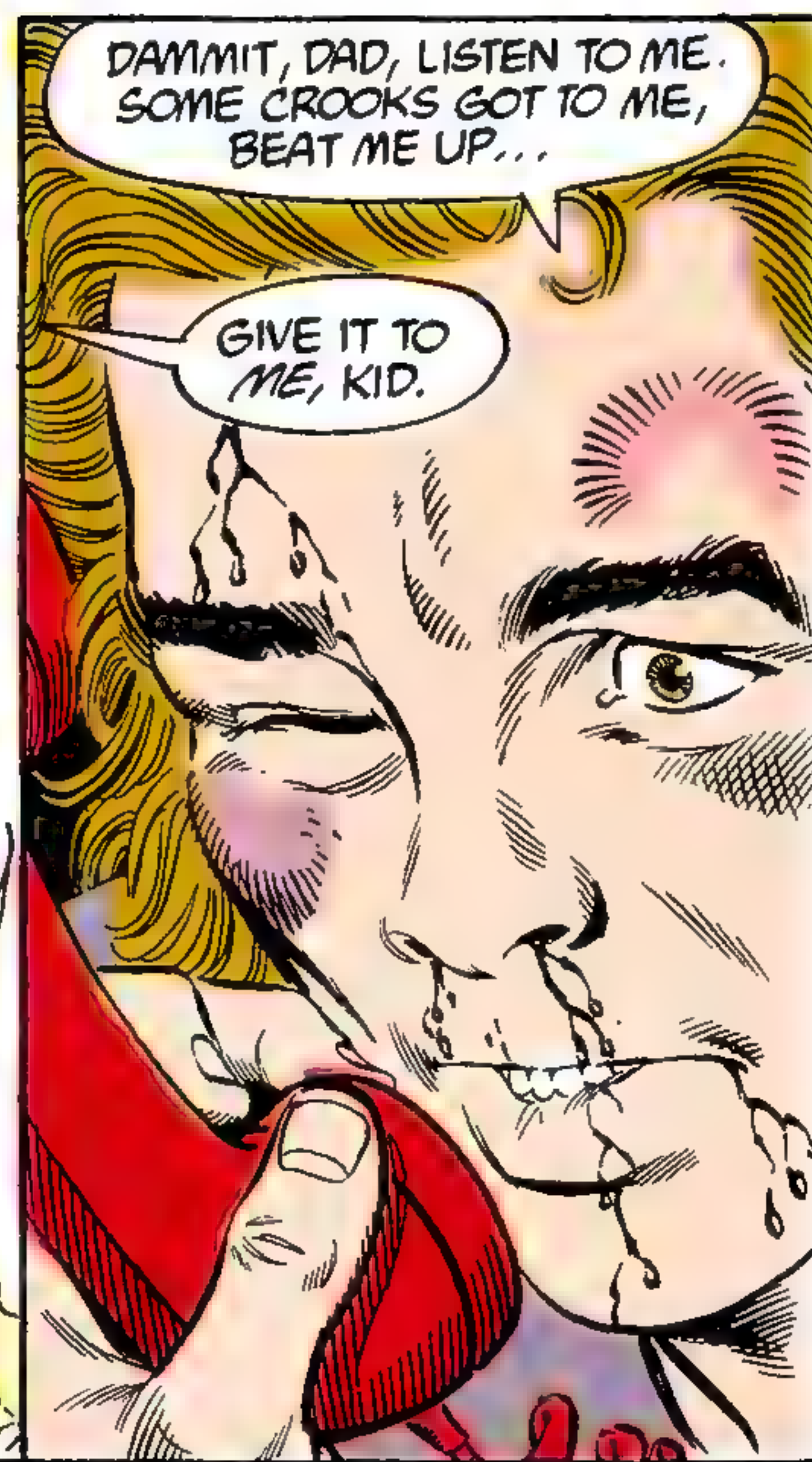
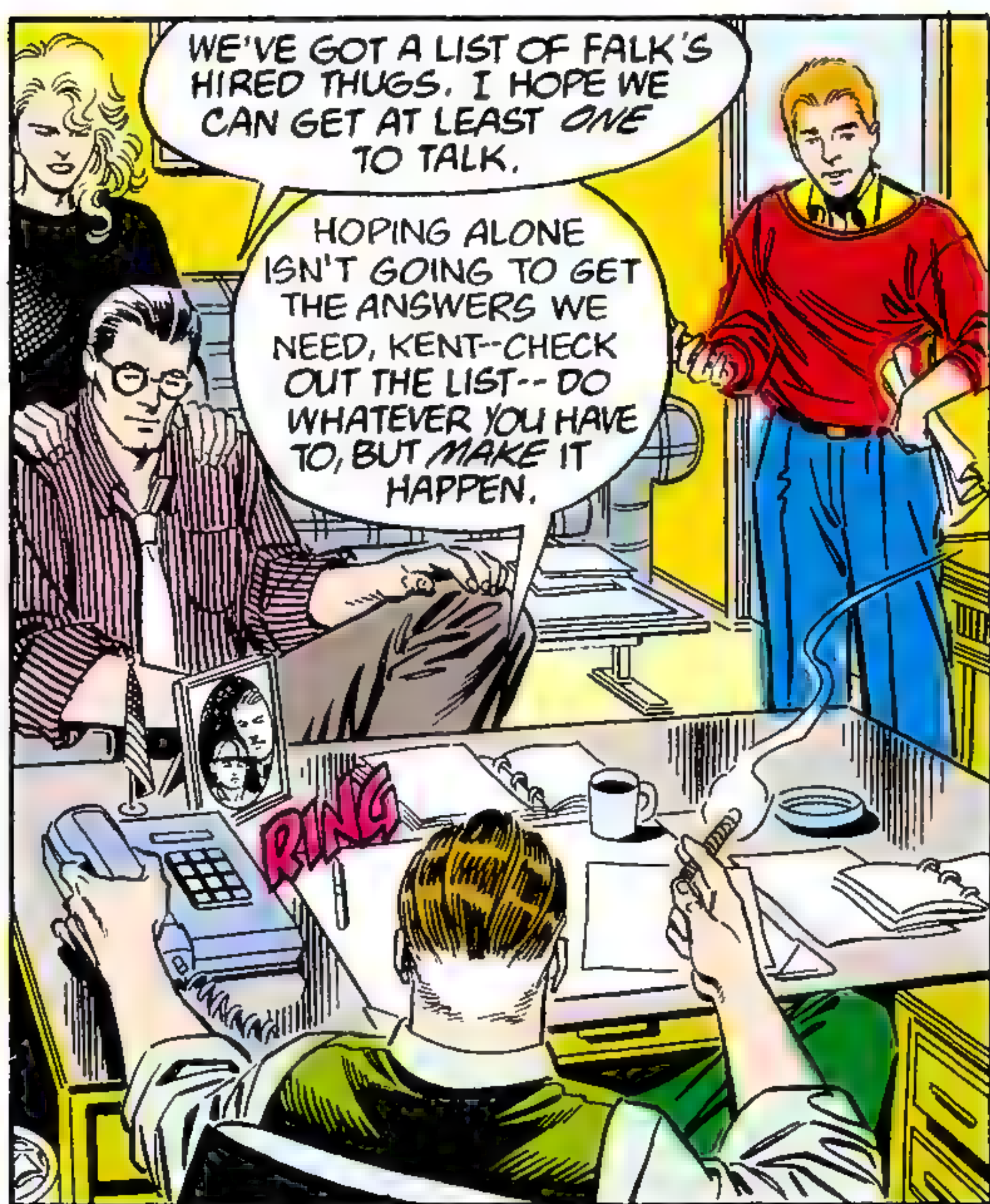
... BUT BY THE REPORTERS OF THE *METROPOLIS DAILY PLANET*, WORKING UNDER THE DIRECTION OF *MANAGING EDITOR PERRY WHITE*.

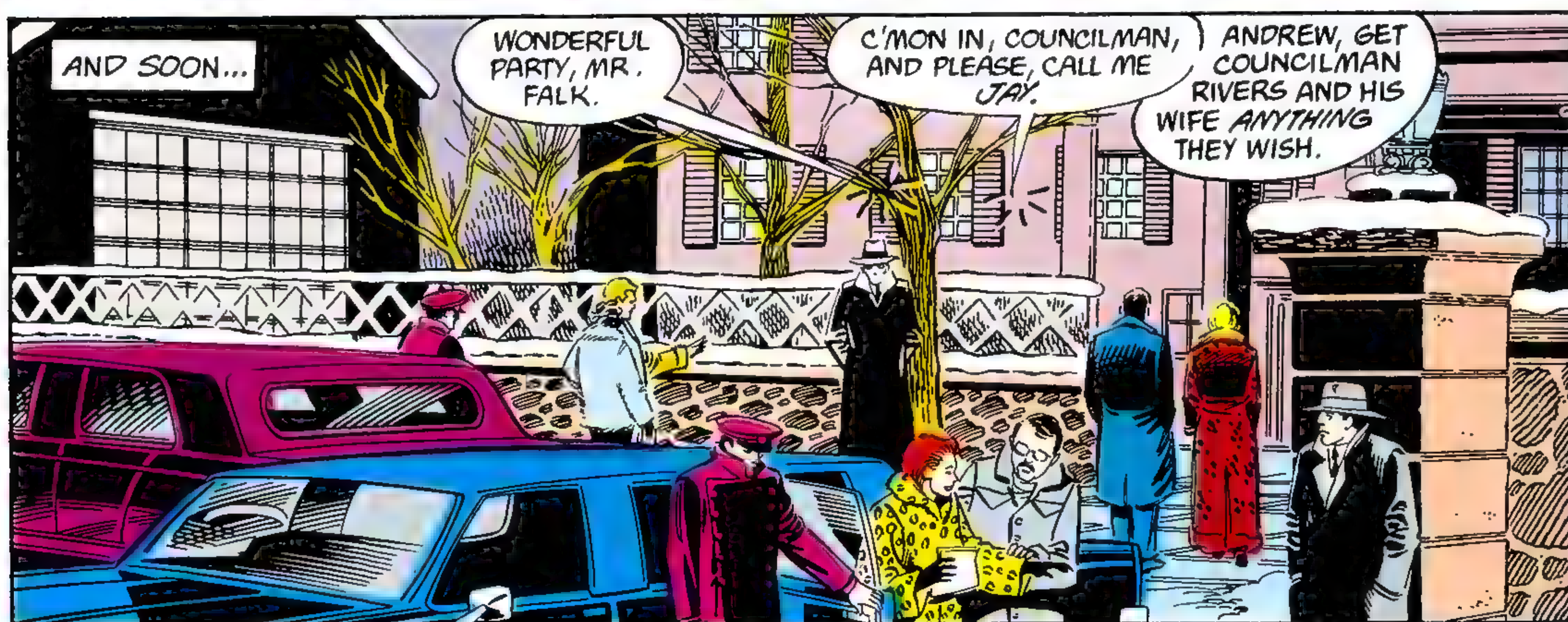
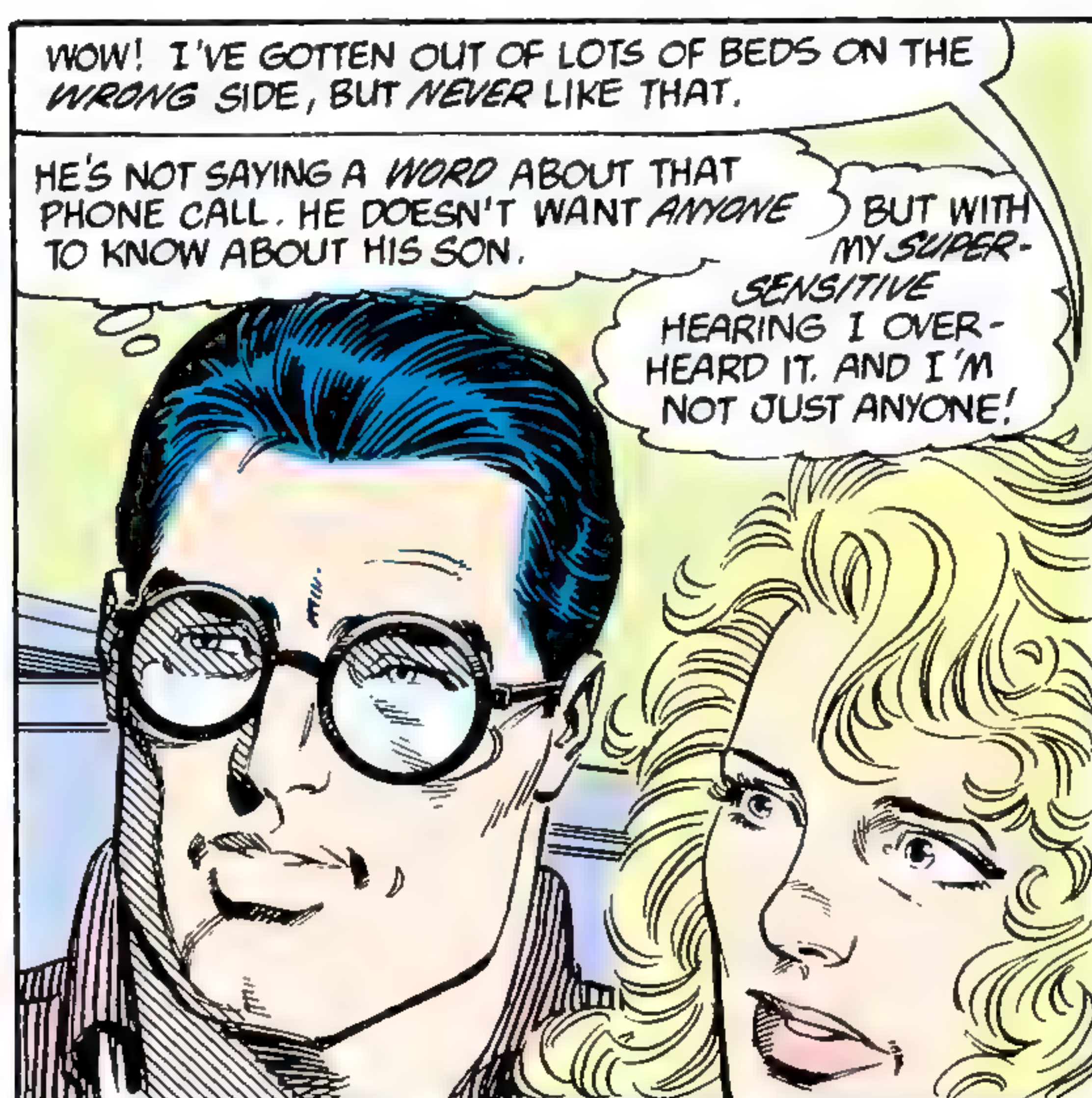
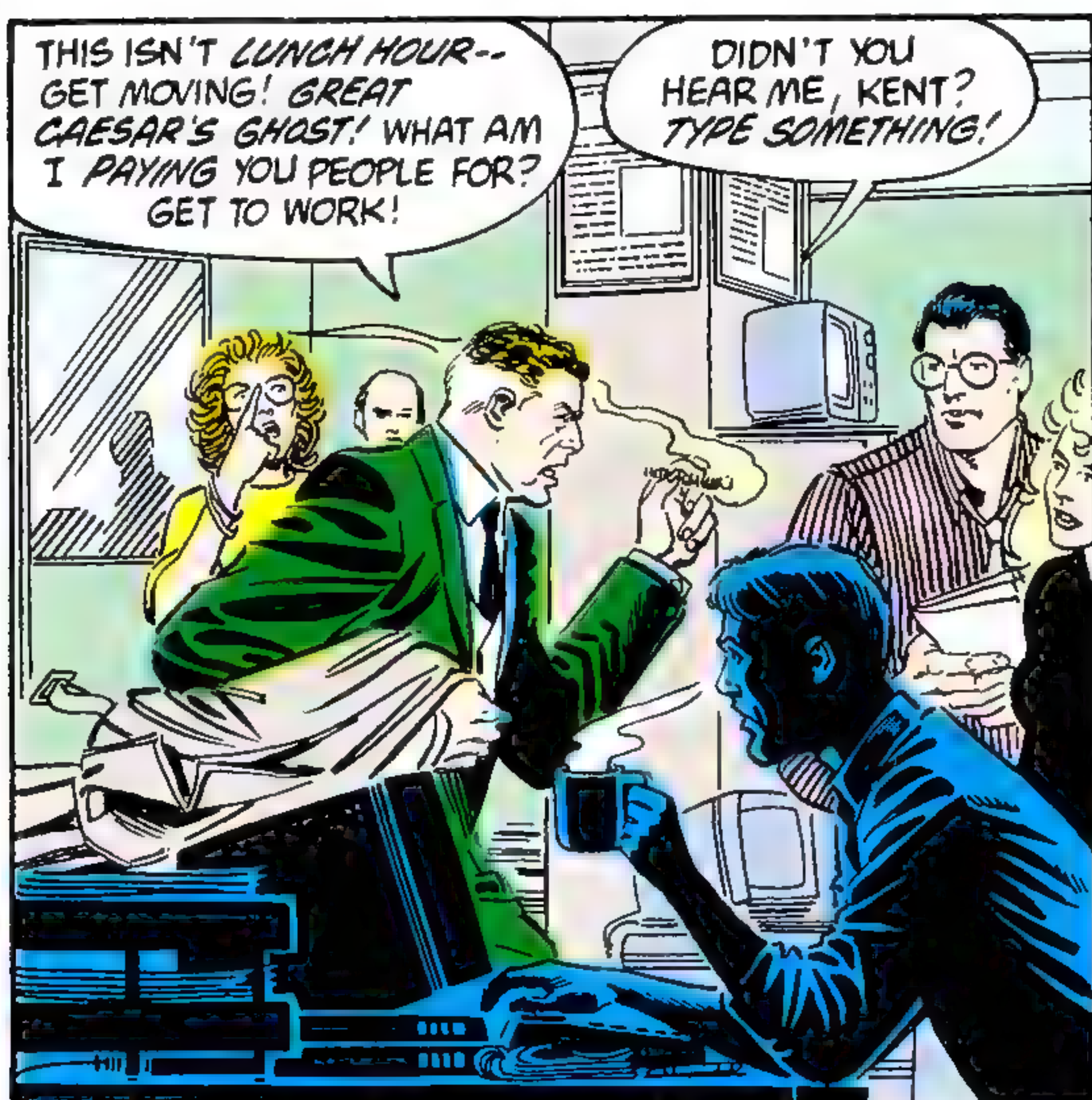
ER...THIS IS WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, CAT.

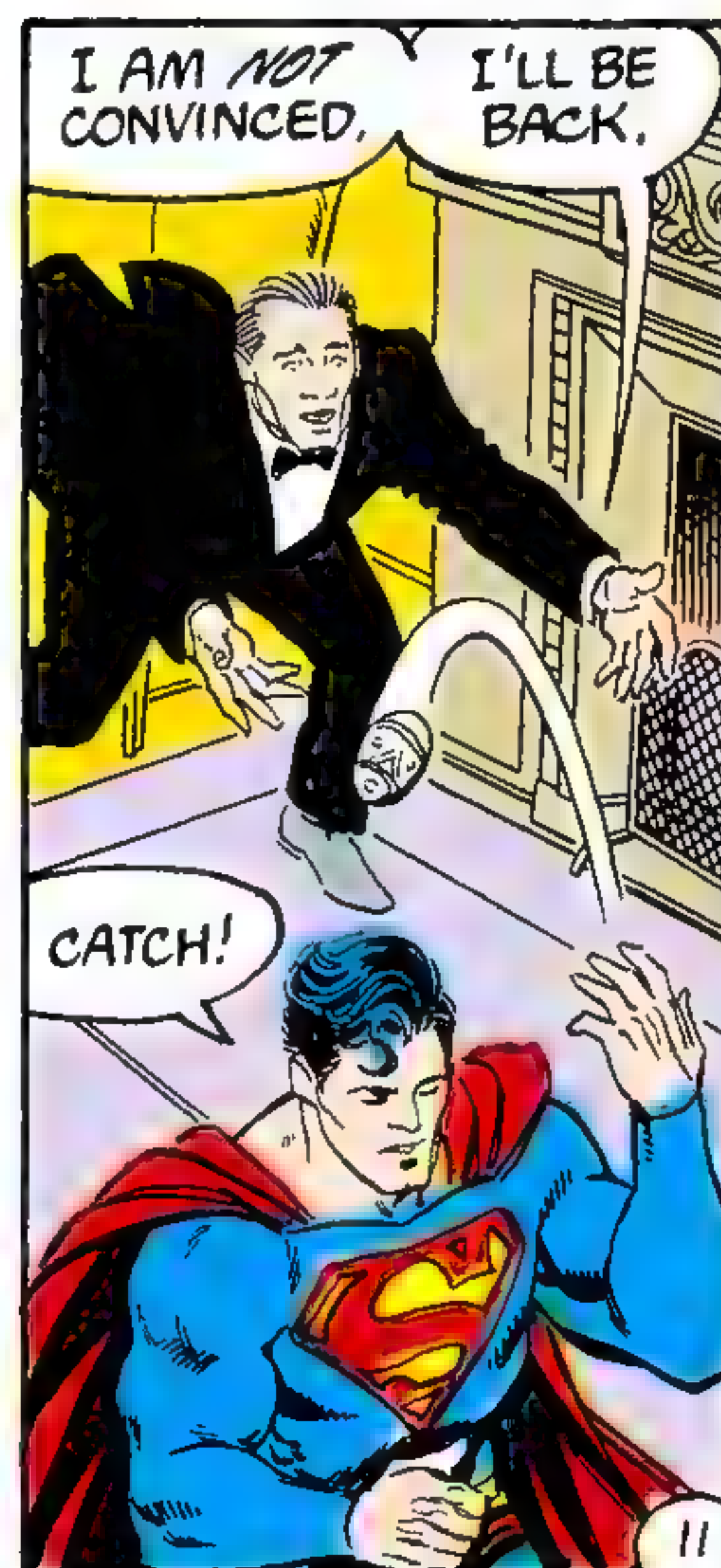
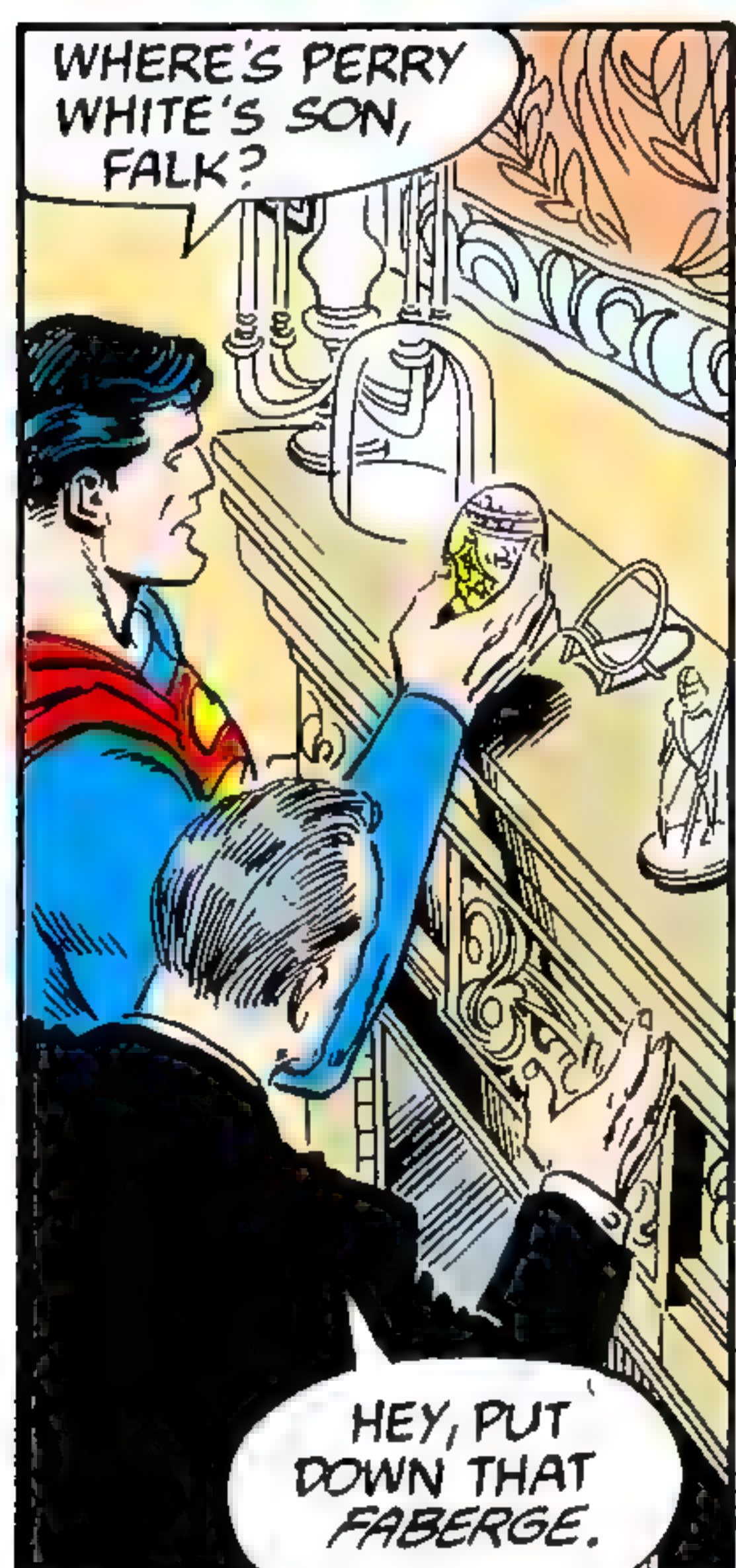
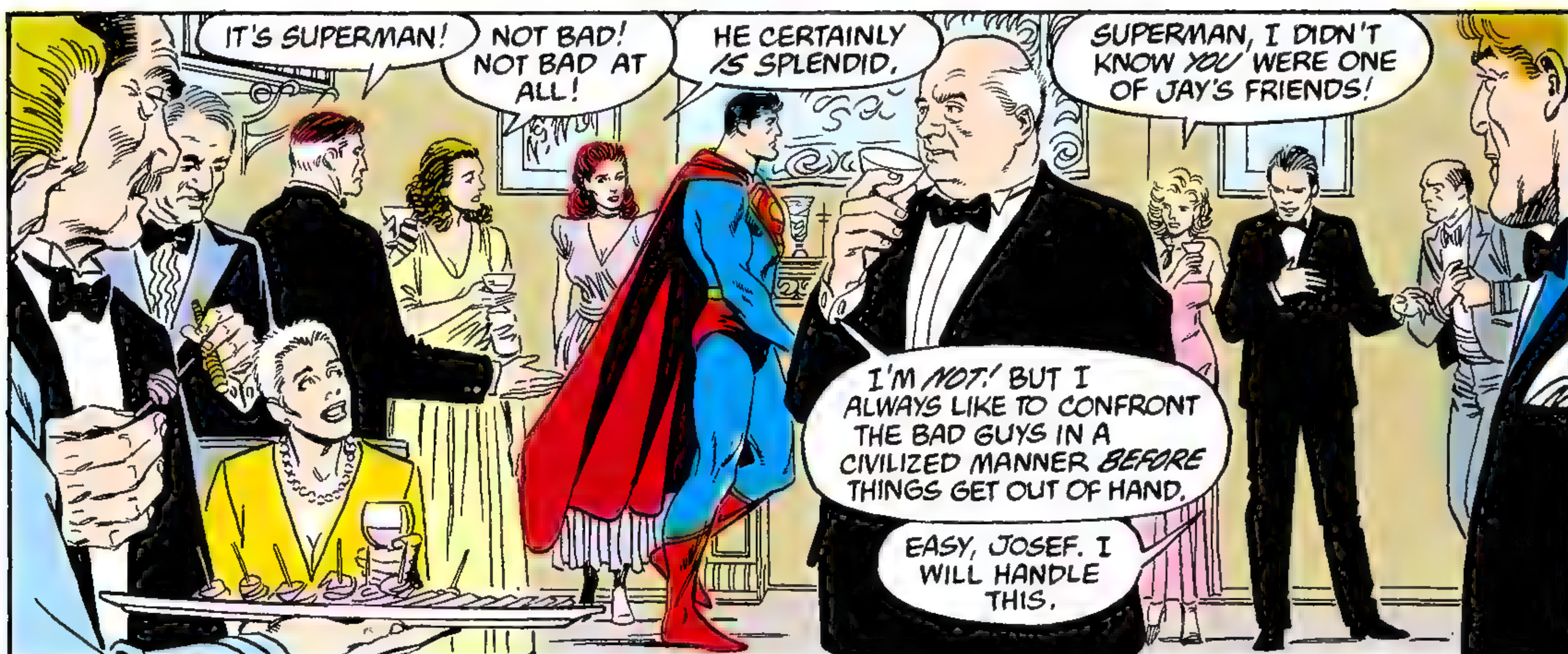


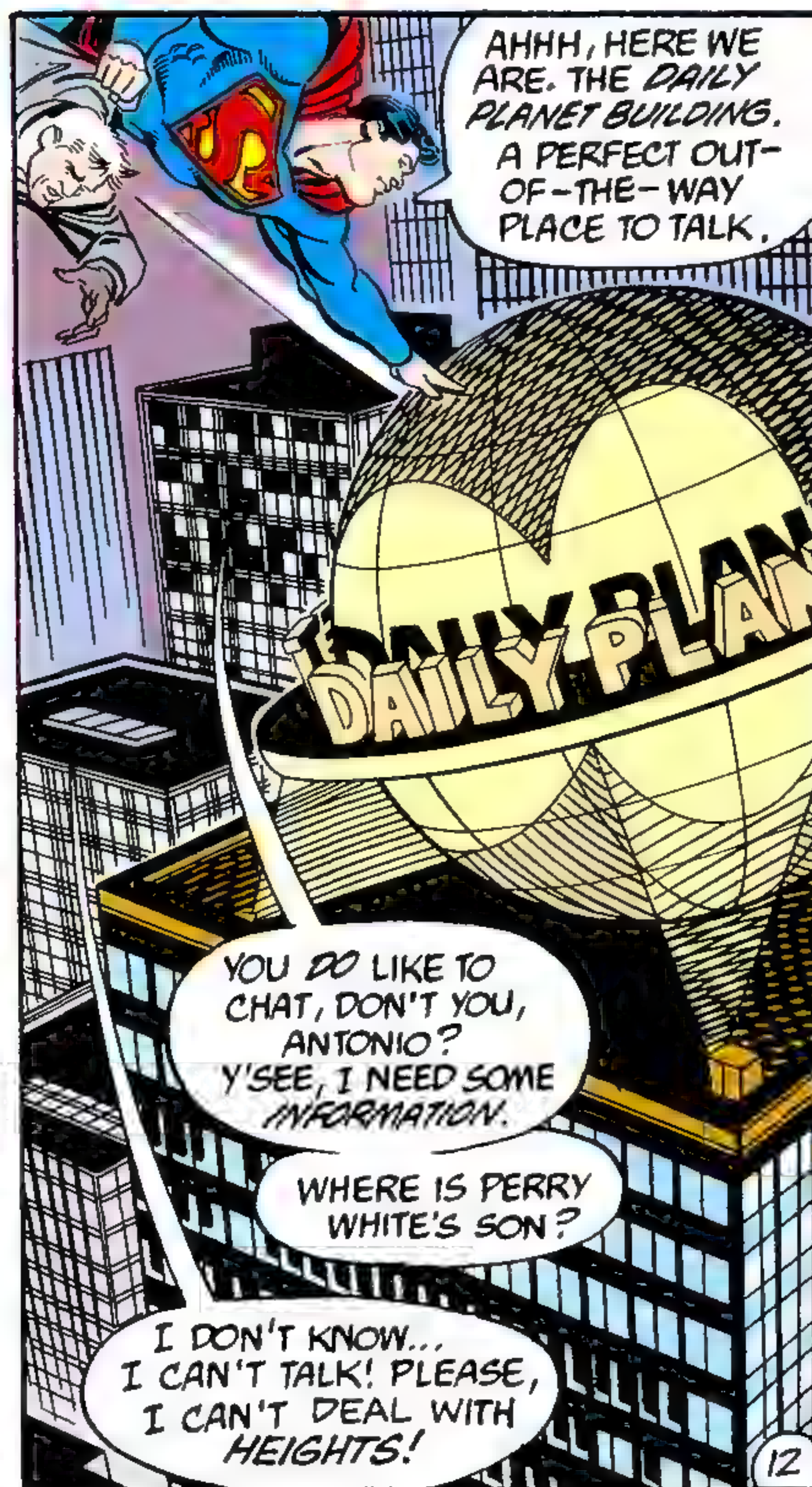
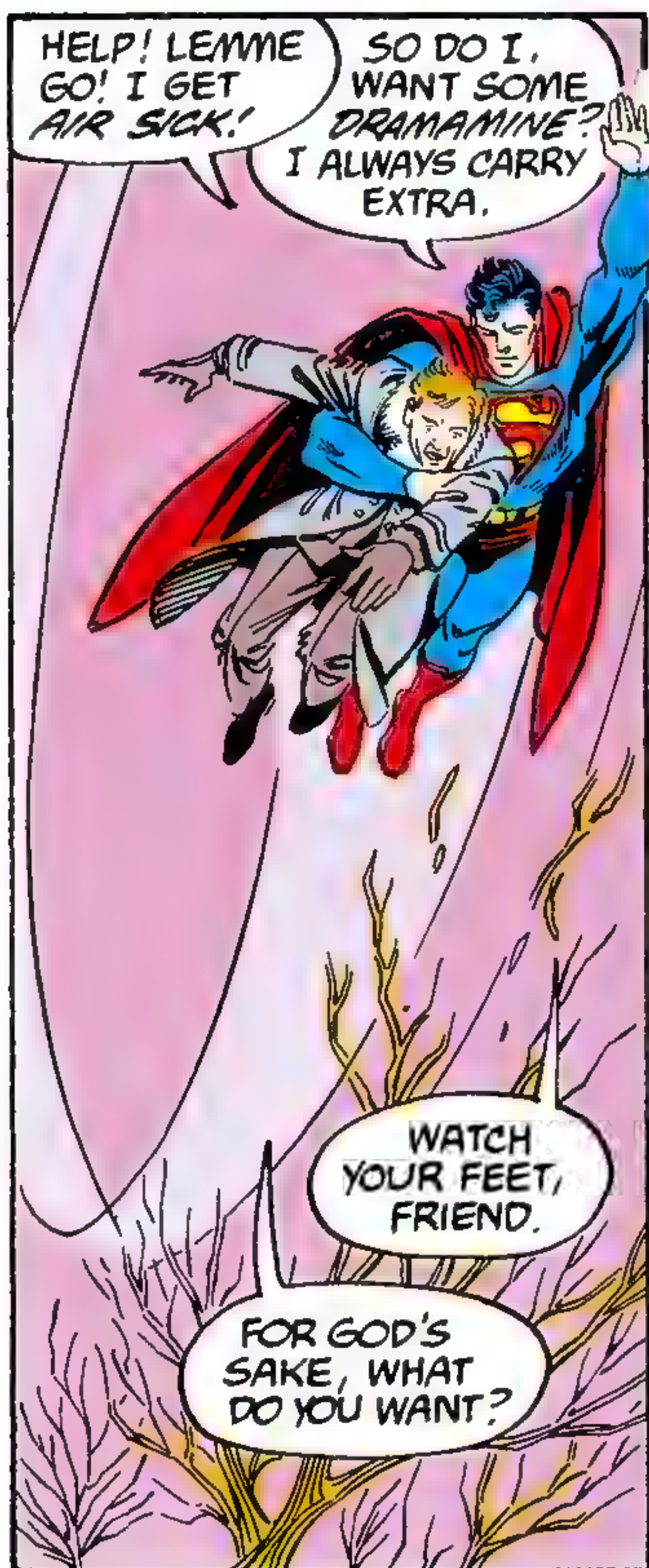
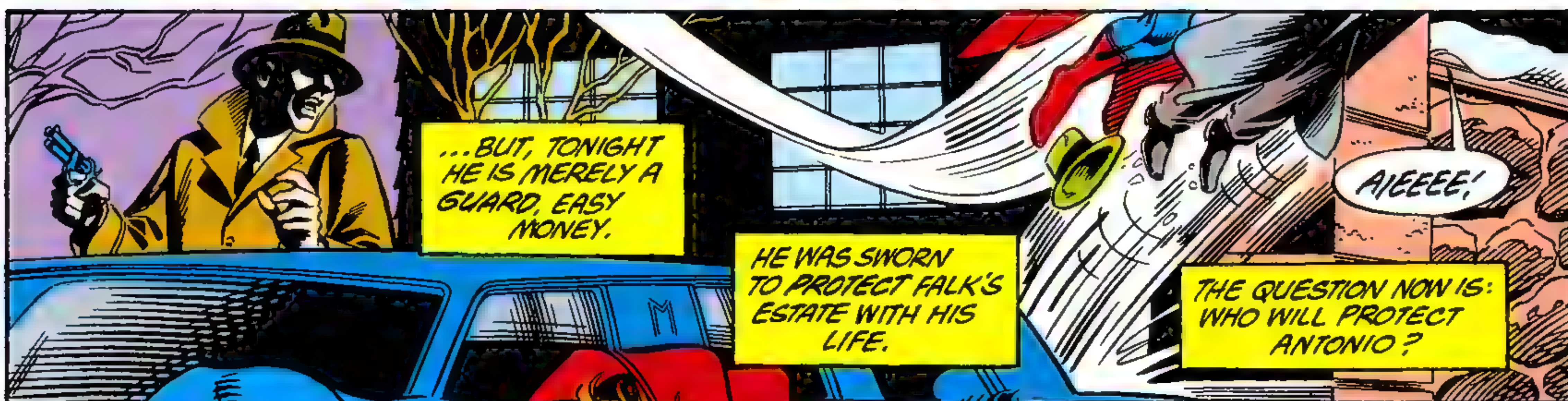
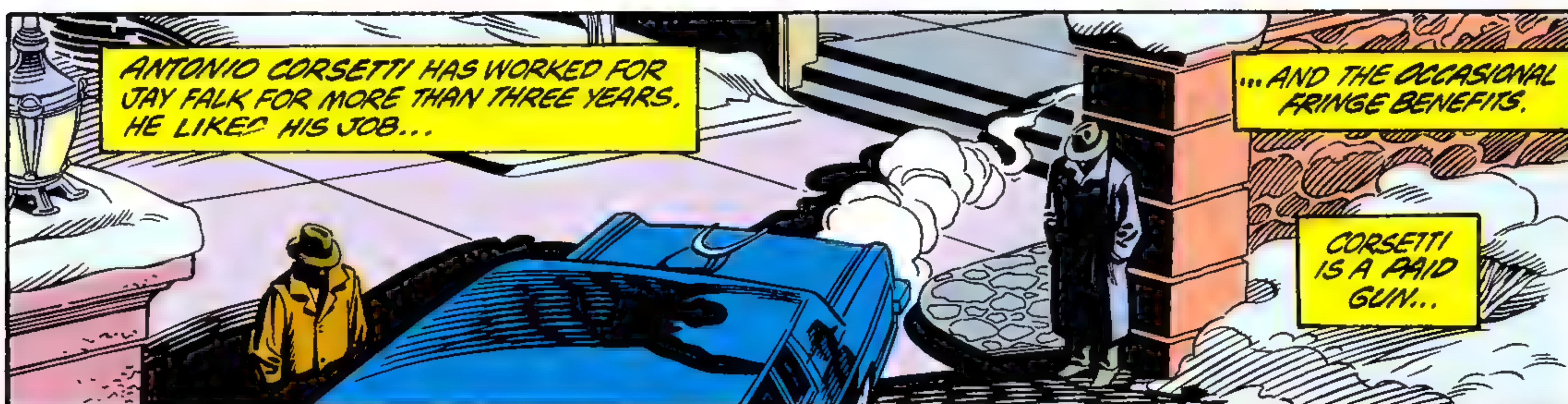


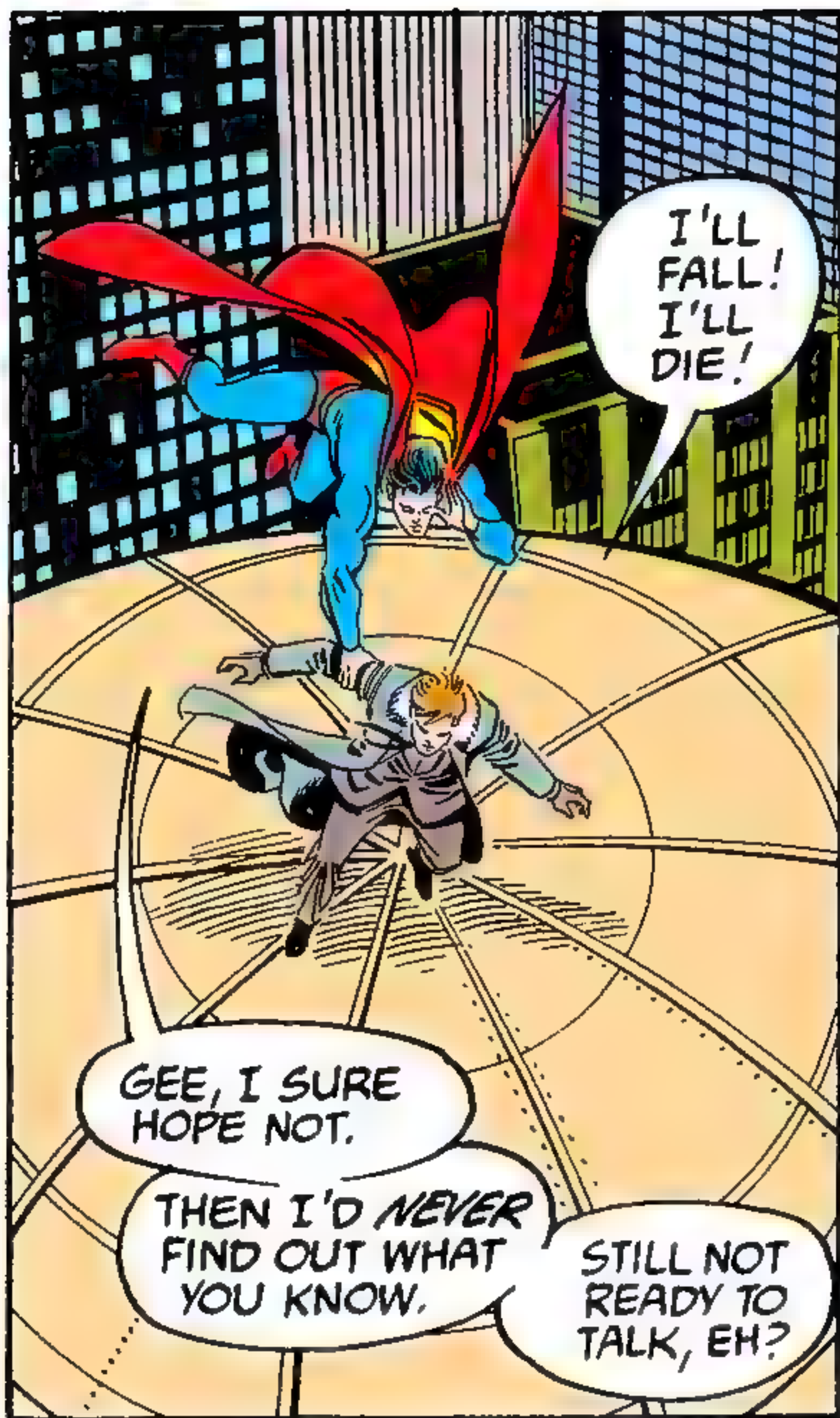










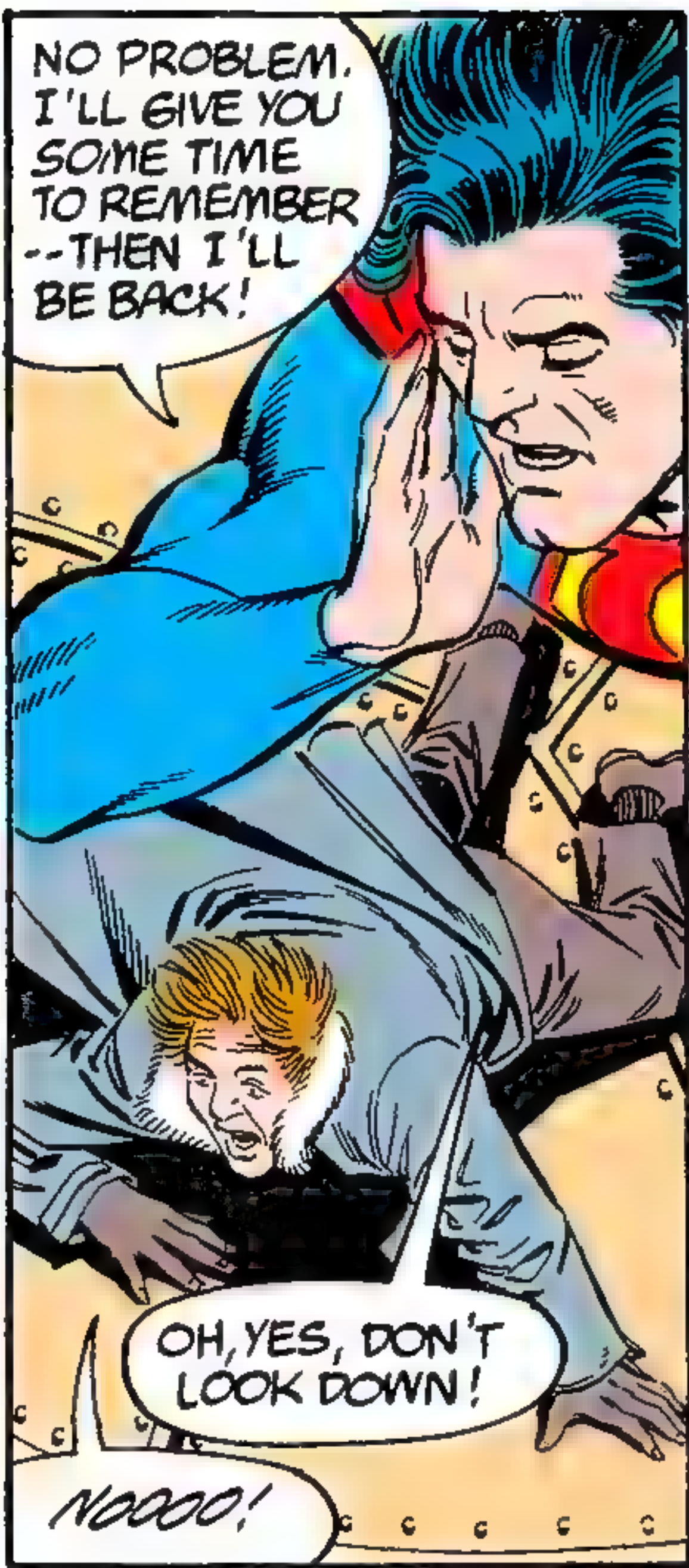


I'LL FALL!
I'LL DIE!

GEE, I SURE
HOPE NOT.

THEN I'D NEVER
FIND OUT WHAT
YOU KNOW.

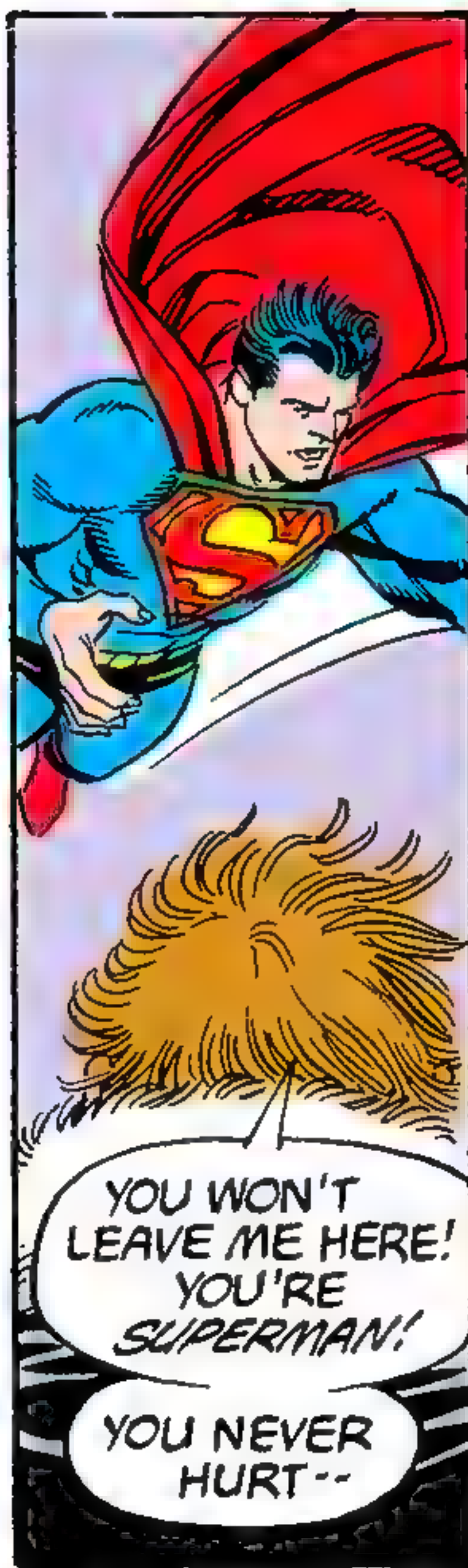
STILL NOT
READY TO
TALK, EH?



NO PROBLEM.
I'LL GIVE YOU
SOME TIME
TO REMEMBER
--THEN I'LL
BE BACK!

OH, YES, DON'T
LOOK DOWN!

NOOOO!



YOU WON'T
LEAVE ME HERE!
YOU'RE
SUPERMAN!

YOU NEVER
HURT--



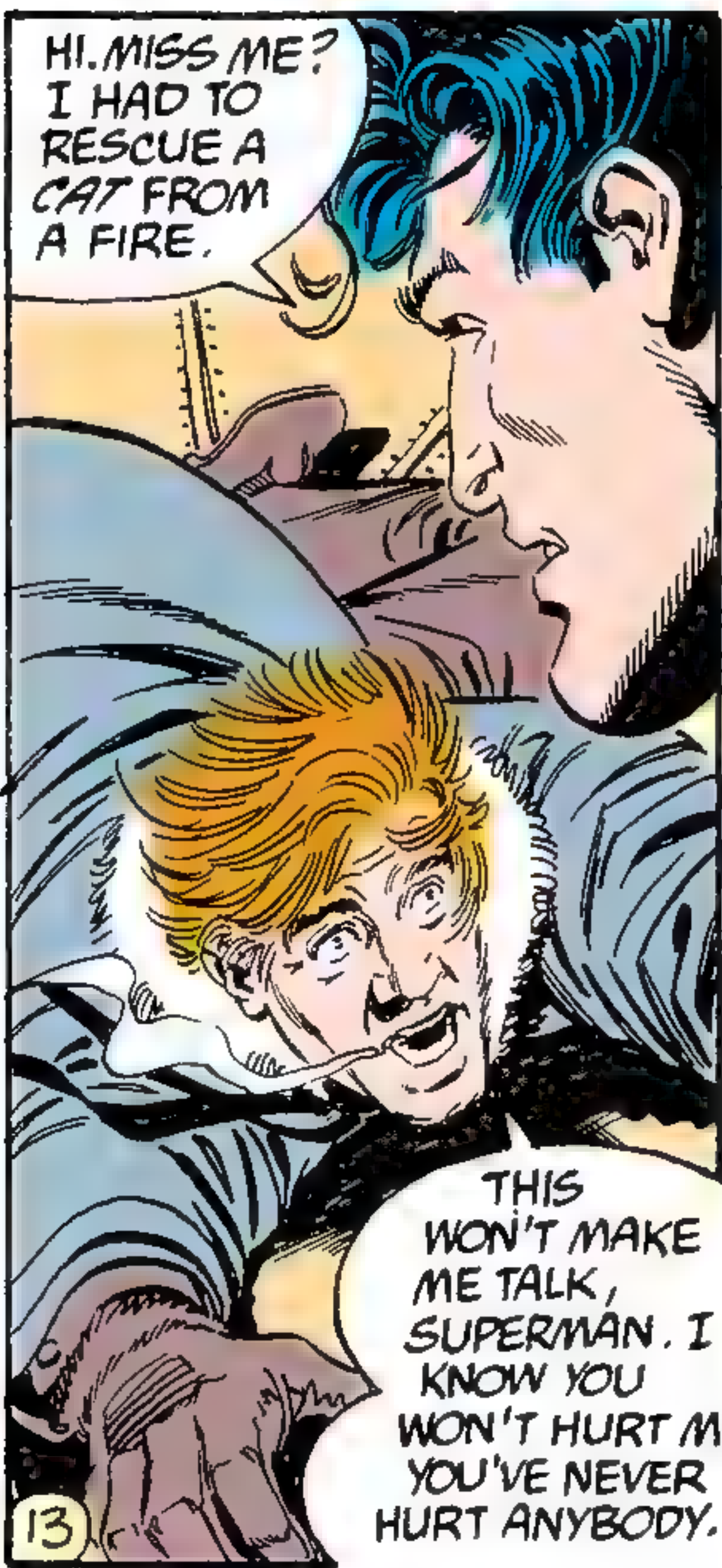
SUPERMAN?

:GULP:



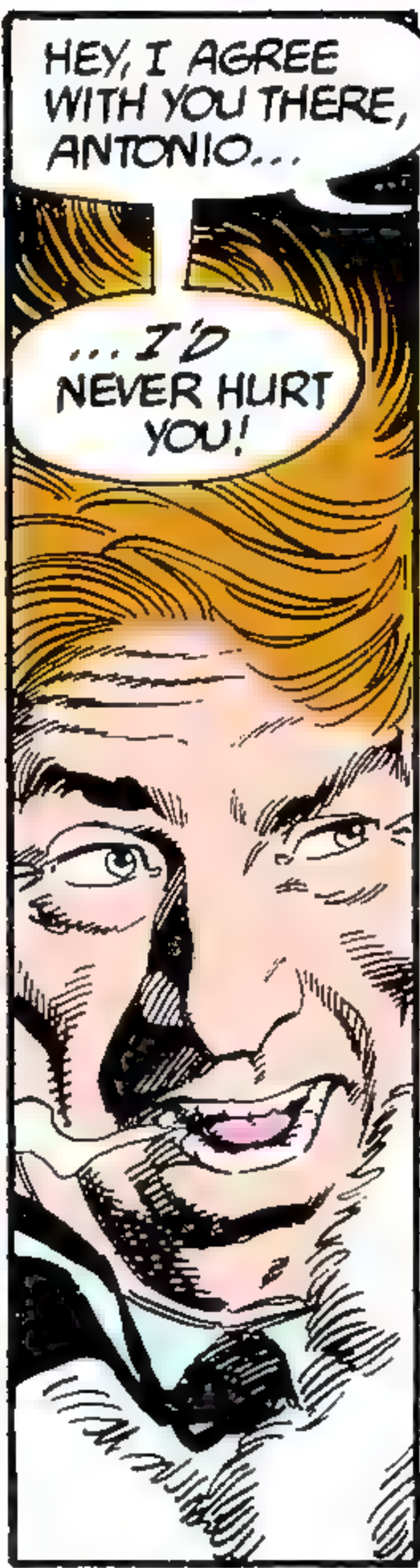
OH, GOD, PLEASE,
GOD... HELP ME.

GOTTA CRAWL DOWN...
INCH-BY-INCH. OH, GOD,
THE HEIGHT...



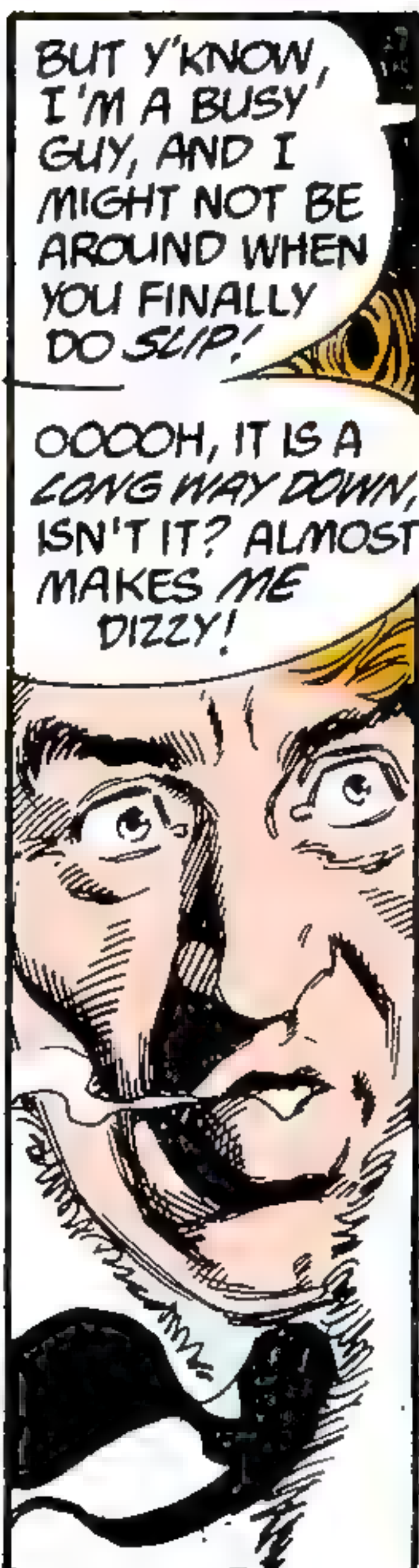
HI. MISS ME?
I HAD TO
RESCUE A
CAT FROM
A FIRE.

THIS
WON'T MAKE
ME TALK,
SUPERMAN. I
KNOW YOU
WON'T HURT ME.
YOU'VE NEVER
HURT ANYBODY.



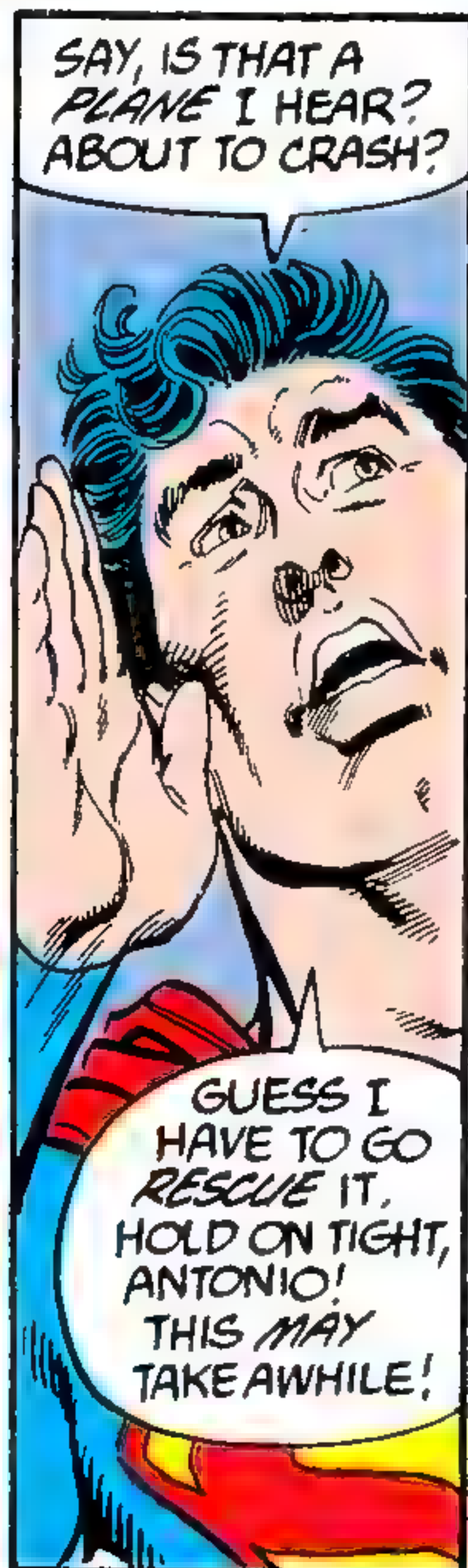
HEY, I AGREE
WITH YOU THERE,
ANTONIO...

...I'D
NEVER HURT
YOU!



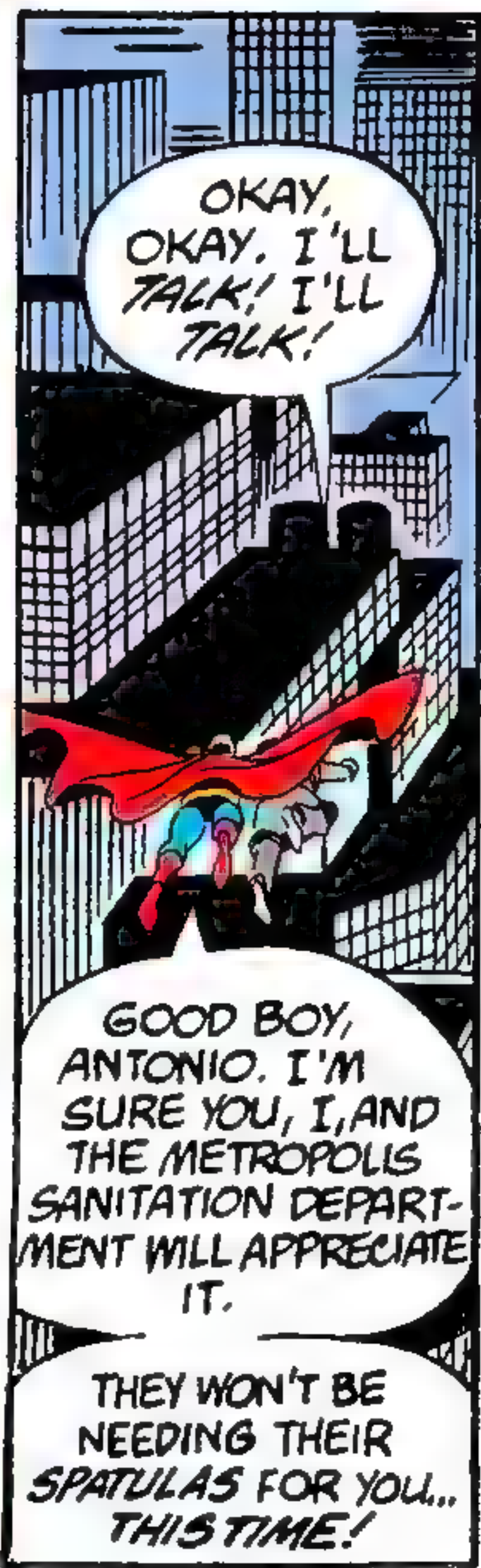
BUT Y'KNOW,
I'M A BUSY
GUY, AND I
MIGHT NOT BE
AROUND WHEN
YOU FINALLY
DO SLIP!

OOOOH, IT IS A
LONG WAY DOWN,
ISN'T IT? ALMOST
MAKES ME
DIZZY!



SAY, IS THAT A
PLANE I HEAR?
ABOUT TO CRASH?

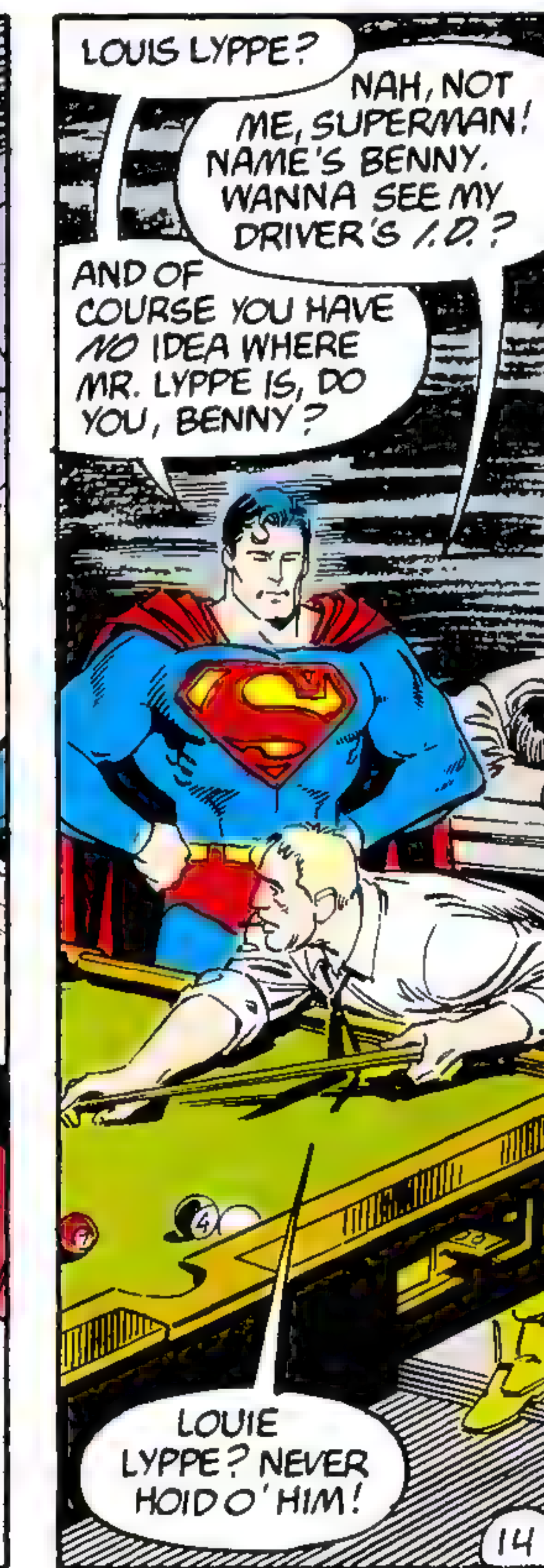
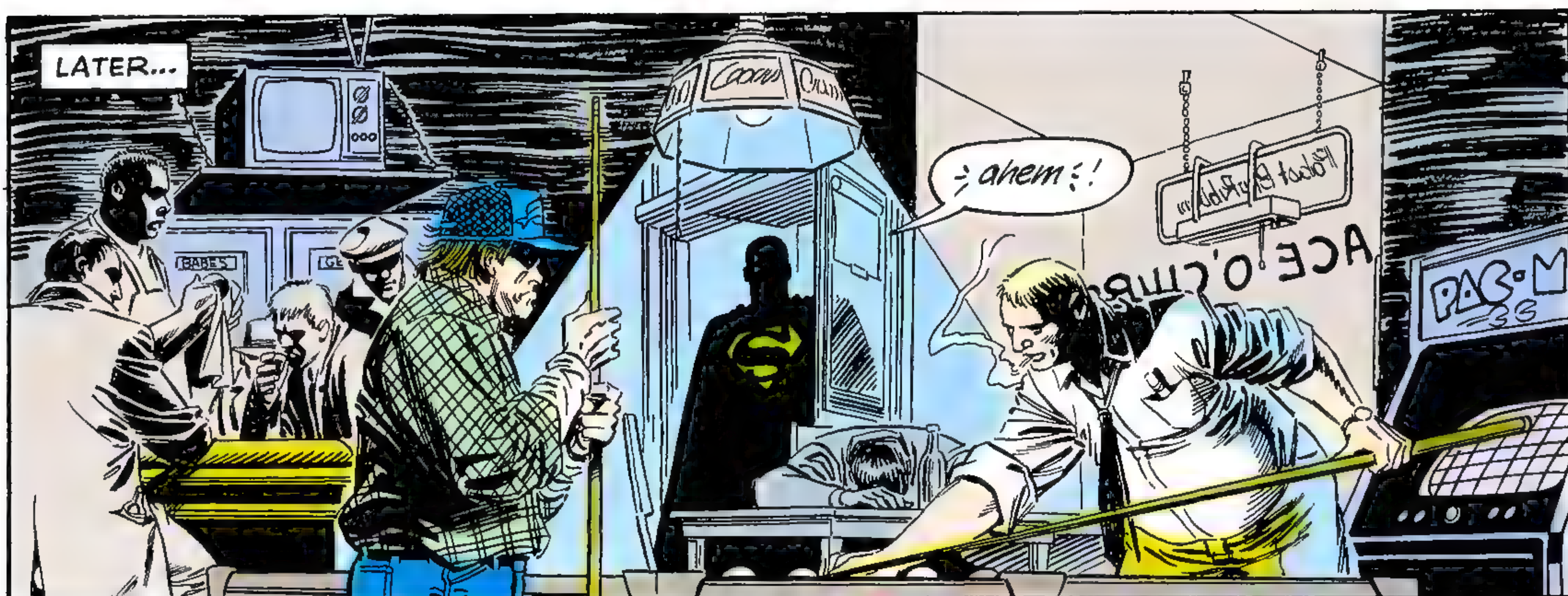
GUESS I
HAVE TO GO
RESCUE IT.
HOLD ON TIGHT,
ANTONIO!
THIS MAY
TAKE AWHILE!

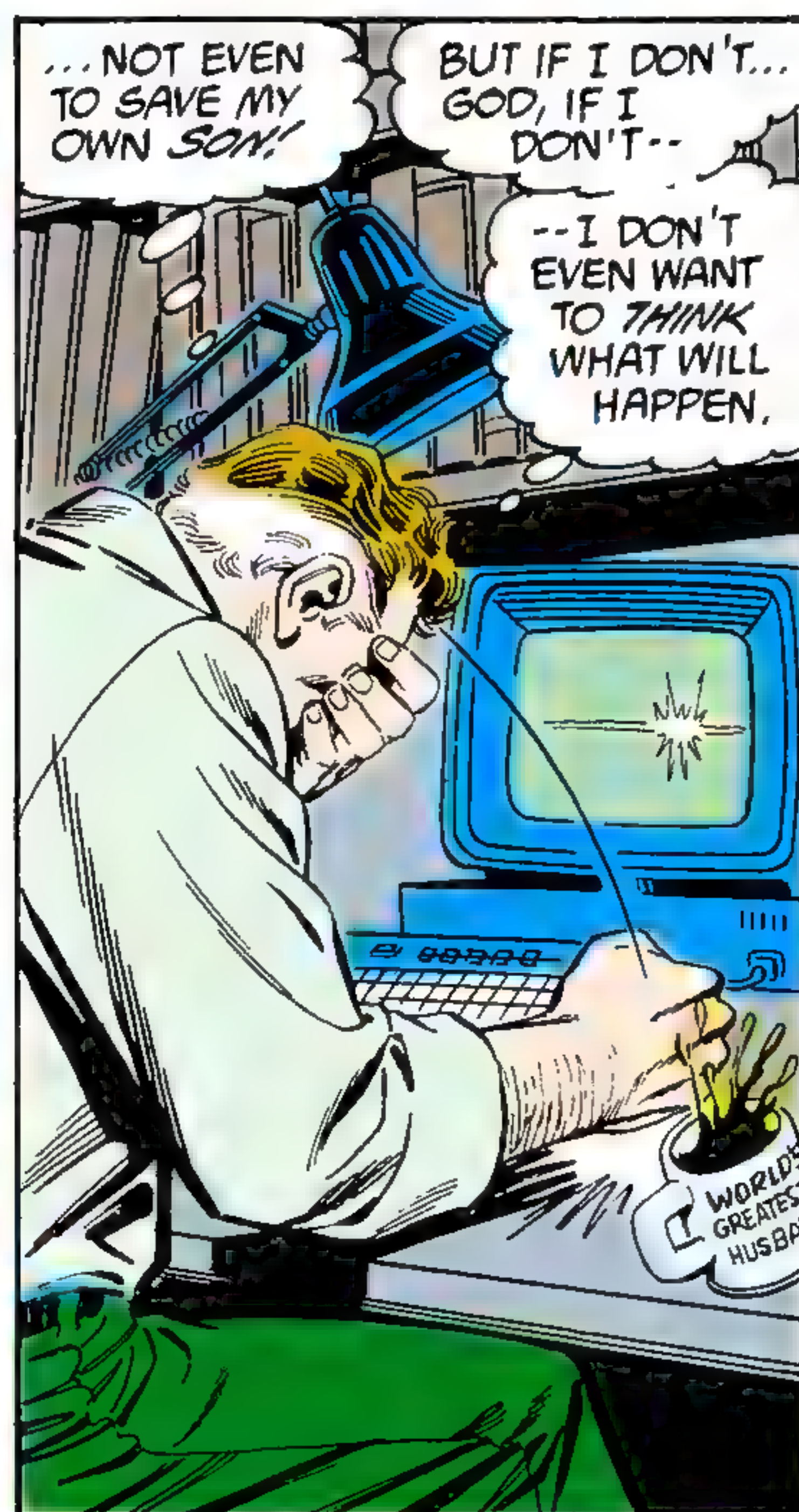
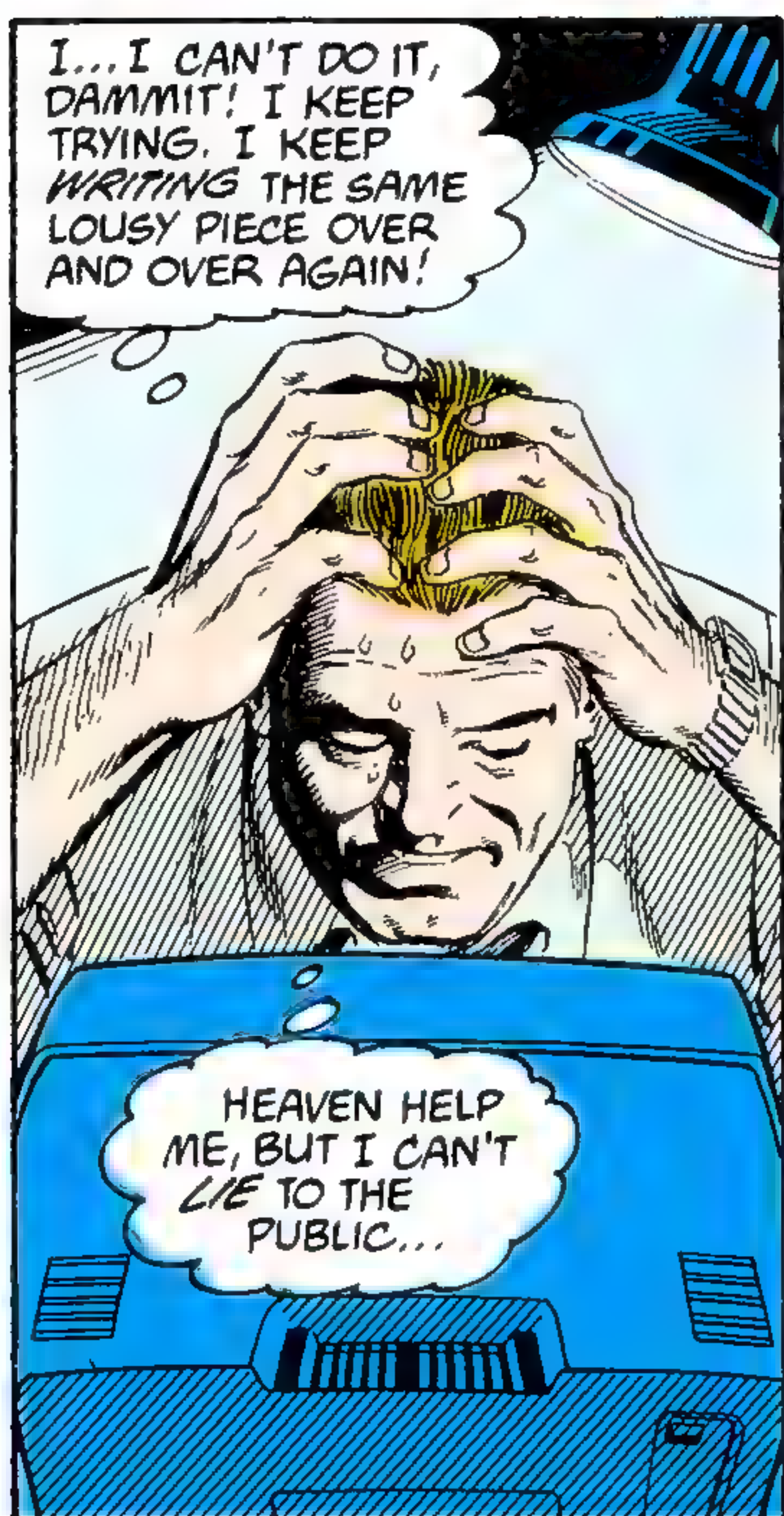
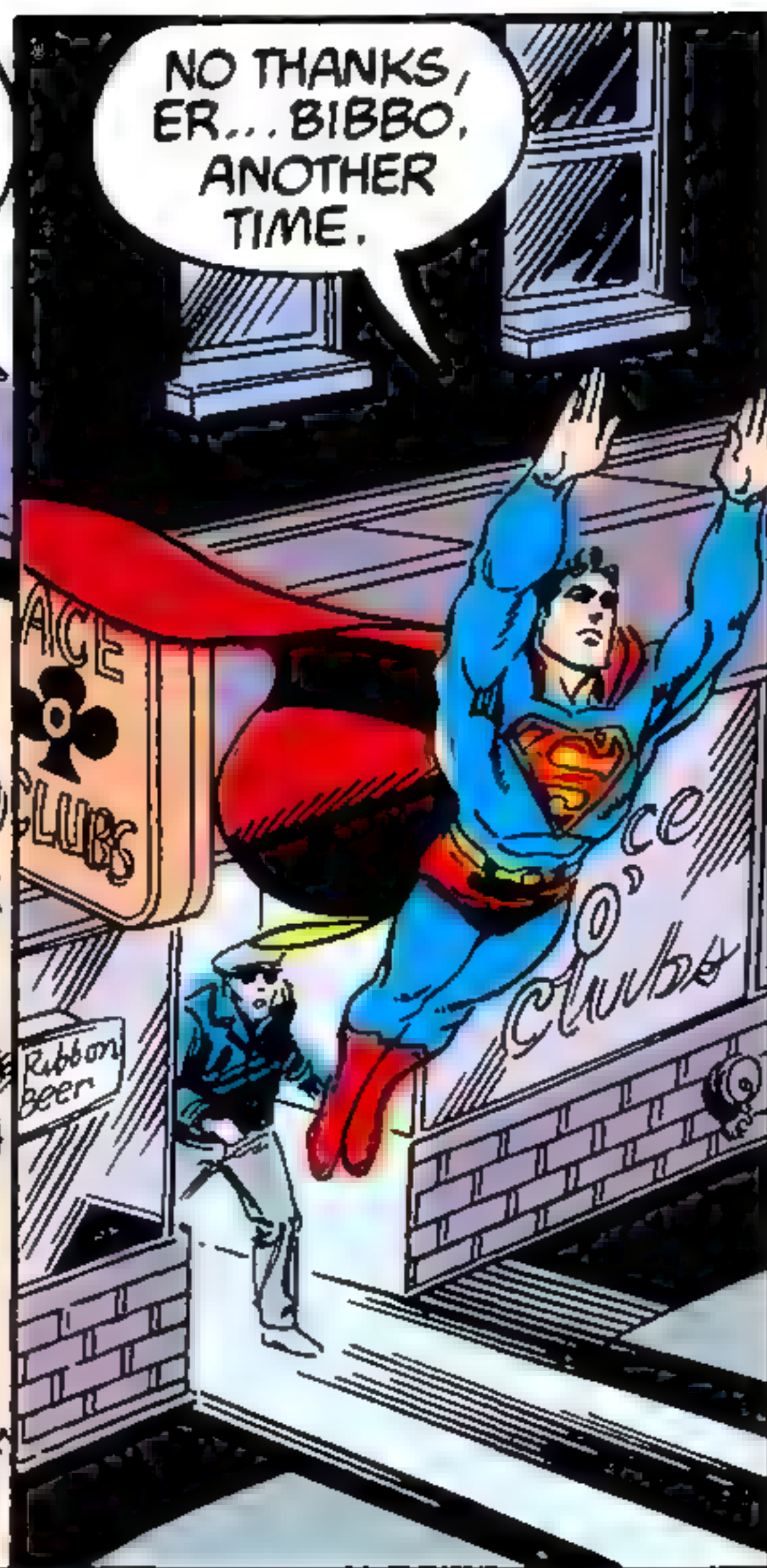
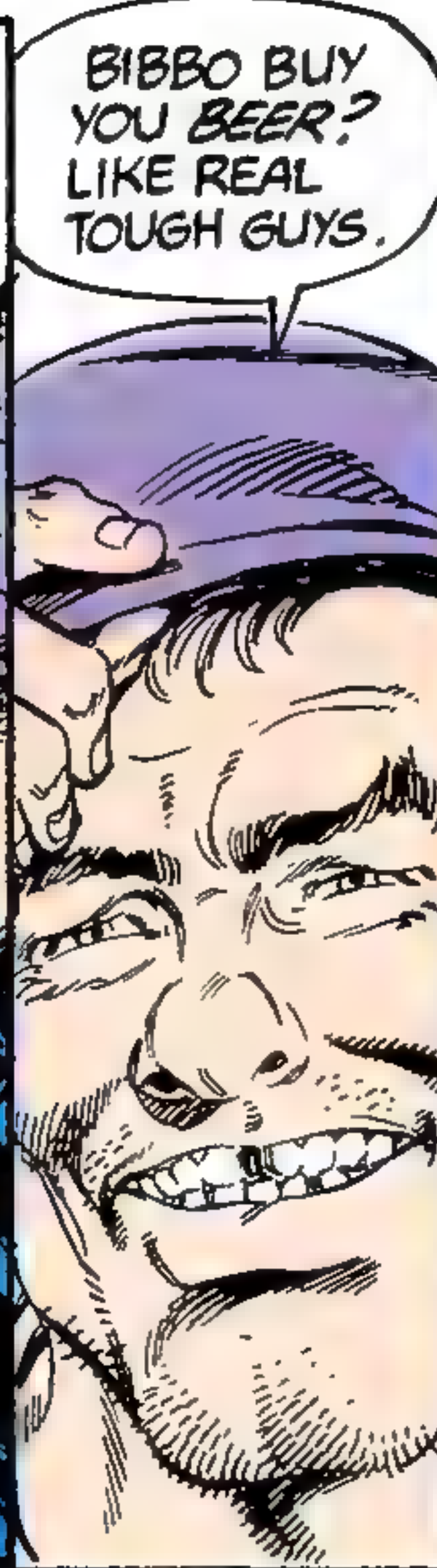


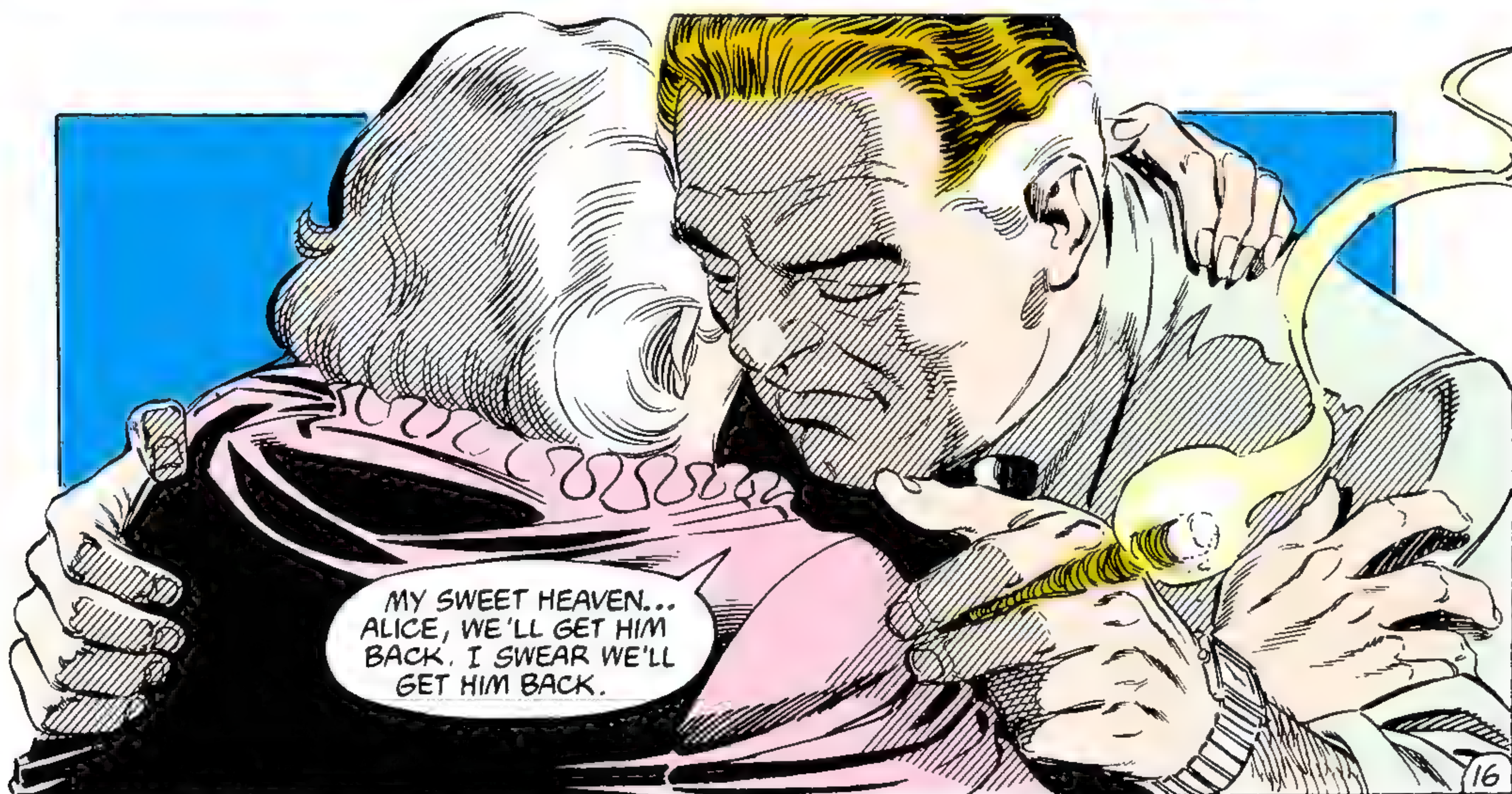
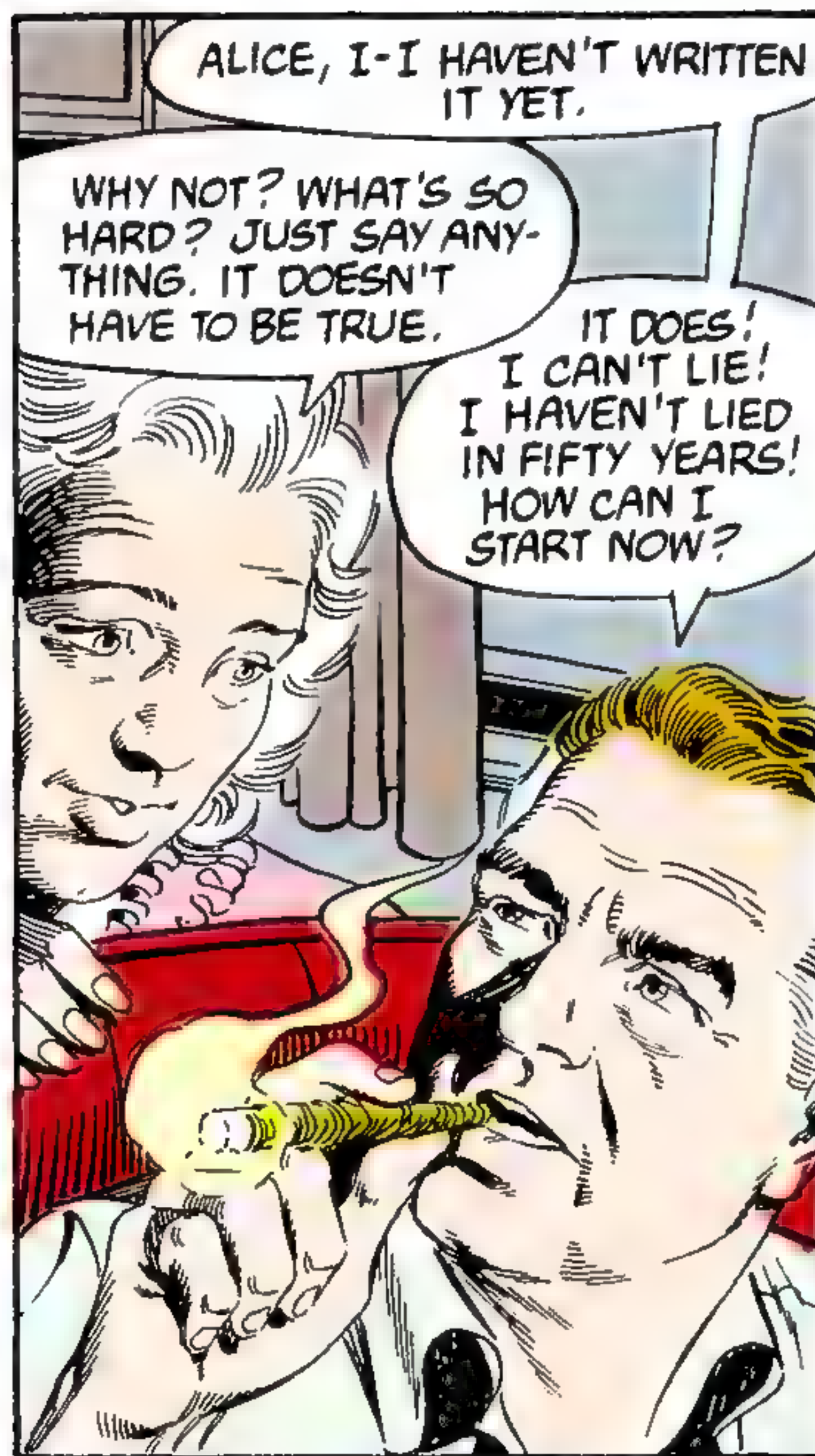
OKAY,
OKAY. I'LL
TALK! I'LL
TALK!

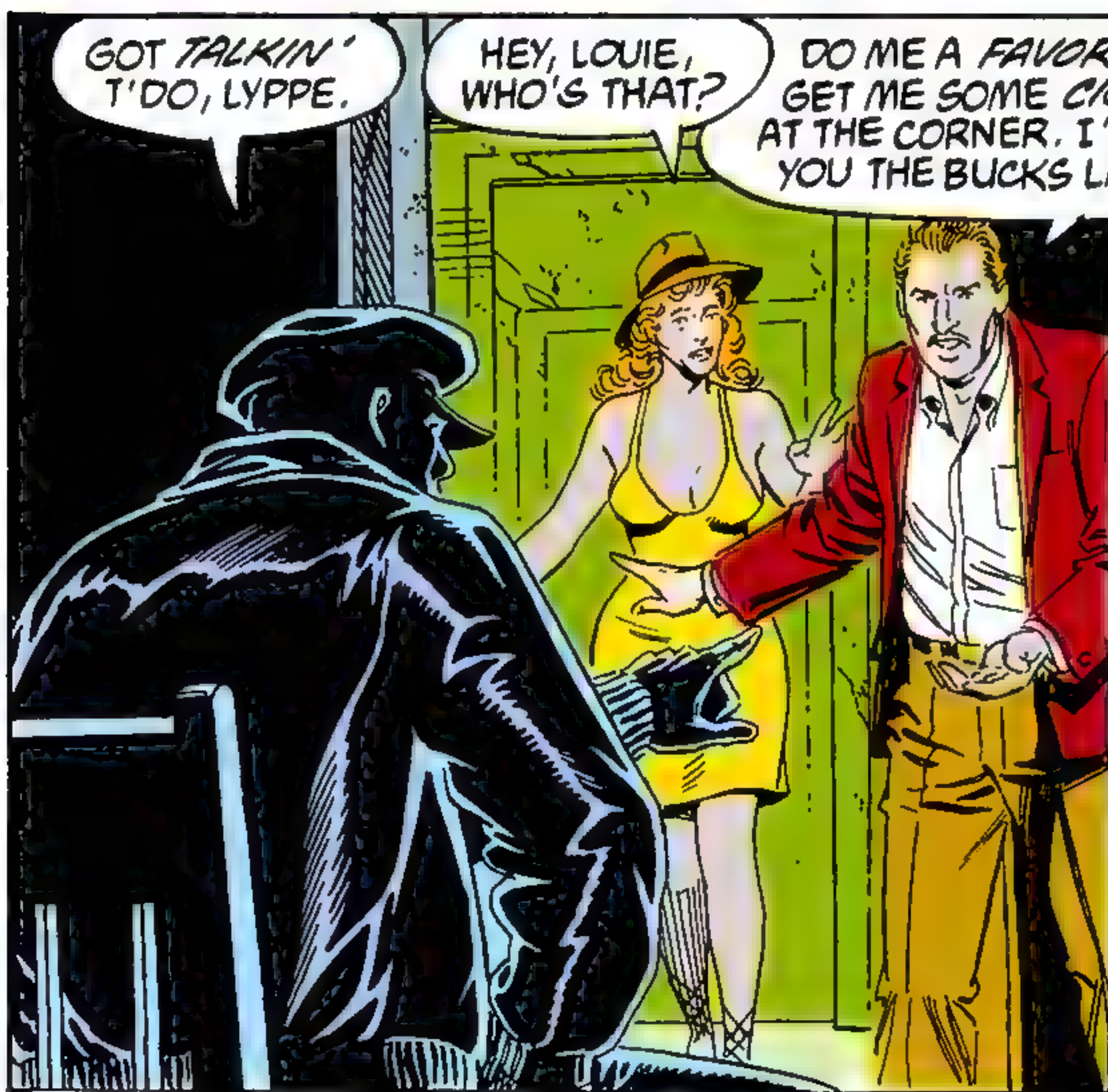
GOOD BOY,
ANTONIO. I'M
SURE YOU, I, AND
THE METROPOLIS
SANITATION DEPART-
MENT WILL APPRECIATE
IT.

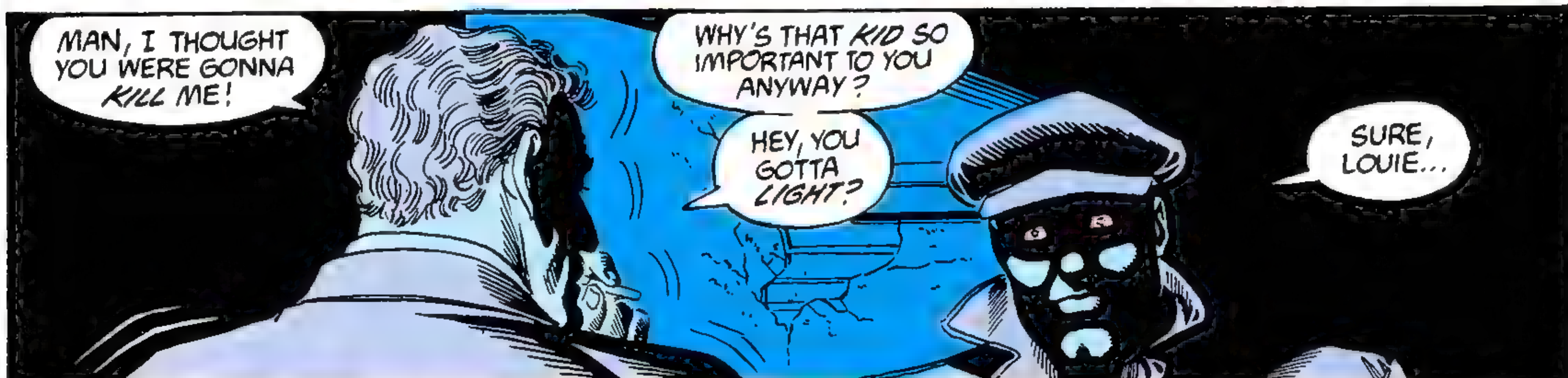
THEY WON'T BE
NEEDING THEIR
SPATULAS FOR YOU...
THIS TIME!

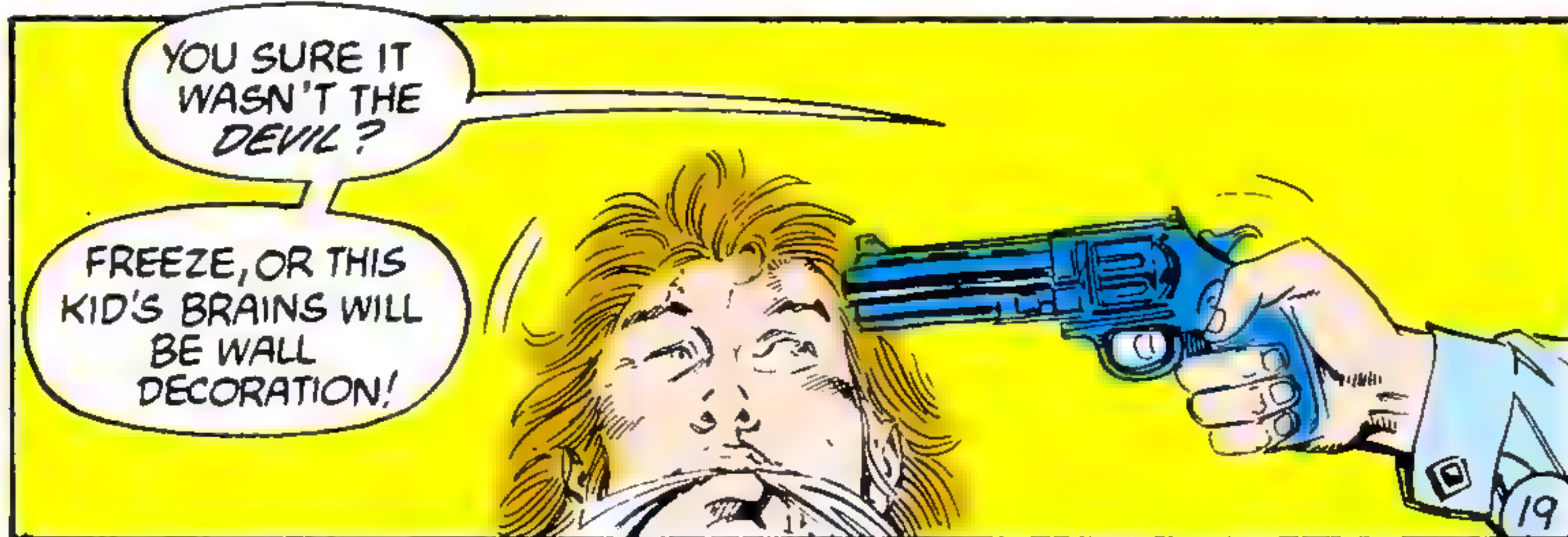
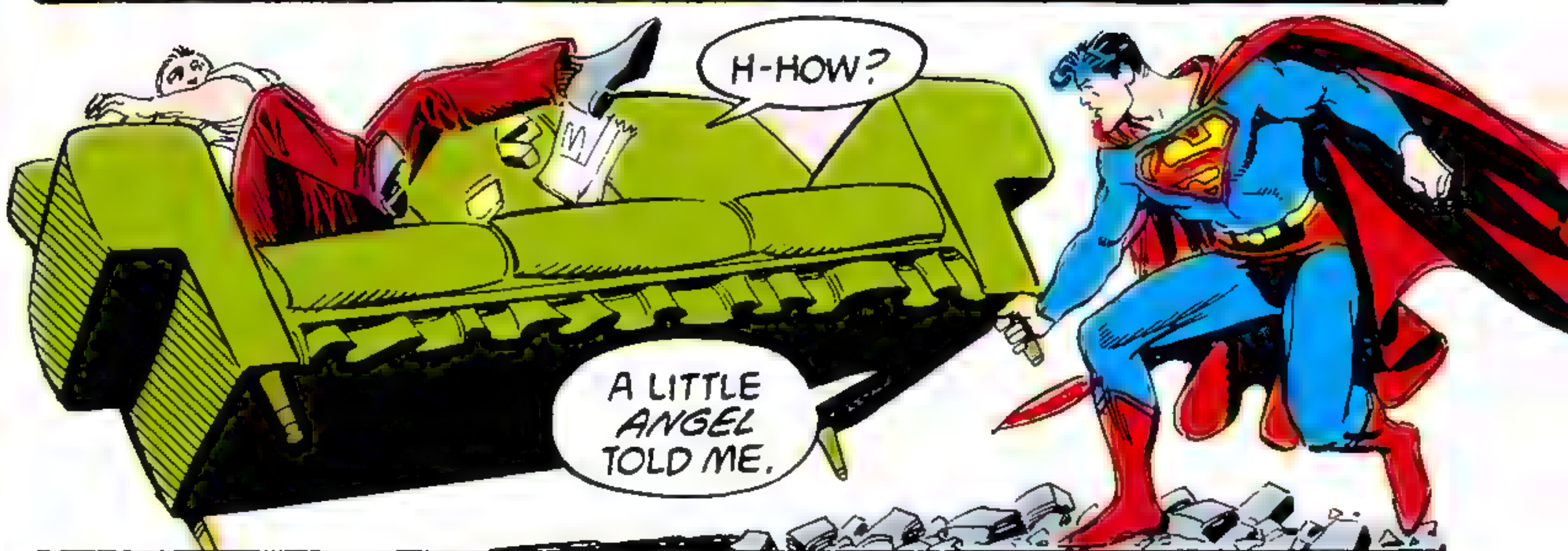
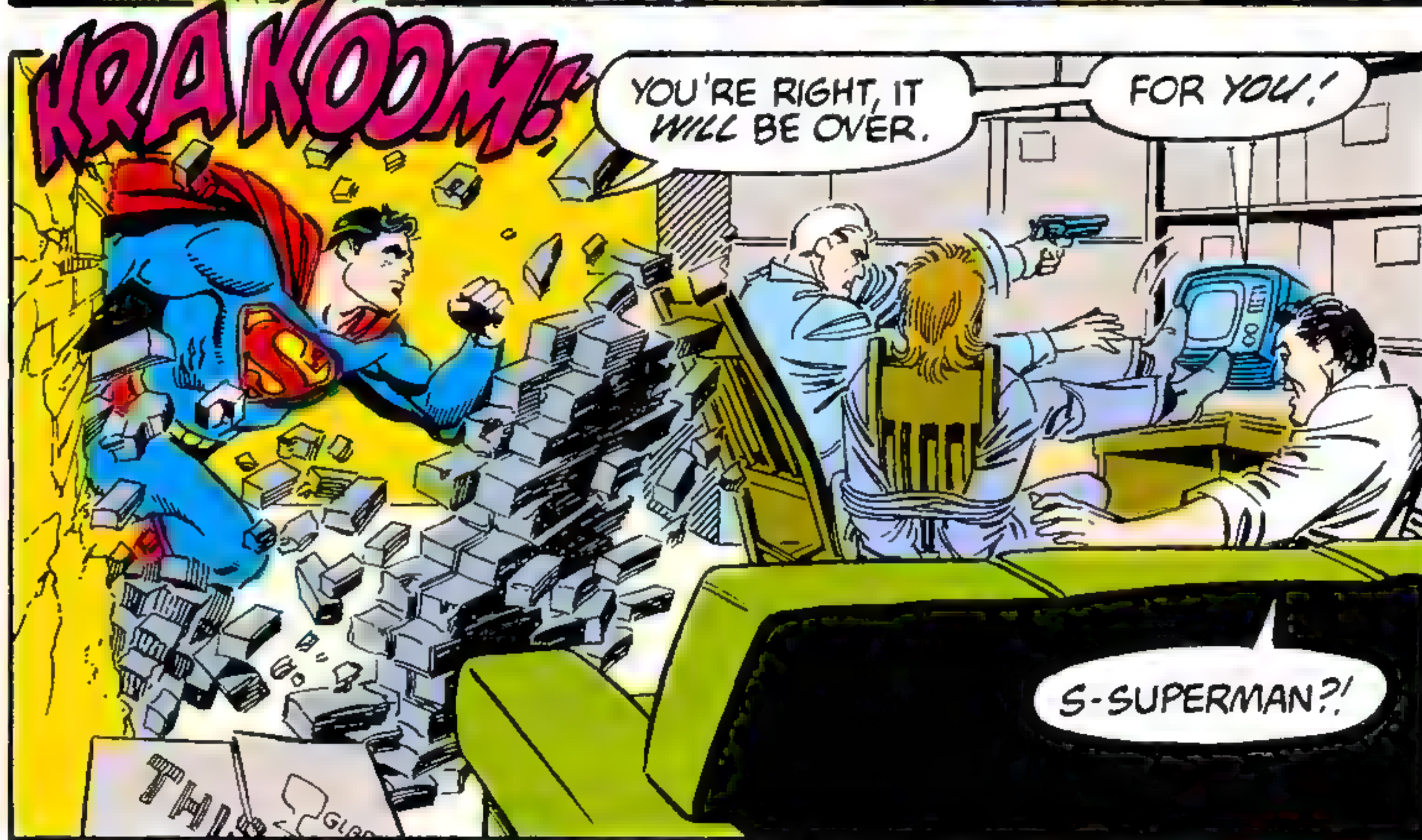
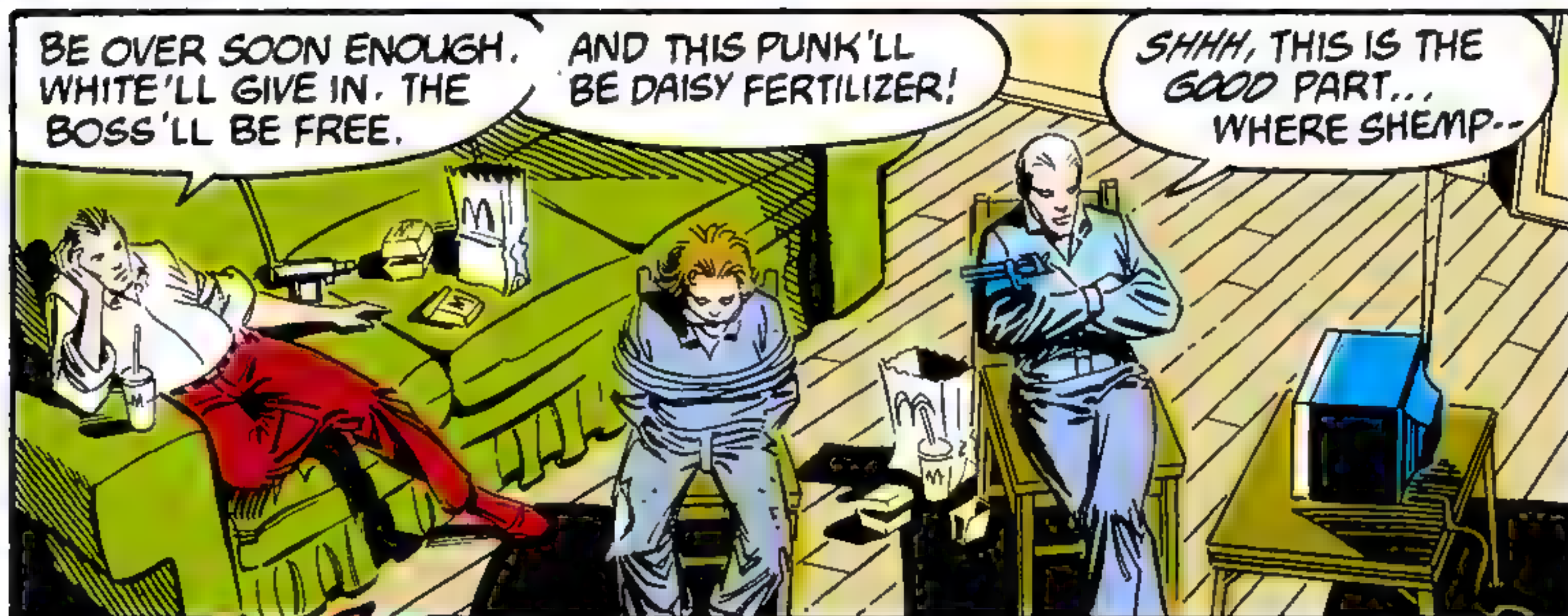
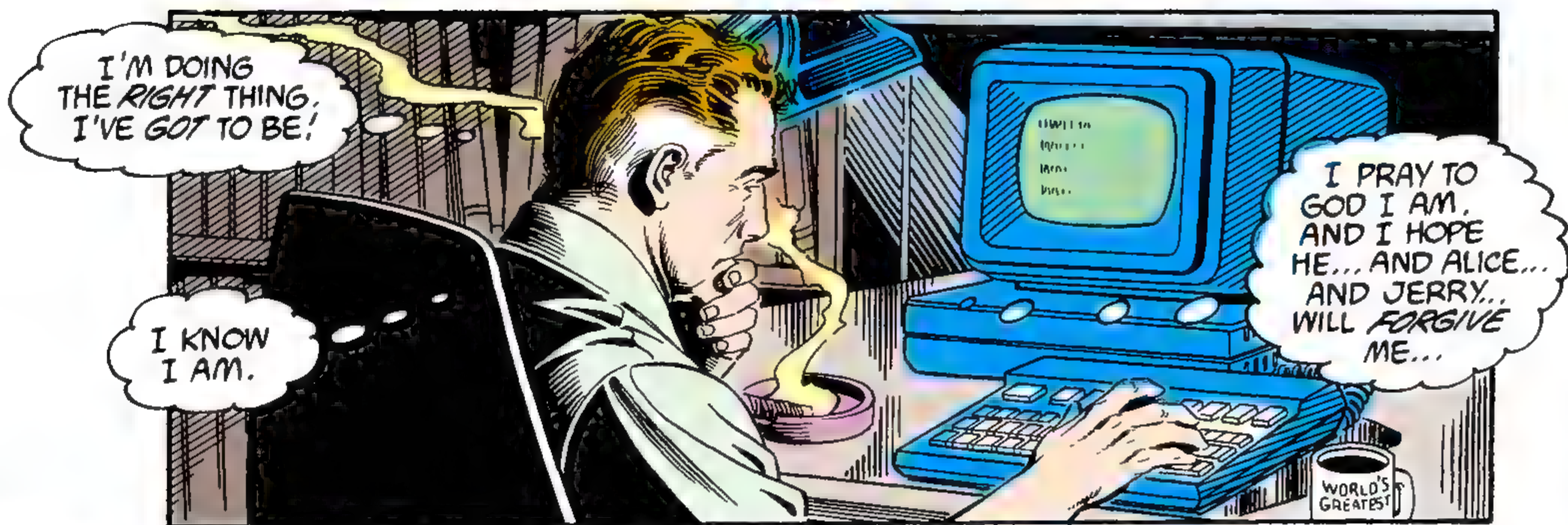


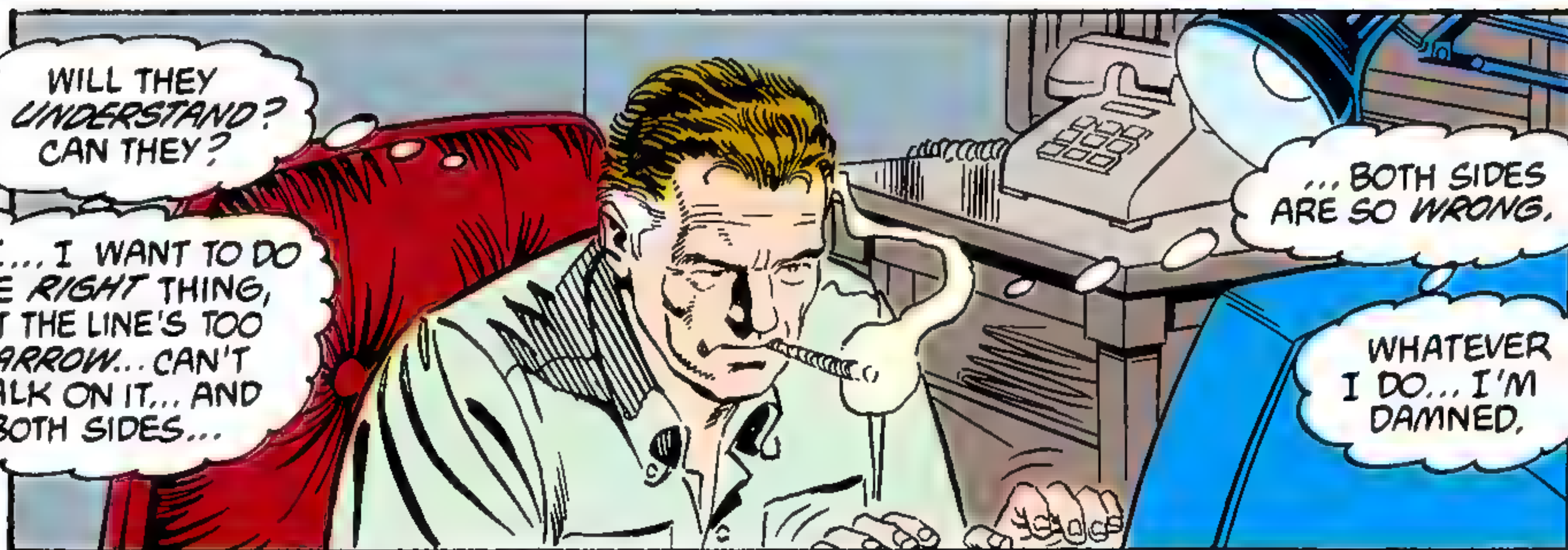










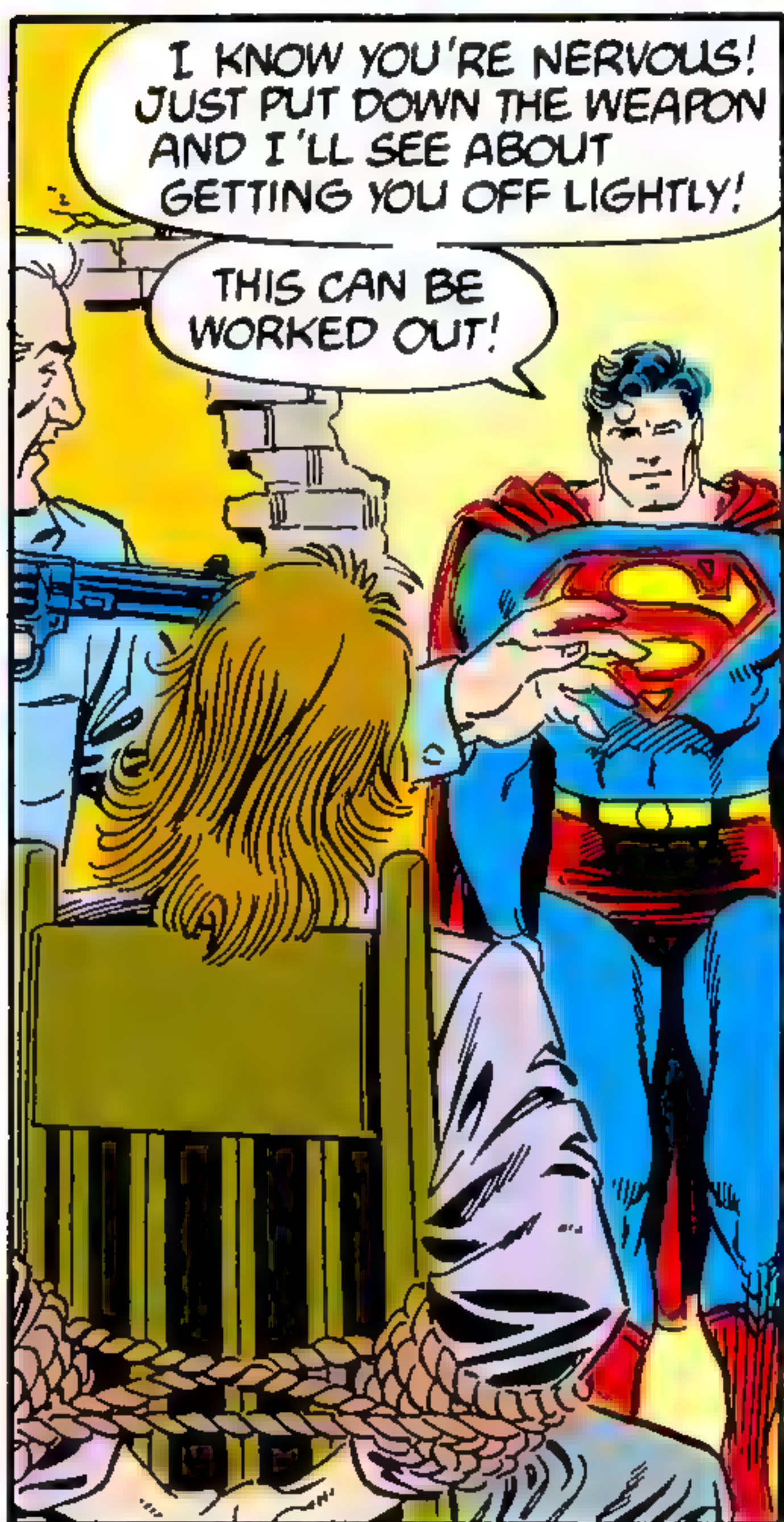


WILL THEY UNDERSTAND? CAN THEY?

I... I WANT TO DO THE RIGHT THING, BUT THE LINE'S TOO NARROW... CAN'T WALK ON IT... AND BOTH SIDES...

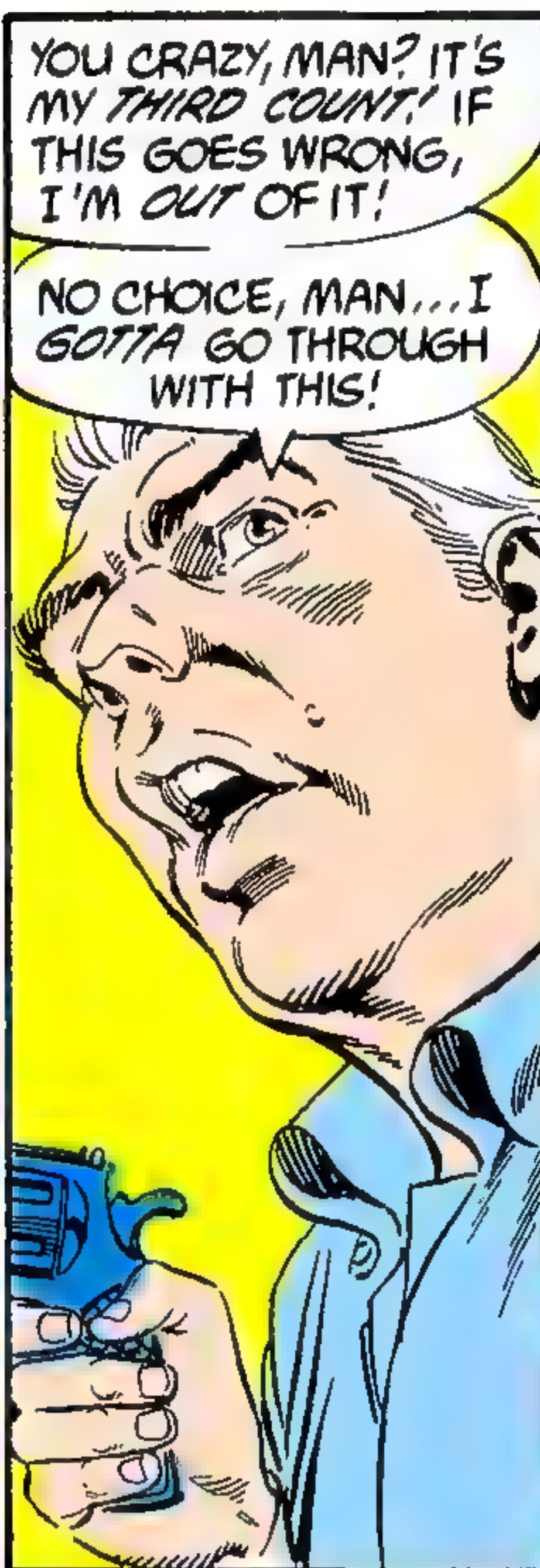
... BOTH SIDES ARE SO WRONG.

WHATEVER I DO... I'M DAMNED.



I KNOW YOU'RE NERVOUS! JUST PUT DOWN THE WEAPON AND I'LL SEE ABOUT GETTING YOU OFF LIGHTLY!

THIS CAN BE WORKED OUT!



YOU CRAZY, MAN? IT'S MY THIRD COUNT! IF THIS GOES WRONG, I'M OUT OF IT!

NO CHOICE, MAN... I GOTTA GO THROUGH WITH THIS!



I GAVE YOU A CHANCE...

...AND I'M SORRY YOU DIDN'T TAKE IT.



I PROMISE THIS WON'T HURT!

MY PANTS! MY PANTS ARE ON FIRE!!

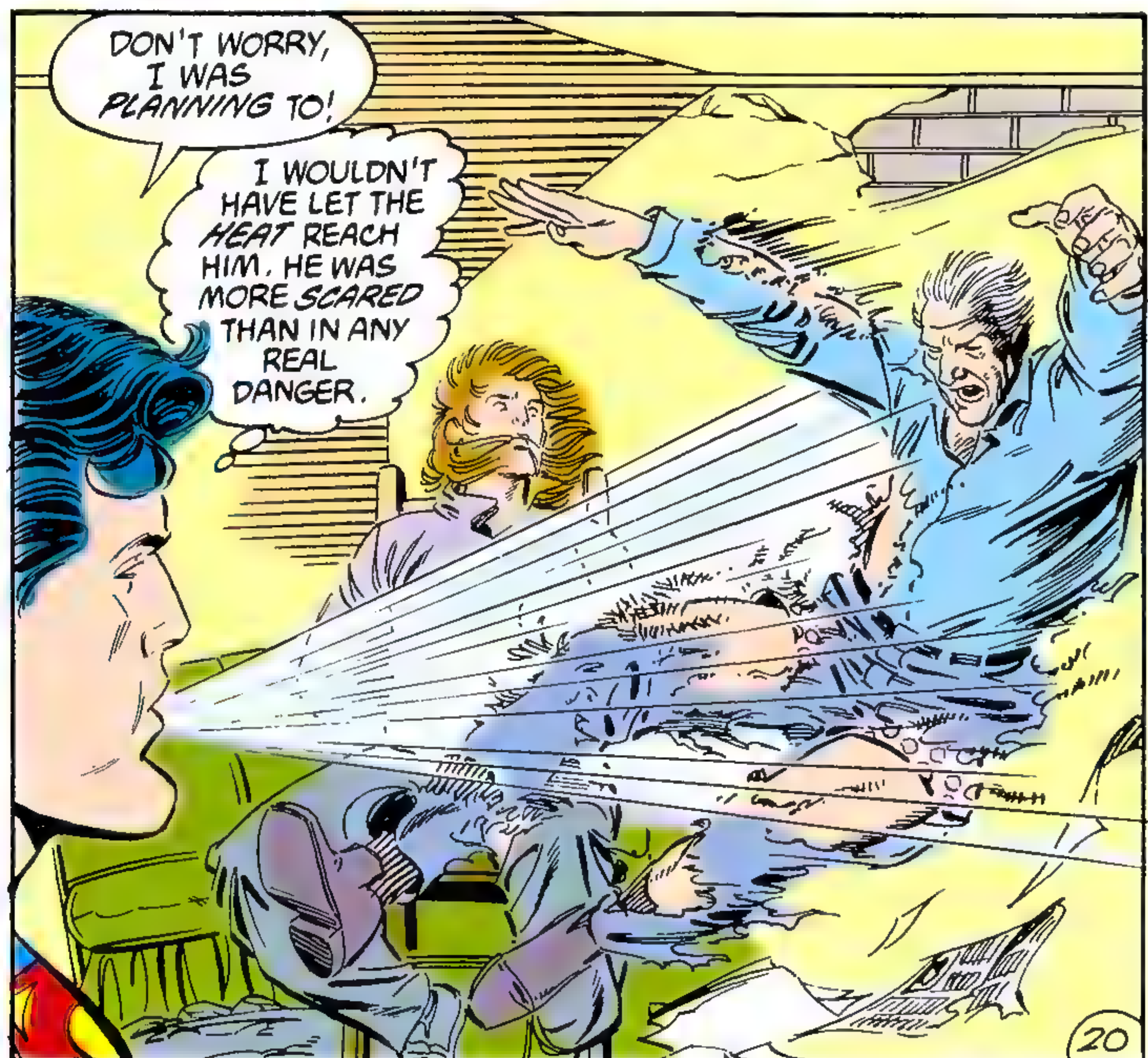
MY GOD! MY GOD! YOU'RE BURNING ME TO DEATH!



DON'T KILL ME! TAKE MY GUN! TAKE IT!

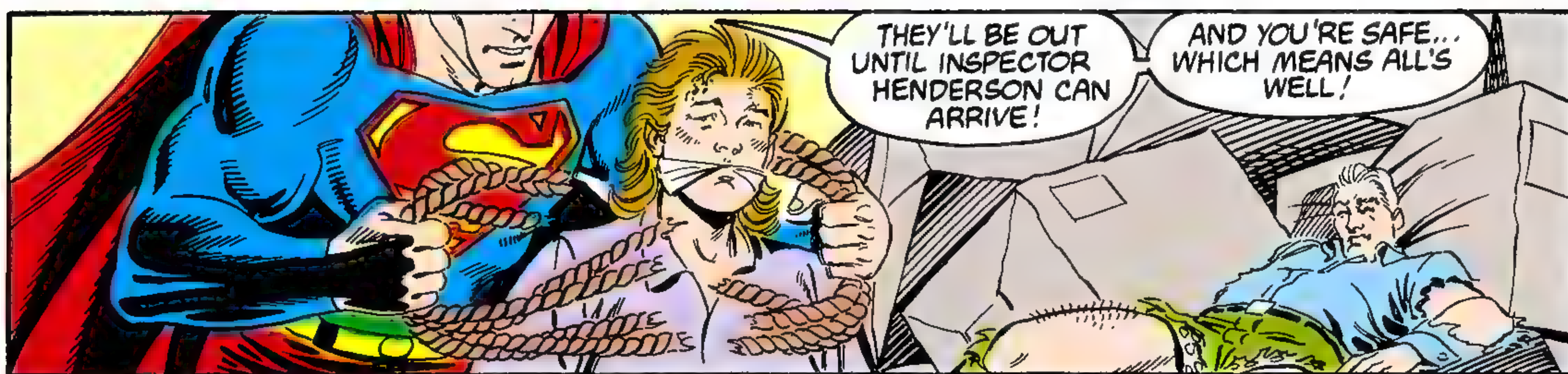
OH, LORD... PUT OUT THE FIRE!!

WHAT ARE YOU STANDING THERE FOR? SAVE ME!?



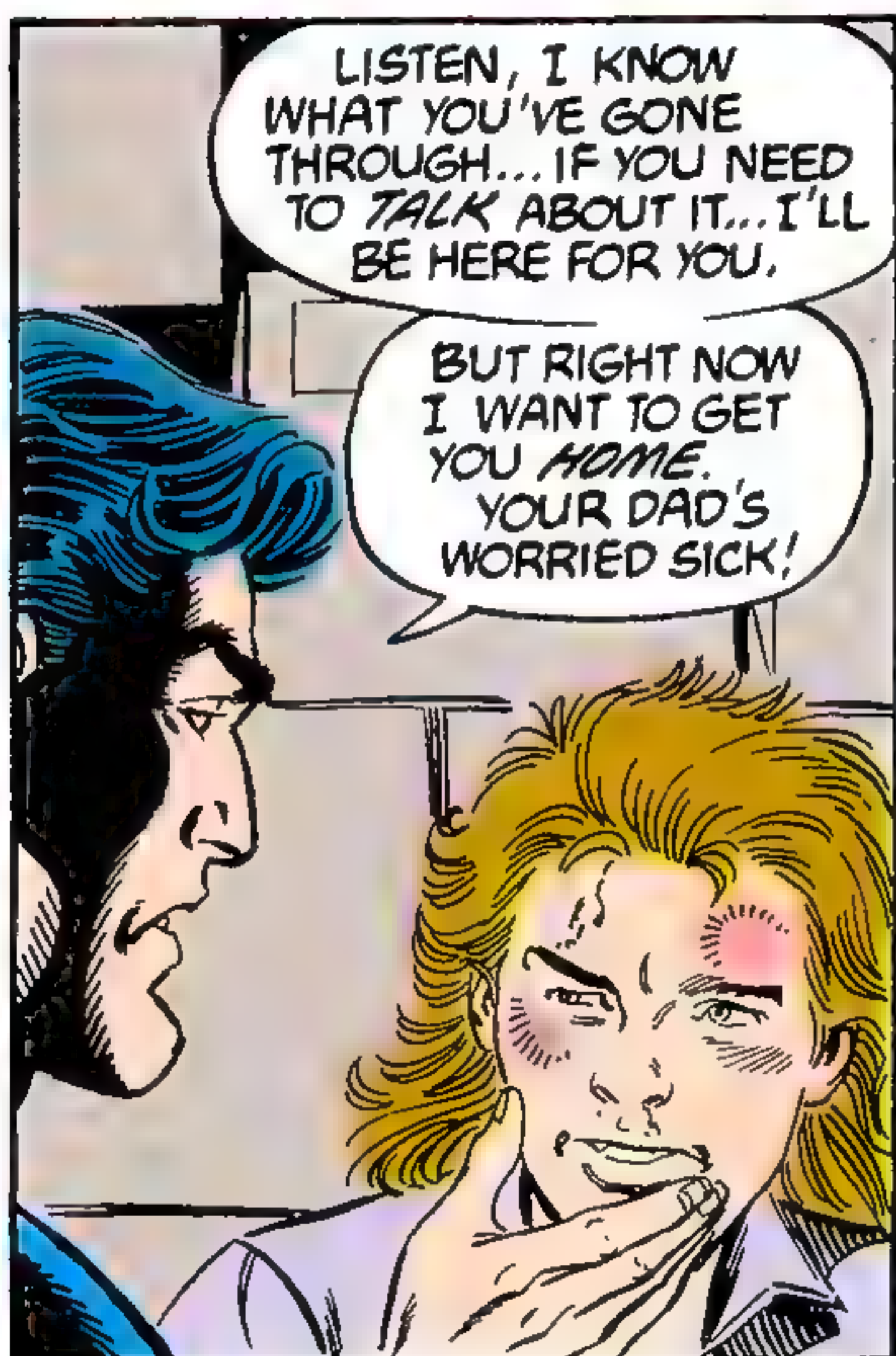
DON'T WORRY, I WAS PLANNING TO!

I WOULDN'T HAVE LET THE HEAT REACH HIM. HE WAS MORE SCARED THAN IN ANY REAL DANGER.



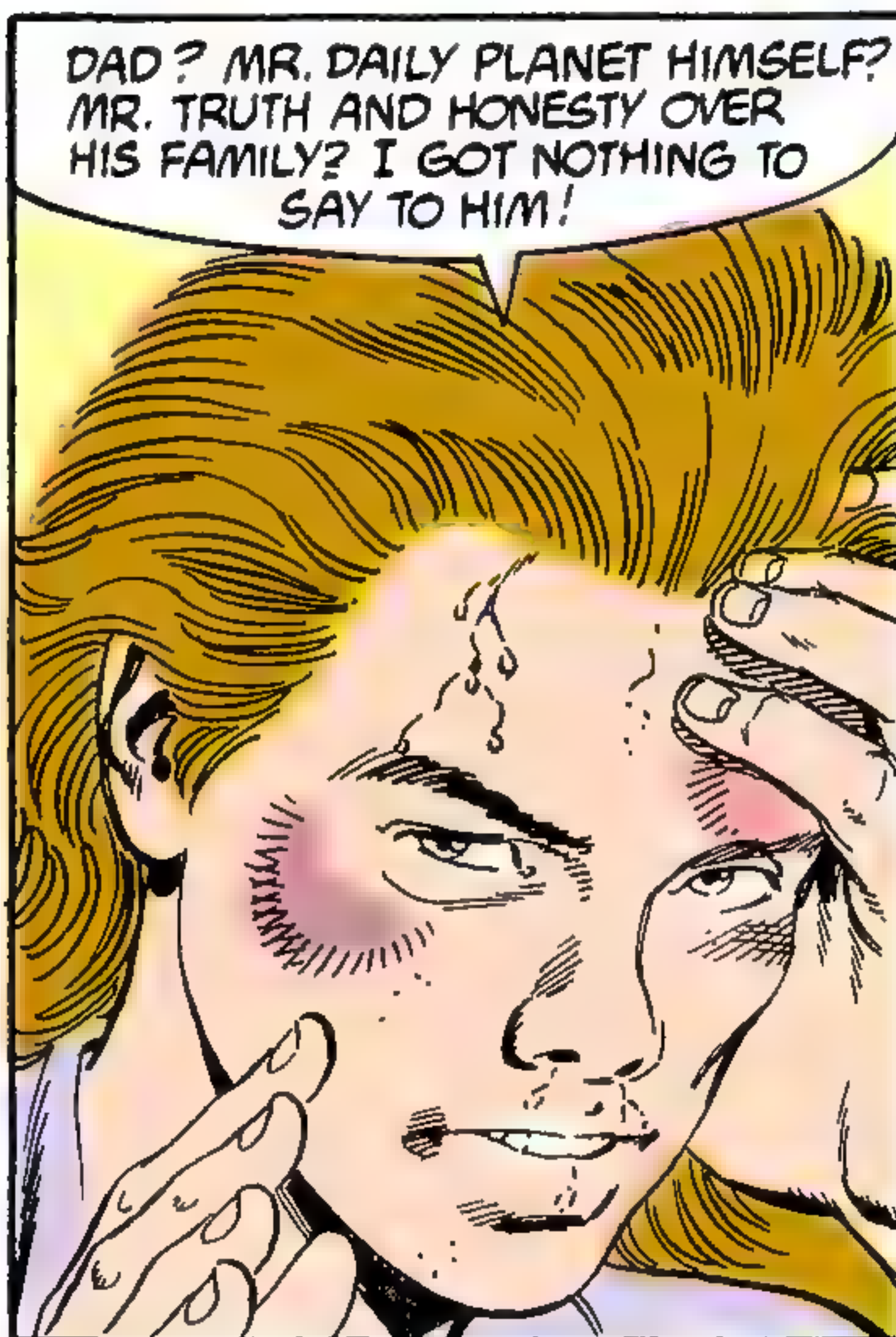
THEY'LL BE OUT
UNTIL INSPECTOR
HENDERSON CAN
ARRIVE!

AND YOU'RE SAFE...
WHICH MEANS ALL'S
WELL!

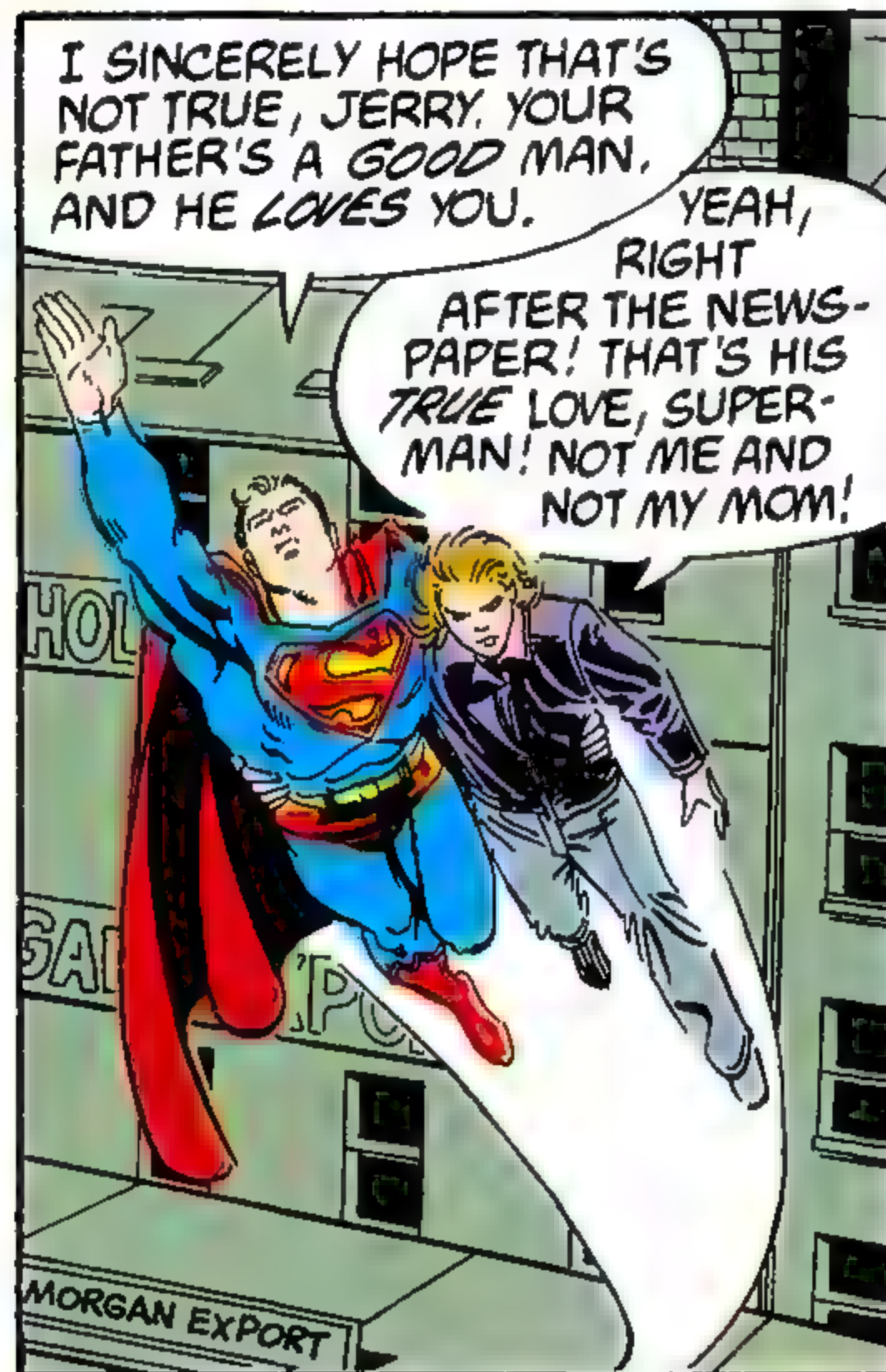


LISTEN, I KNOW
WHAT YOU'VE GONE
THROUGH... IF YOU NEED
TO TALK ABOUT IT... I'LL
BE HERE FOR YOU.

BUT RIGHT NOW
I WANT TO GET
YOU HOME.
YOUR DAD'S
WORRIED SICK!



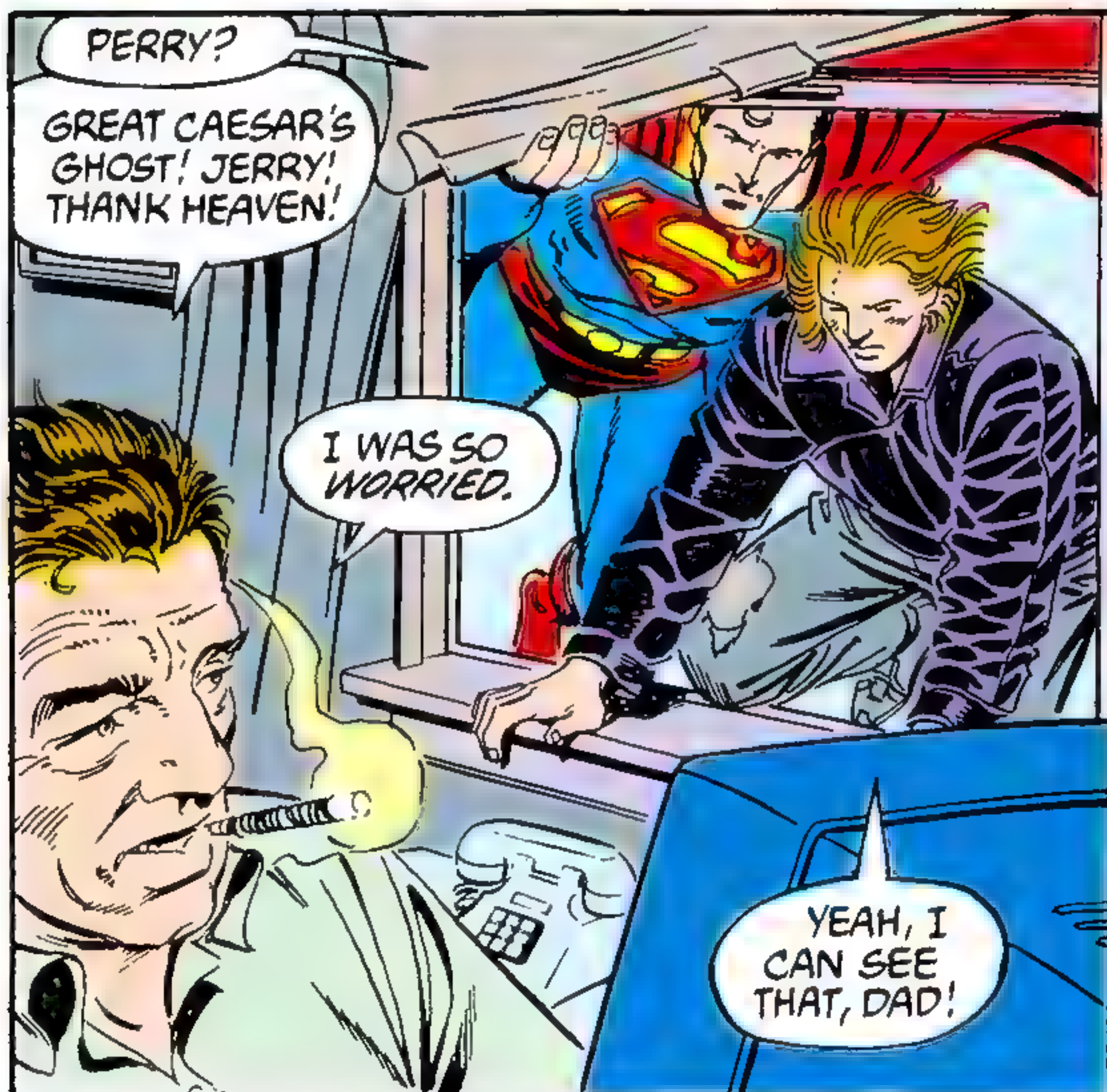
DAD? MR. DAILY PLANET HIMSELF?
MR. TRUTH AND HONESTY OVER
HIS FAMILY? I GOT NOTHING TO
SAY TO HIM!



I SINCERELY HOPE THAT'S
NOT TRUE, JERRY. YOUR
FATHER'S A GOOD MAN,
AND HE LOVES YOU.

YEAH,
RIGHT

AFTER THE NEWS-
PAPER! THAT'S HIS
TRUE LOVE, SUPER-
MAN! NOT ME AND
NOT MY MOM!

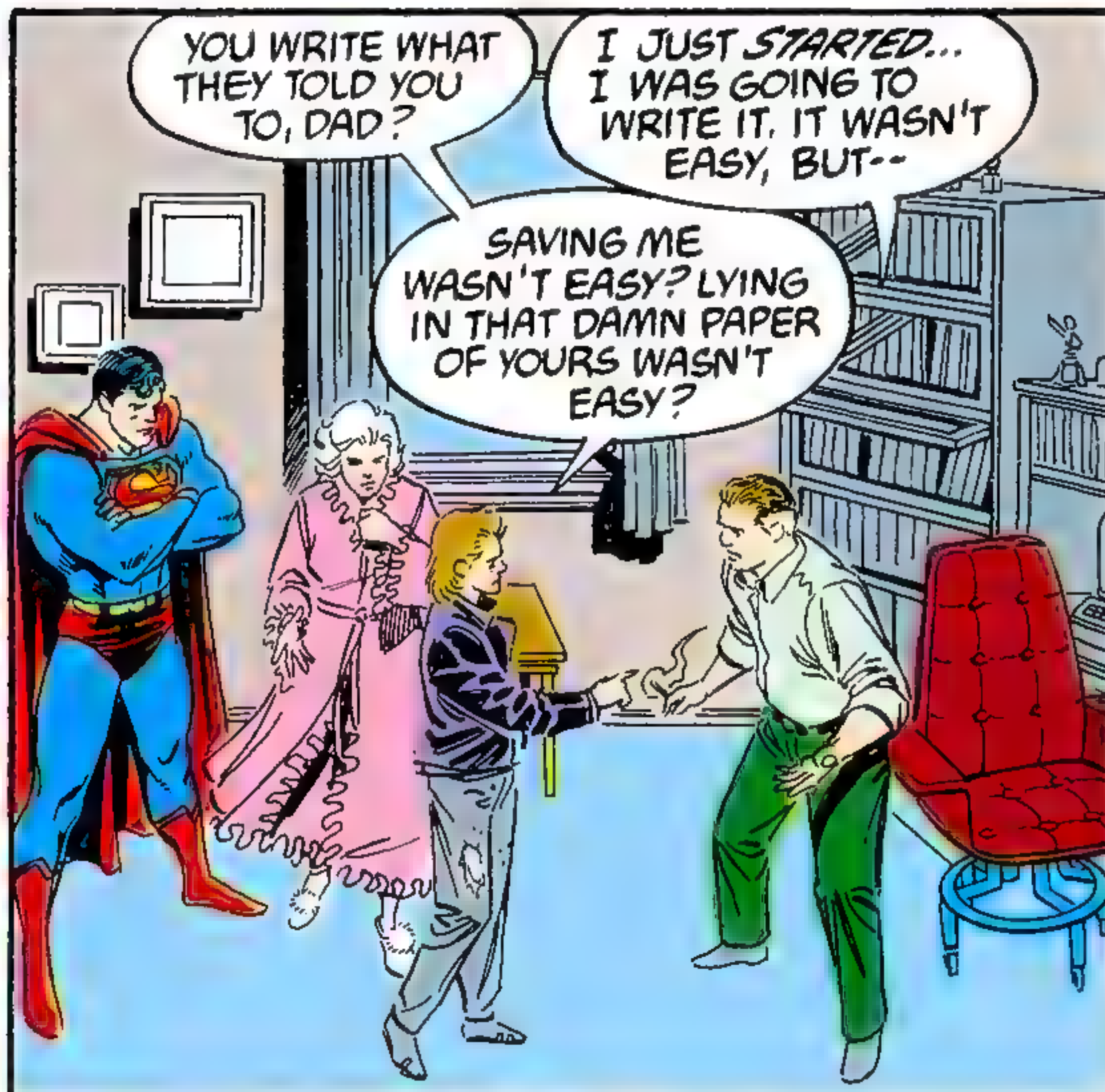


PERRY?

GREAT CAESAR'S
GHOST! JERRY!
THANK HEAVEN!

I WAS SO
WORRIED.

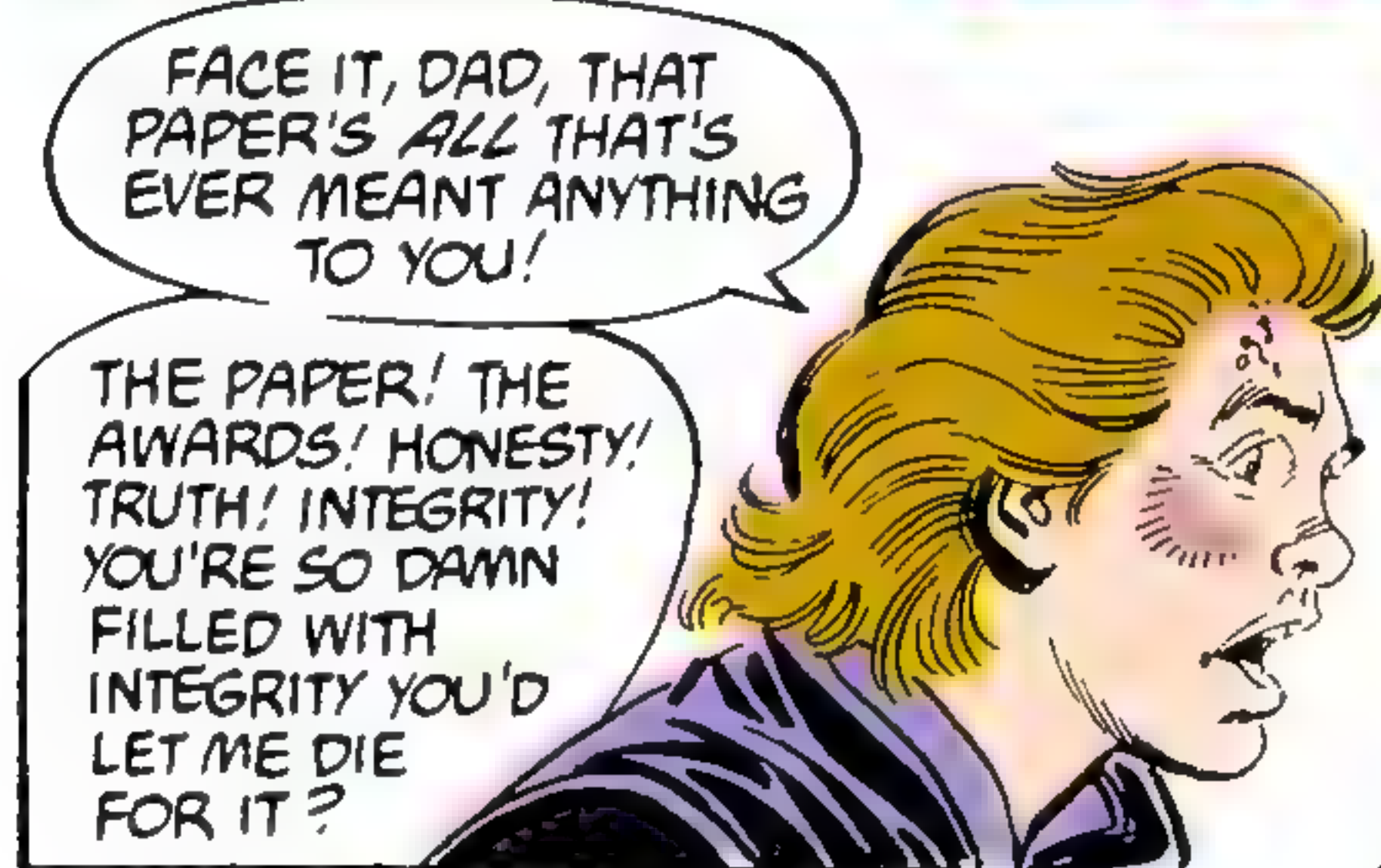
YEAH, I
CAN SEE
THAT, DAD!



YOU WRITE WHAT
THEY TOLD YOU
TO, DAD?

I JUST STARTED...
I WAS GOING TO
WRITE IT. IT WASN'T
EASY, BUT--

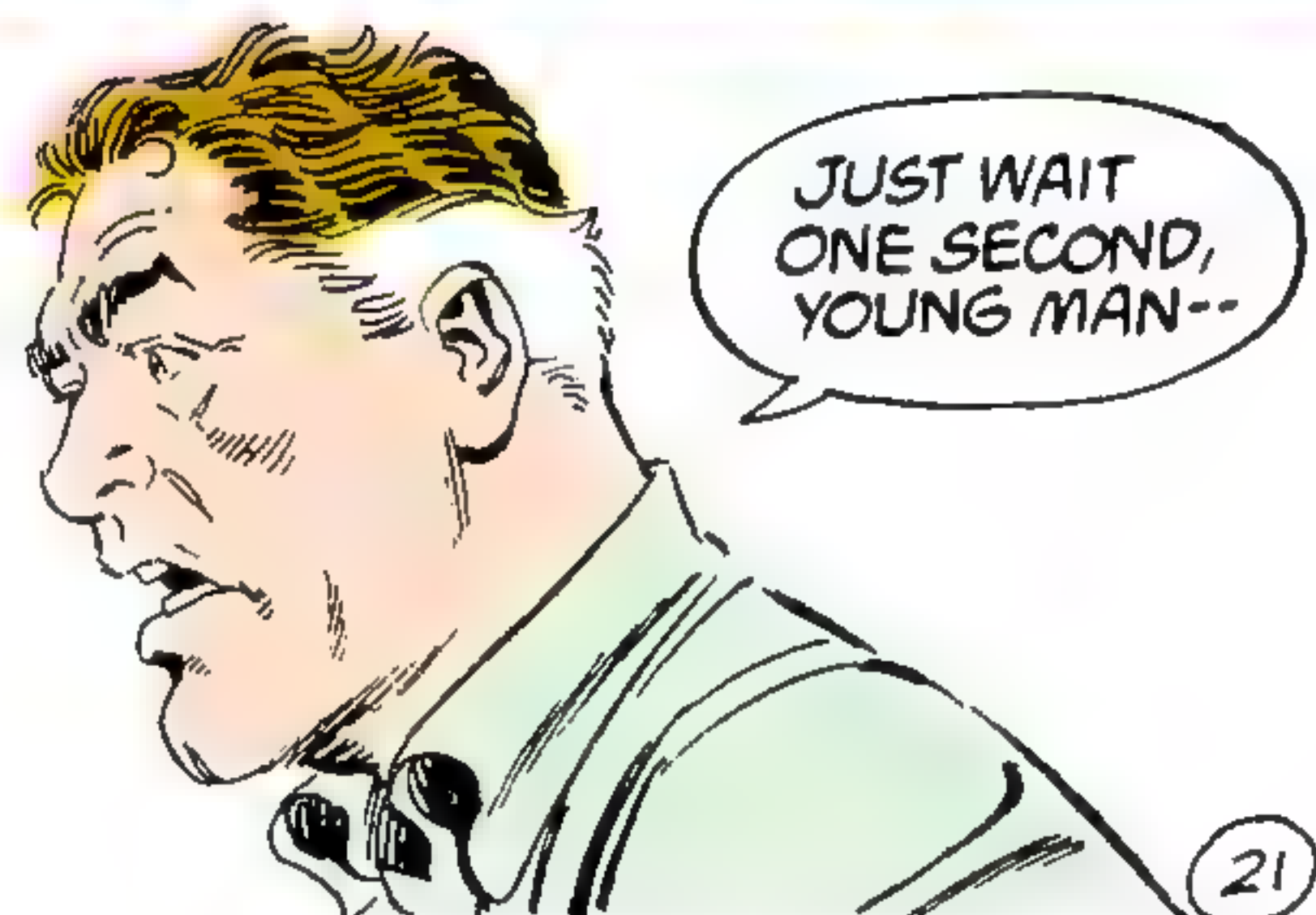
SAVING ME
WASN'T EASY? LYING
IN THAT DAMN PAPER
OF YOURS WASN'T
EASY?



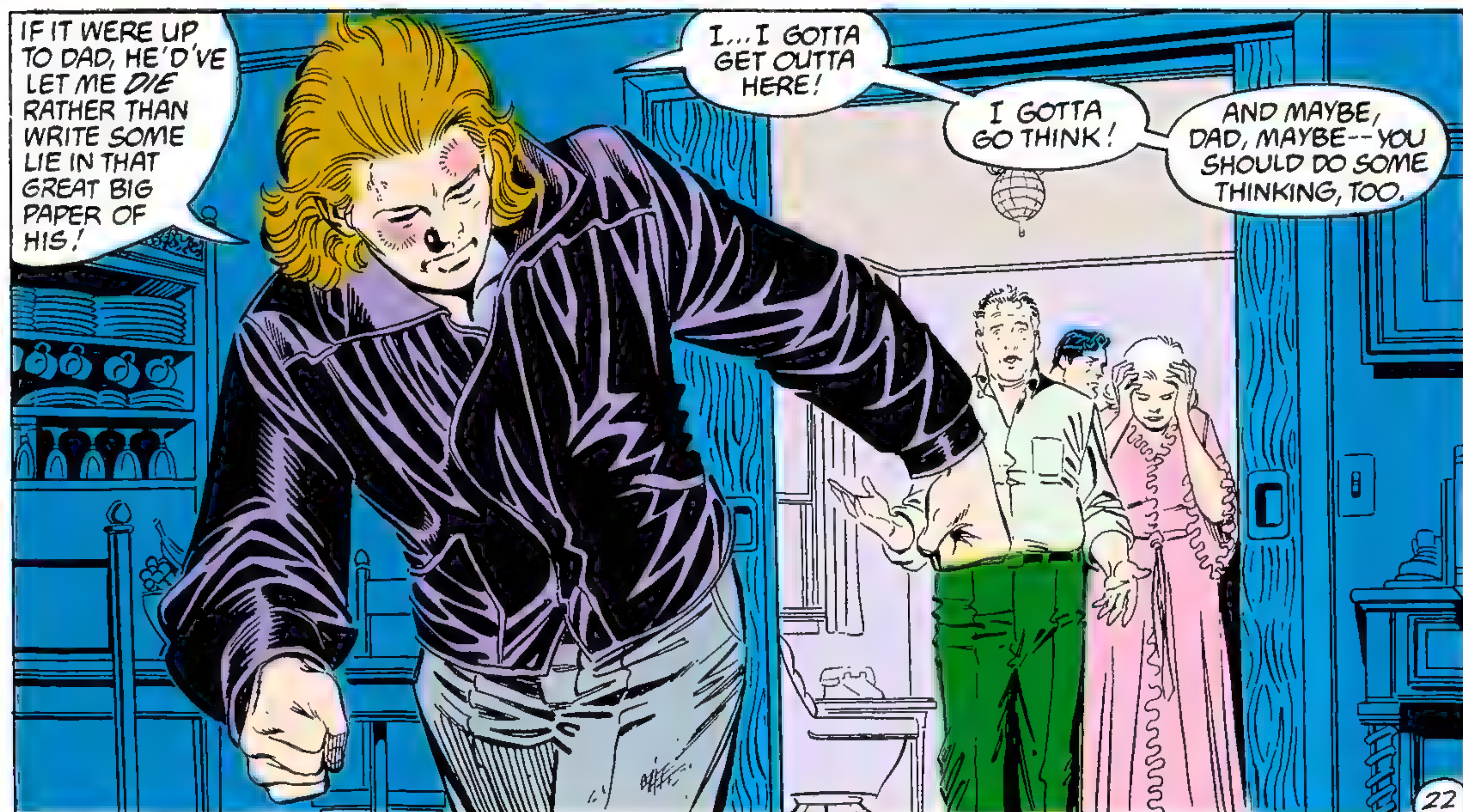
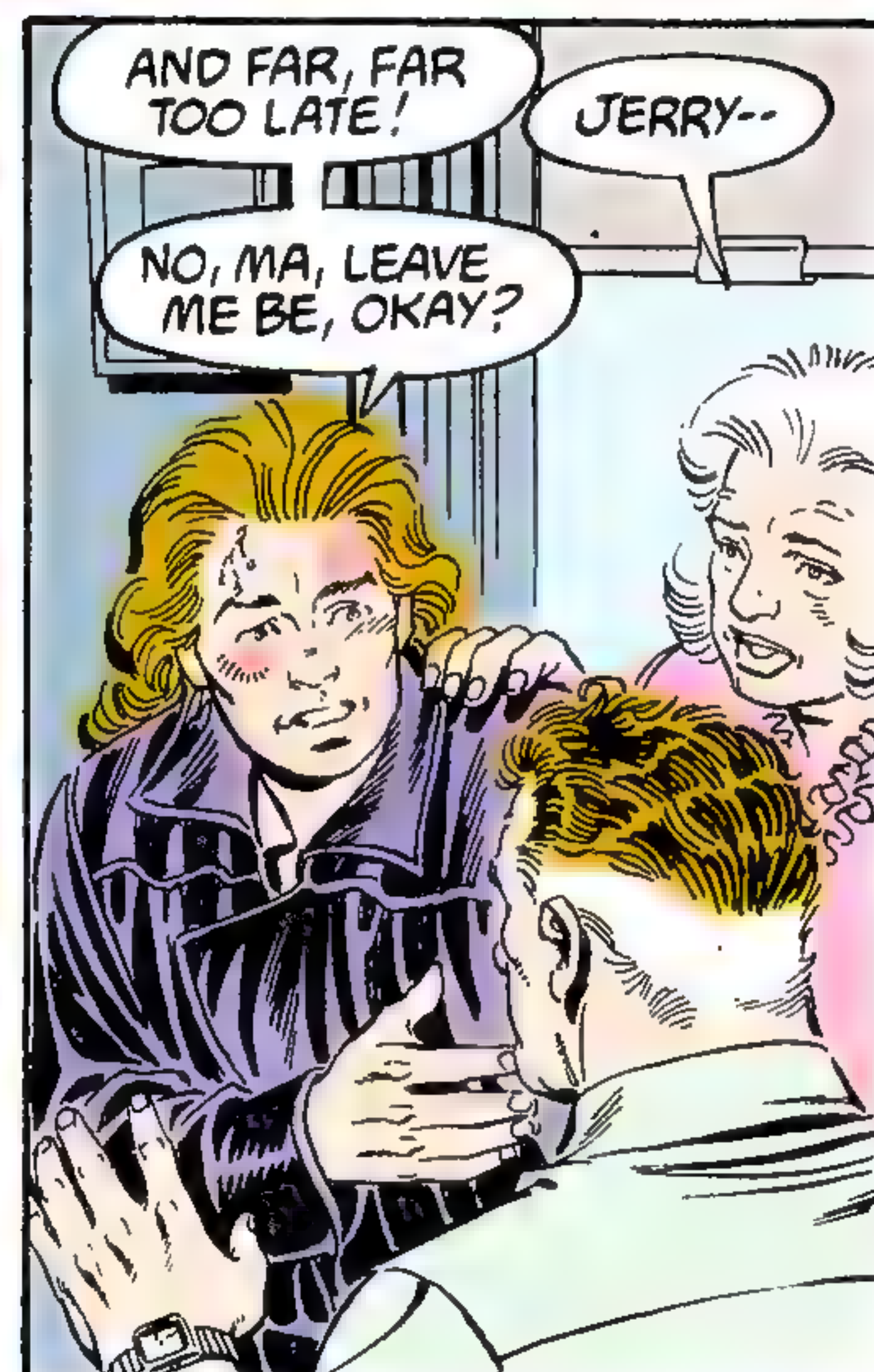
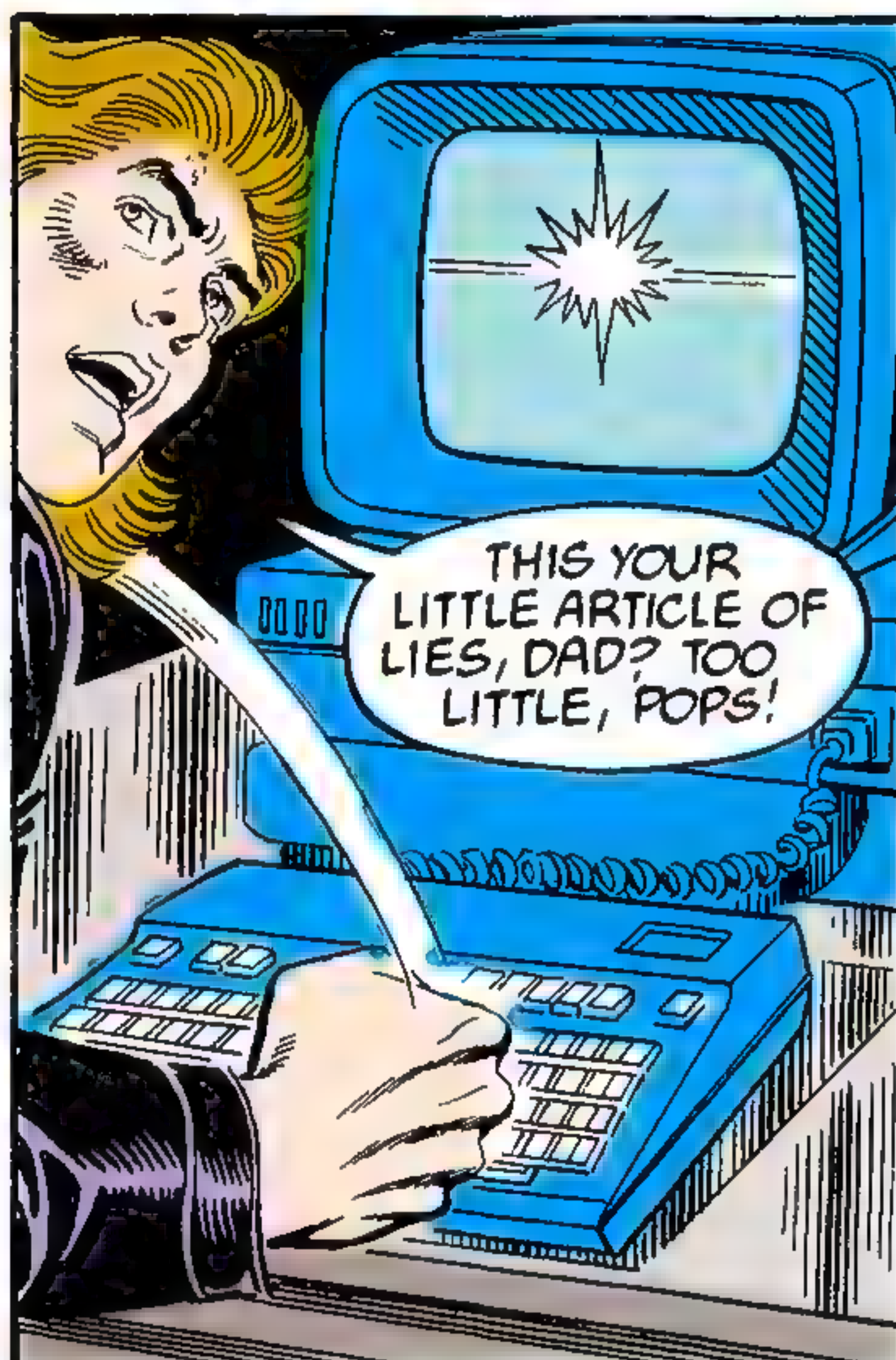
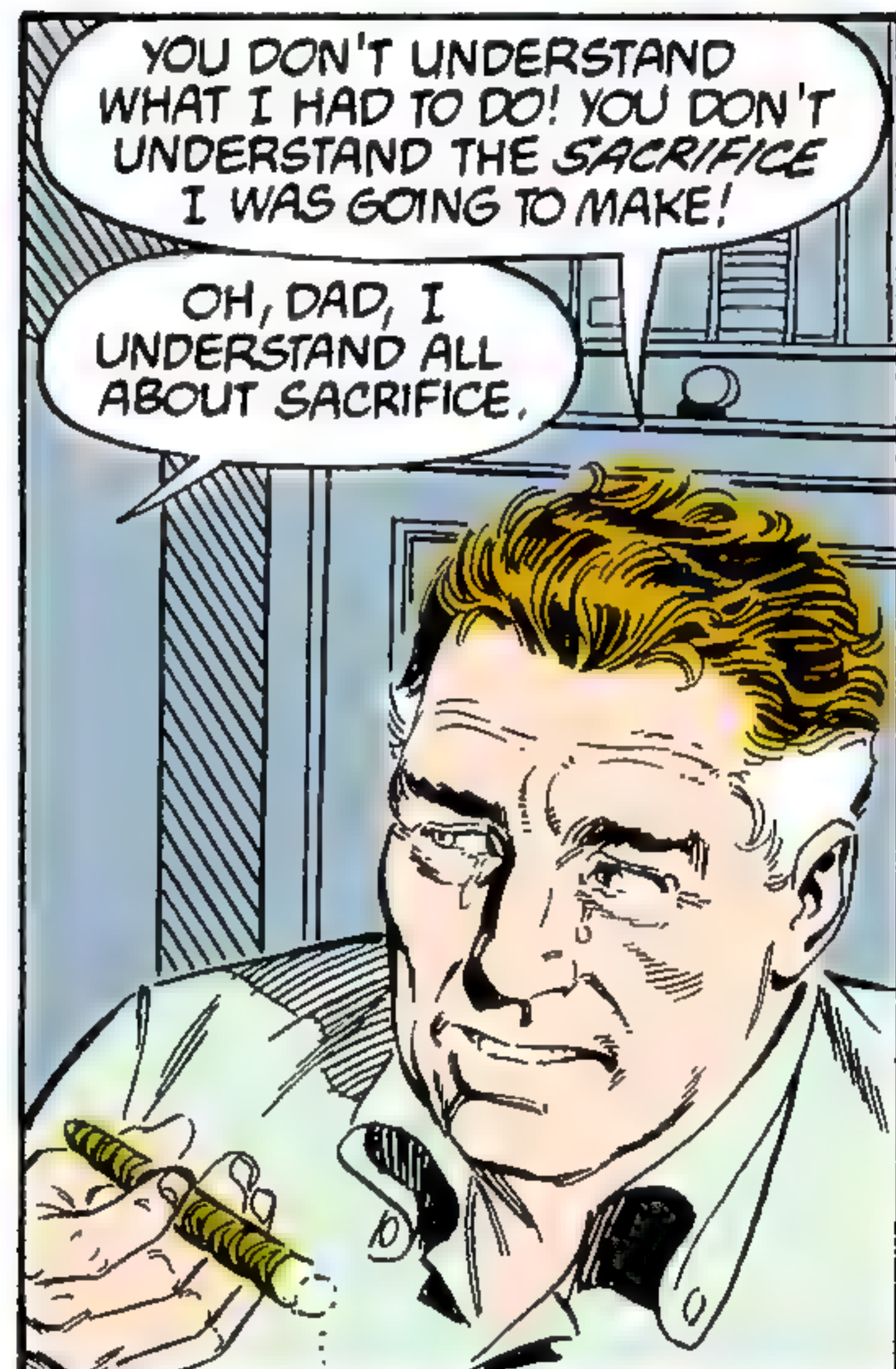
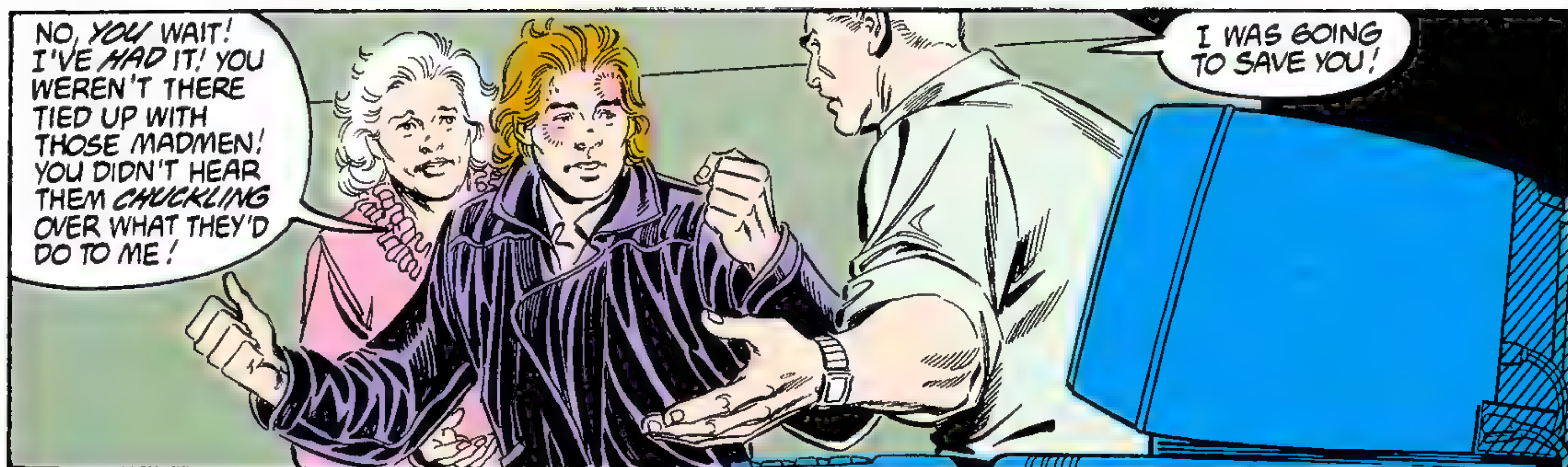
FACE IT, DAD, THAT
PAPER'S ALL THAT'S
EVER MEANT ANYTHING
TO YOU!

THE PAPER! THE
AWARDS! HONESTY!
TRUTH! INTEGRITY!
YOU'RE SO DAMN
FILLED WITH
INTEGRITY YOU'D
LET ME DIE
FOR IT?

FOR WHAT, DAD?
FOR ANOTHER
AWARD? ANOTHER
MEDAL?



JUST WAIT
ONE SECOND,
YOUNG MAN--



Marv Wolfman
writer

Jerry Ordway
artist

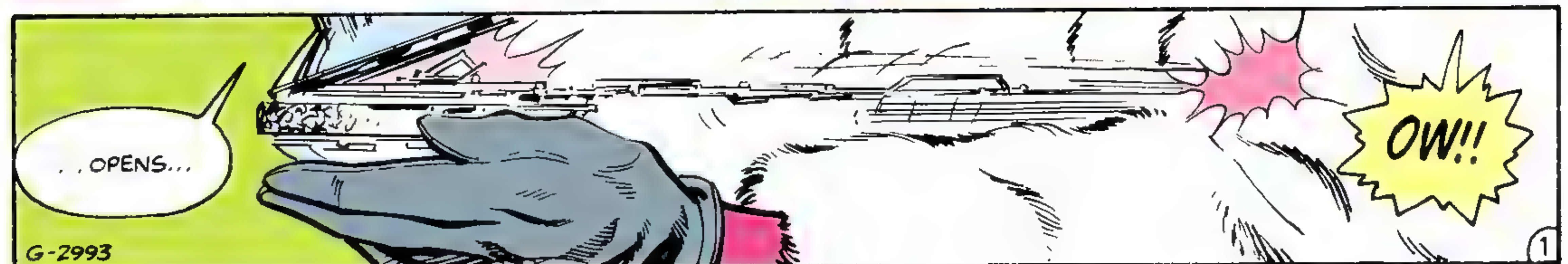
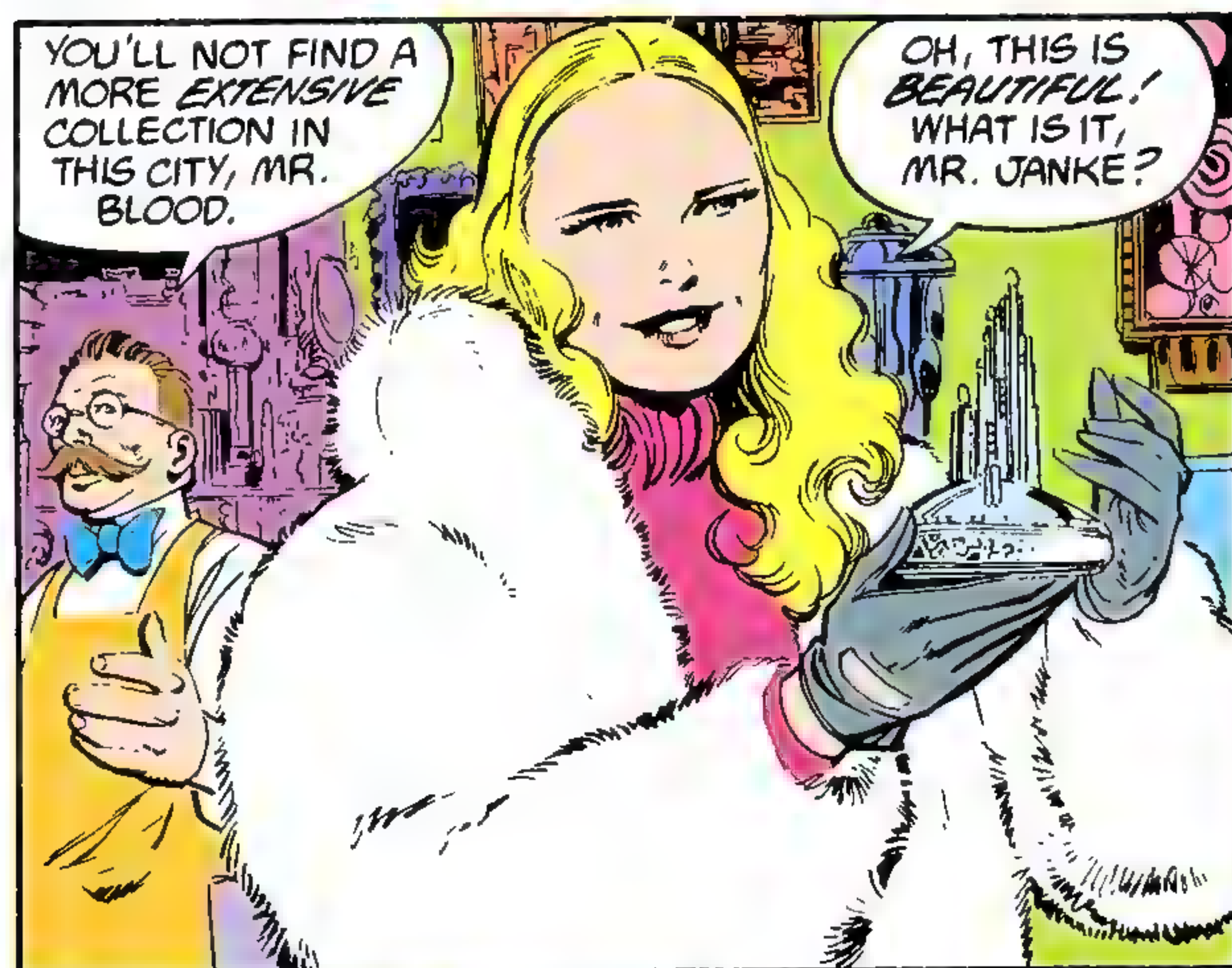
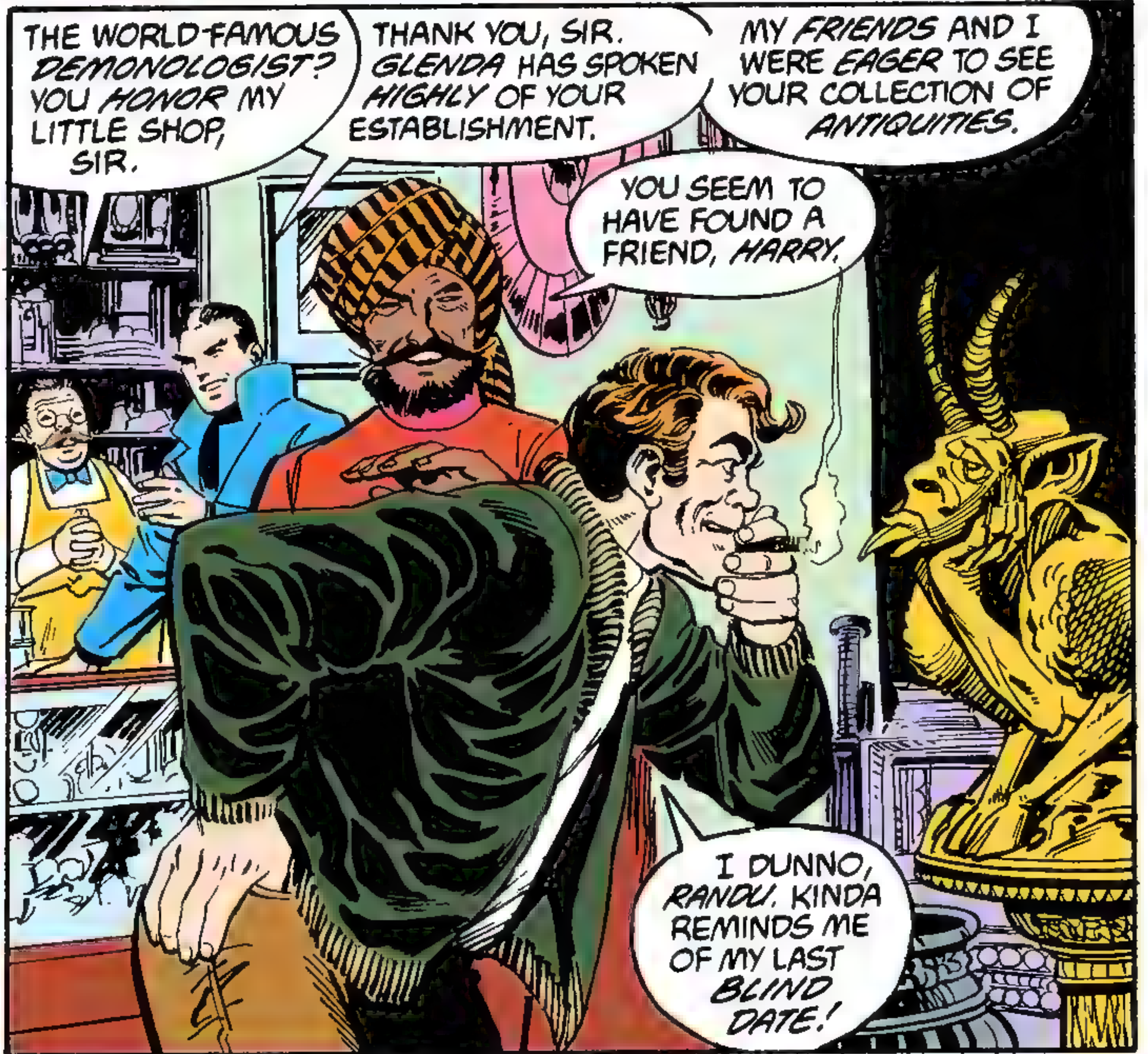
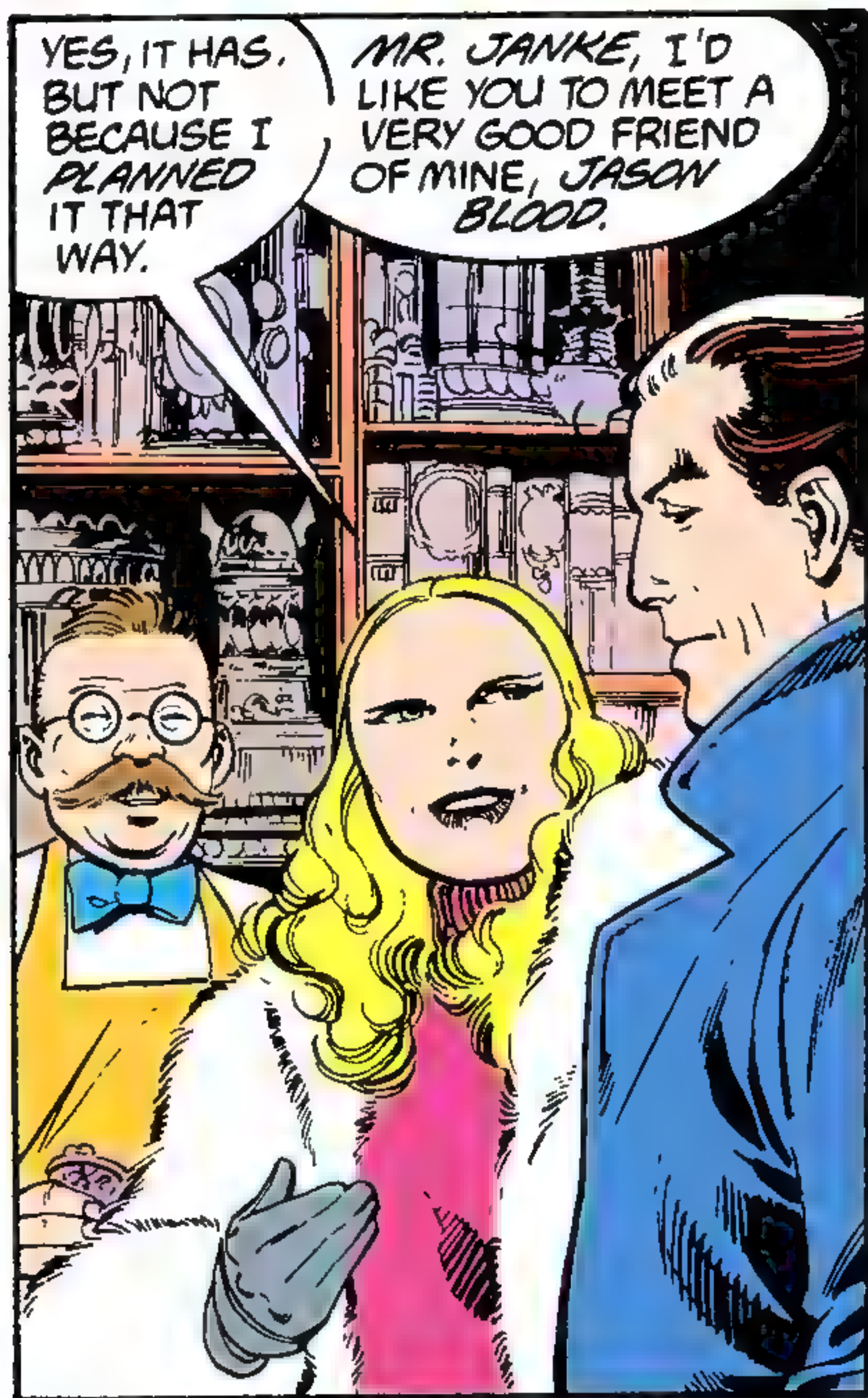
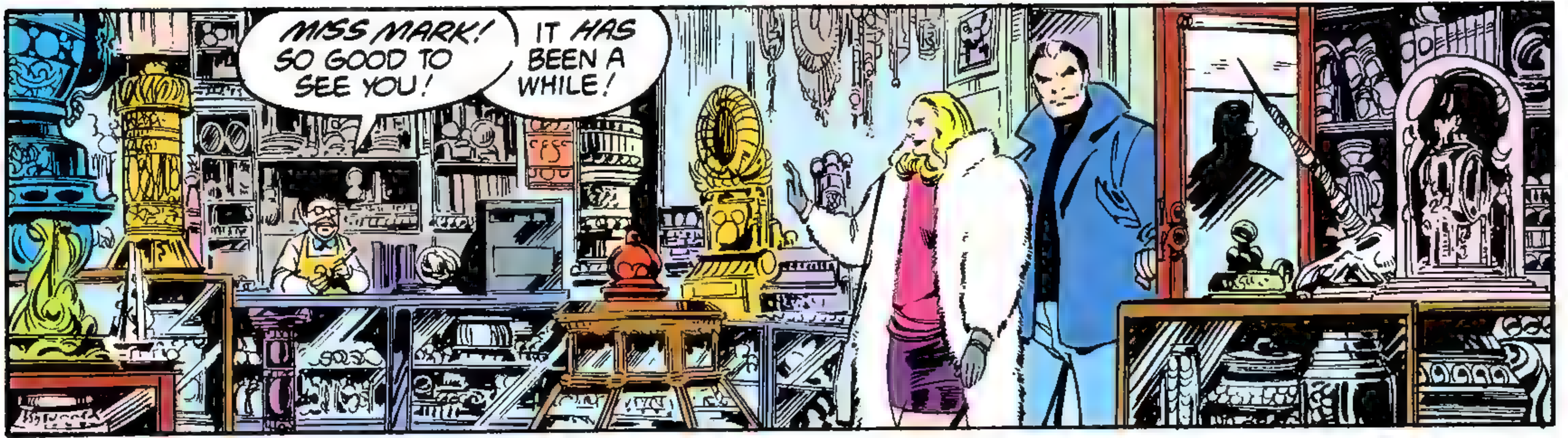
John Costanza
letterer

Tom Ziuko
colorist

Andy Helfer & Mike Carlin
editors

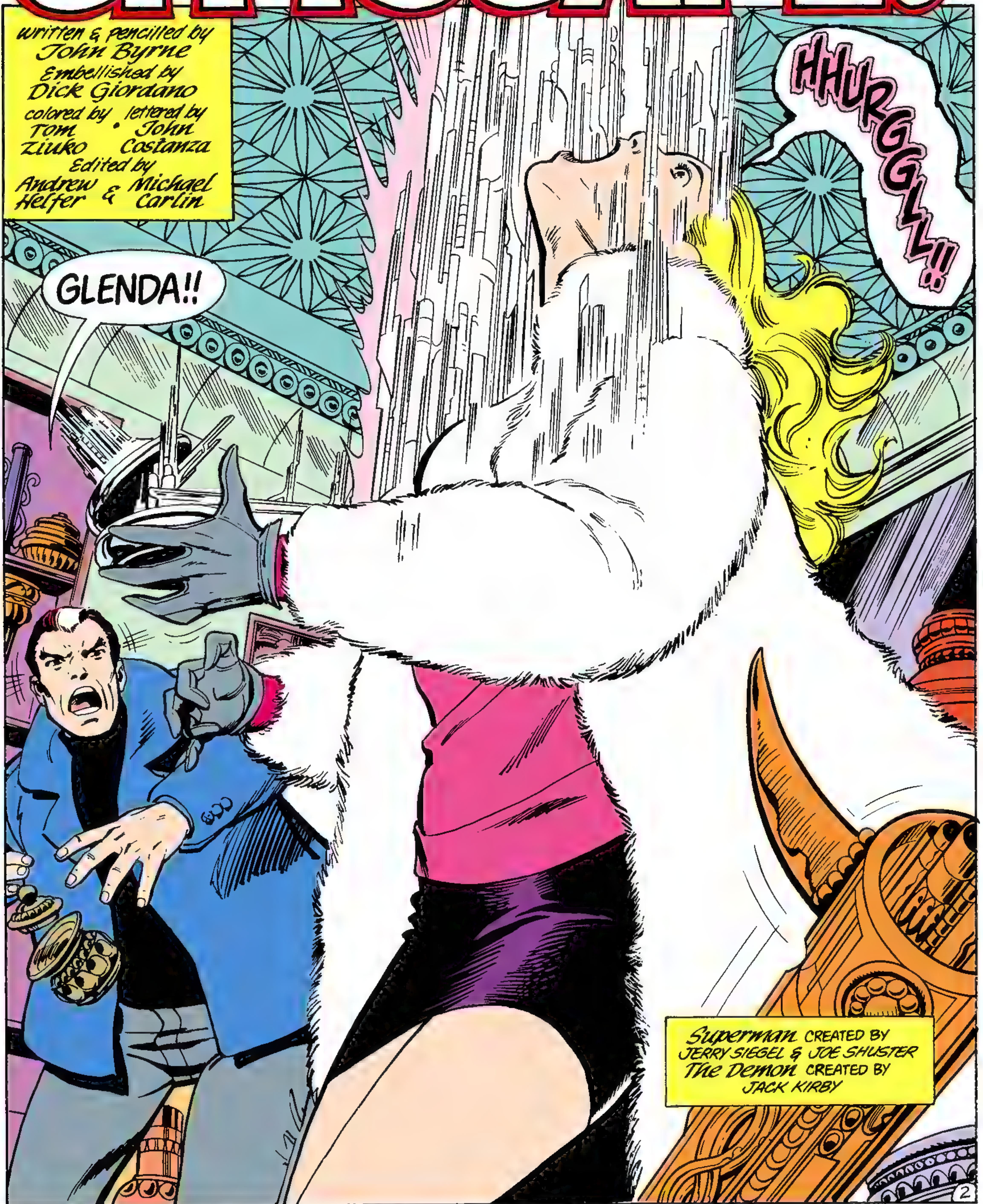
NEXT:

THE STARTLING SECRET OF CATHERINE GRANT?
GUARANTEED TO BE THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL SUPERMAN STORY--EVER!



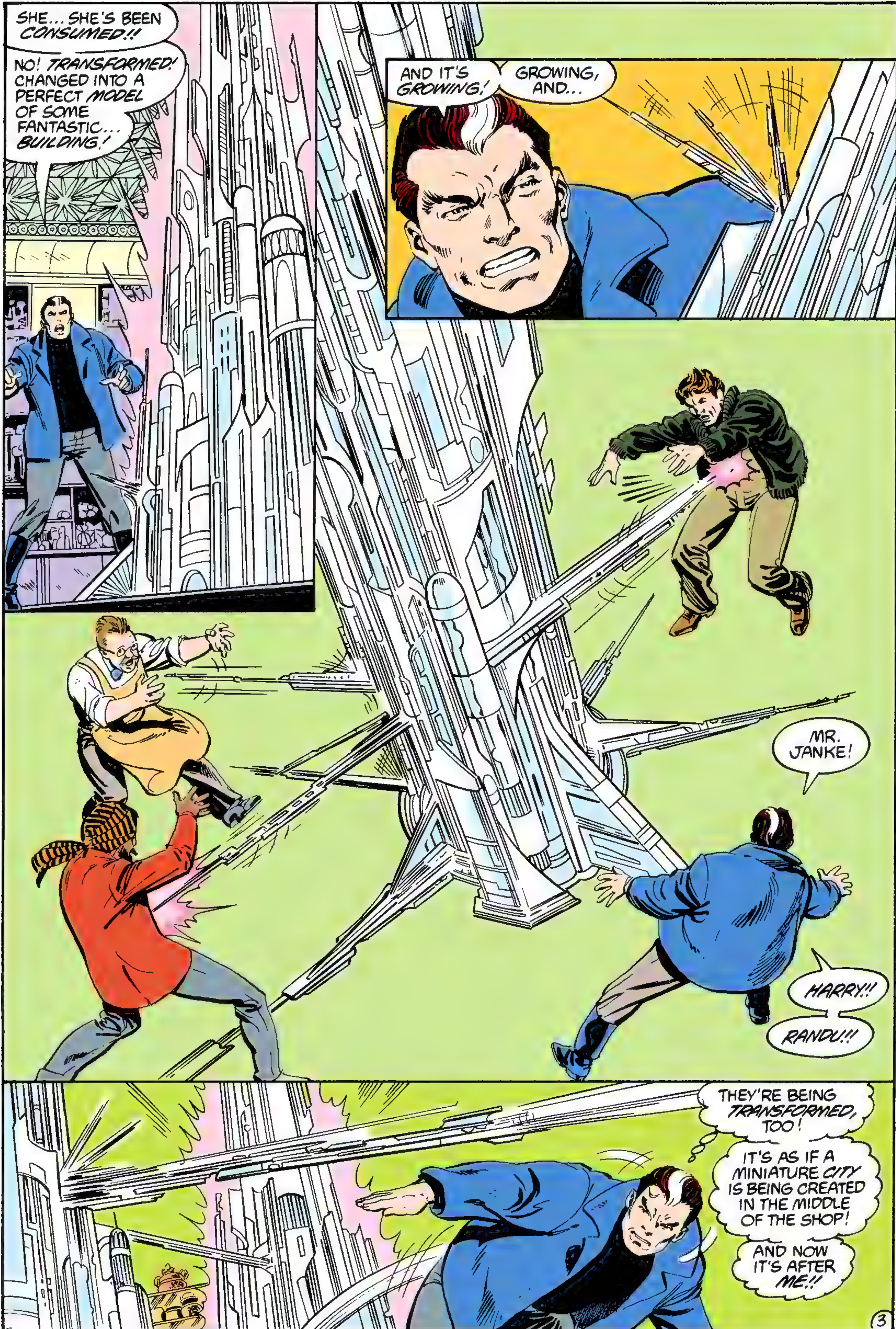
SUPERMAN *and* THE DEMON: CITYSCAPE!

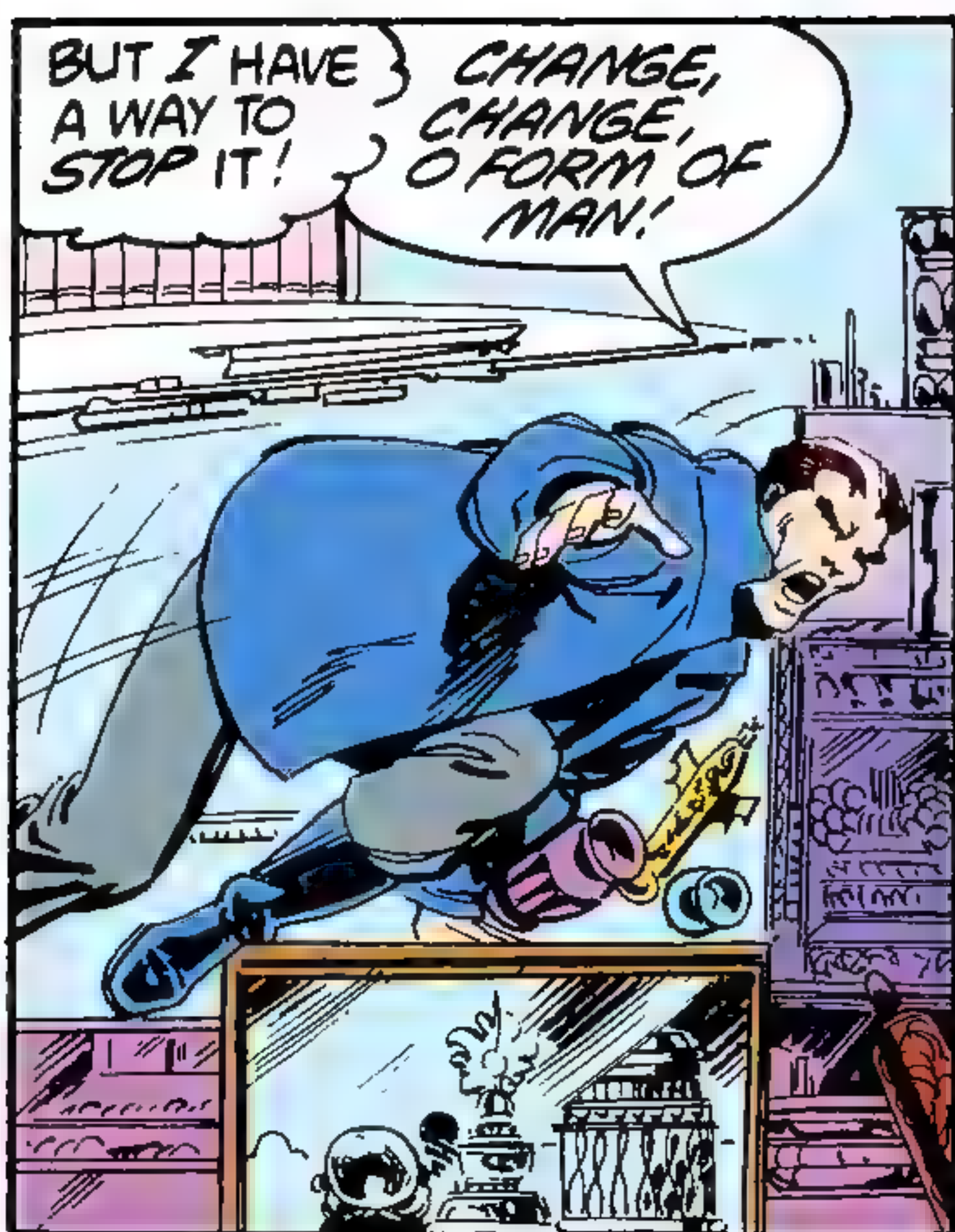
Written & pencilled by
John Byrne
Embellished by
Dick Giordano
colored by • lettered by
Tom Zuko • John Costanza
Edited by
*Andrew & Michael
Helfer & Carlin*



Superman CREATED BY
JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER
The Demon CREATED BY
JACK KIRBY

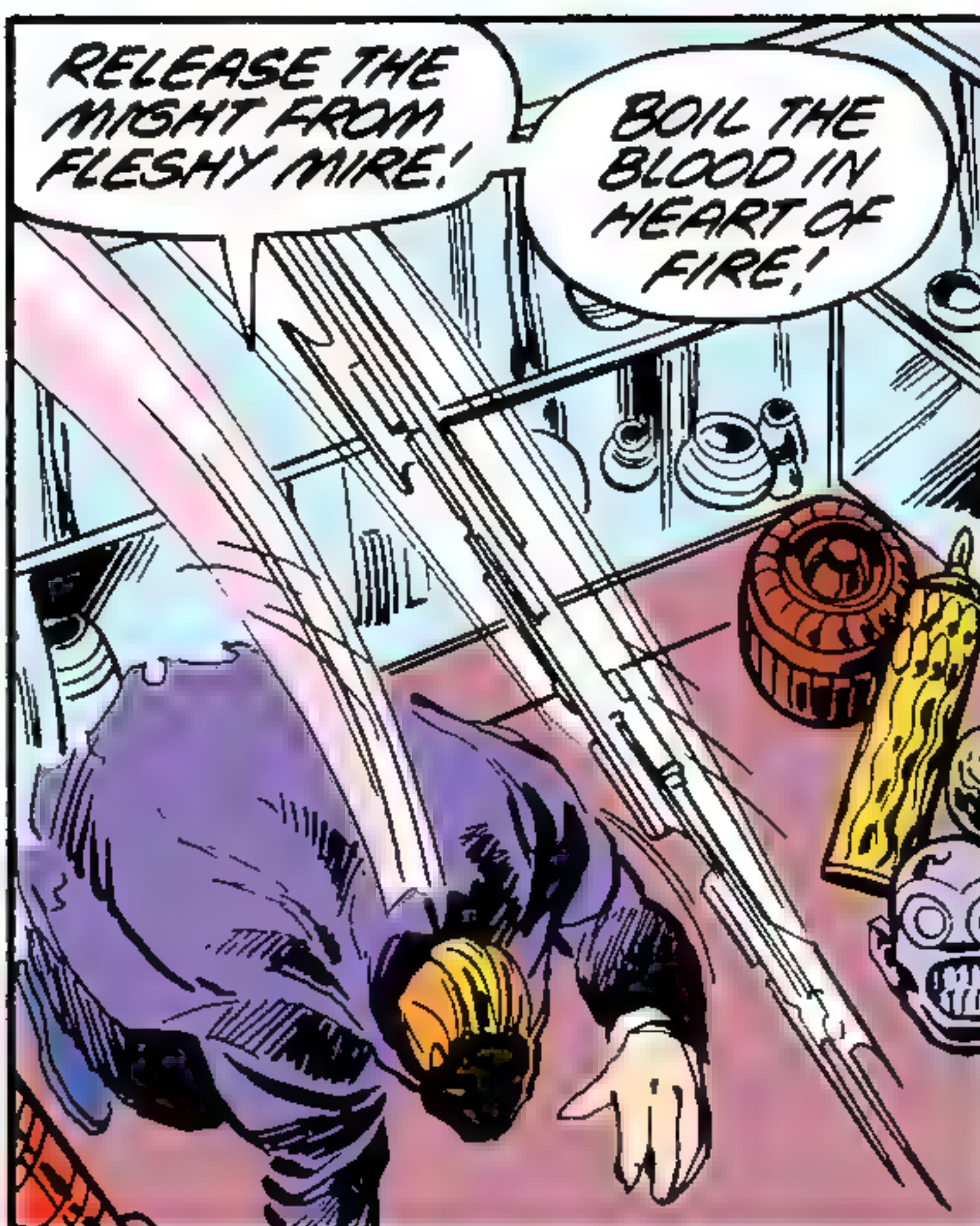
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BUT I HAVE
A WAY TO
STOP IT!

CHANGE,
CHANGE,
O FORM OF
MAN!



RELEASE THE
MIGHT FROM
FLESHY MIRE!

BOIL THE
BLOOD IN
HEART OF
FIRE!



GONE, GONE,
THE FORM
OF MAN!

RISE
THE
DEMON...



...ETRIGAN!!

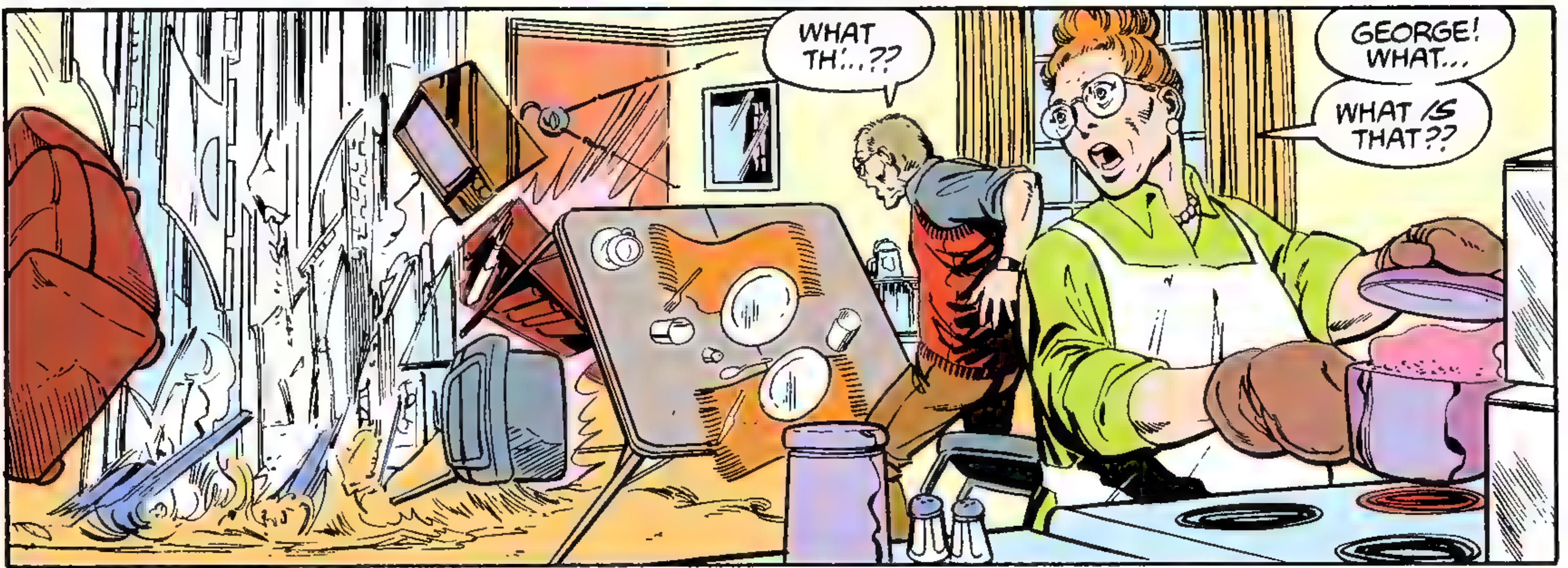
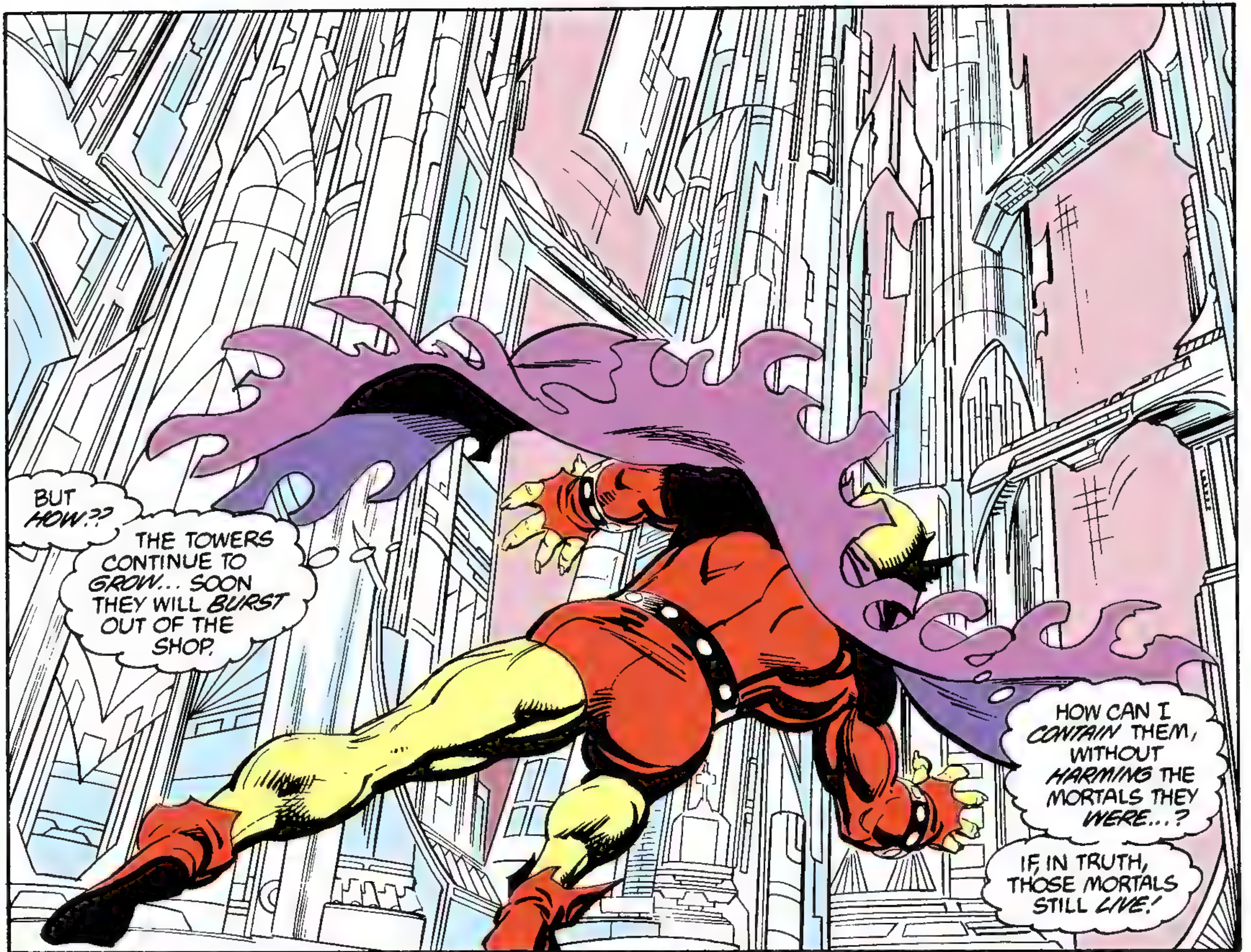


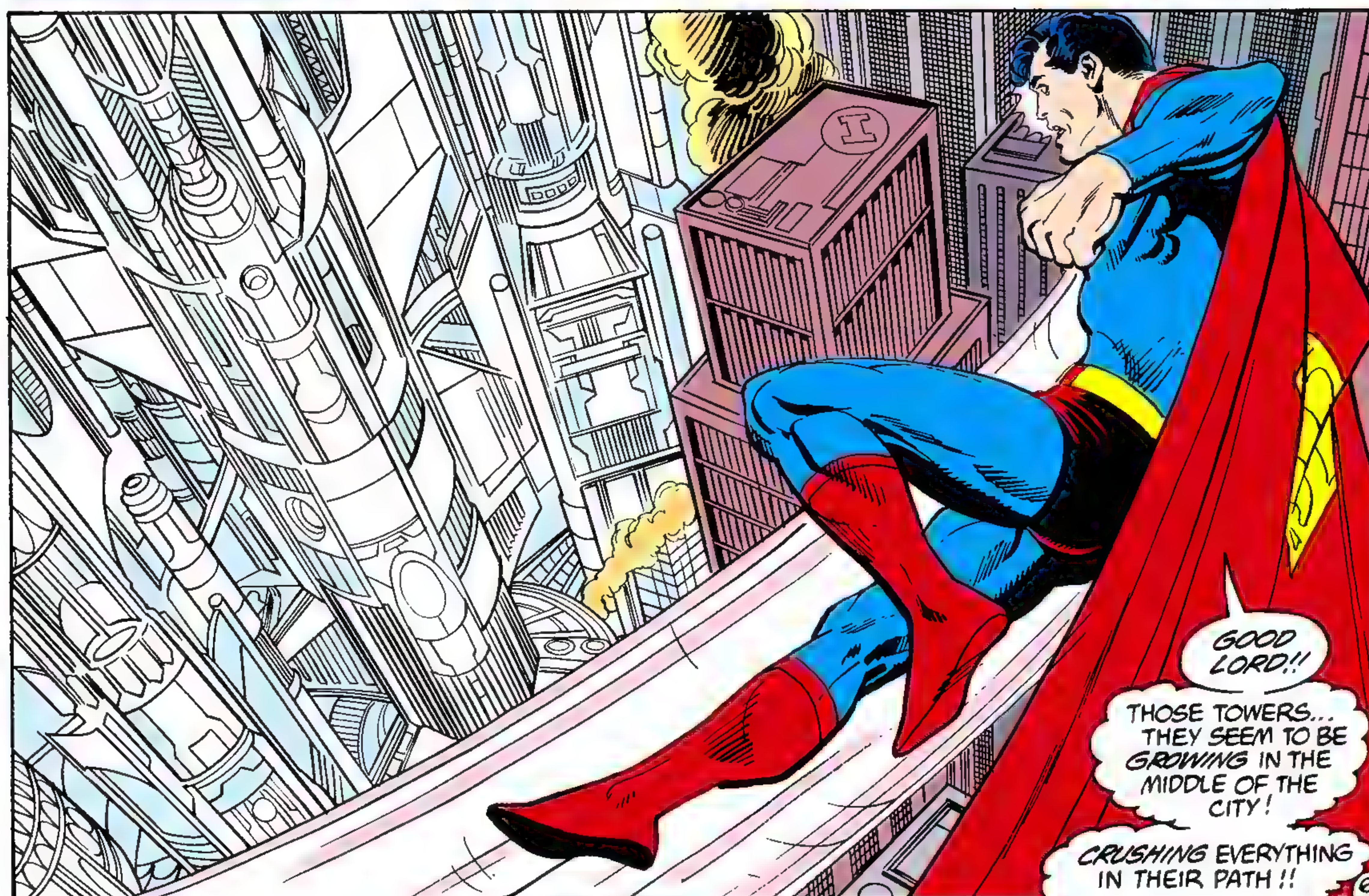
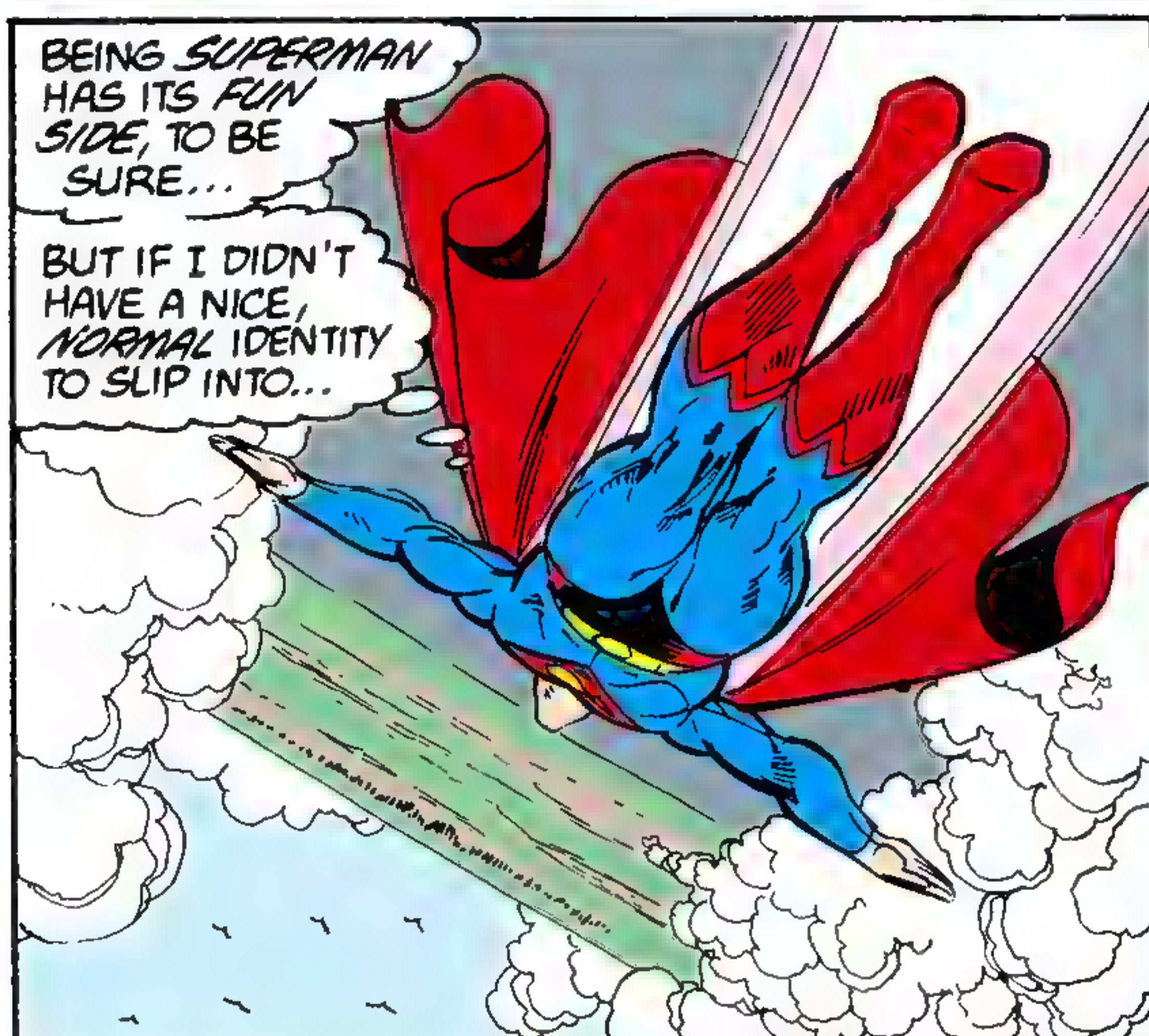
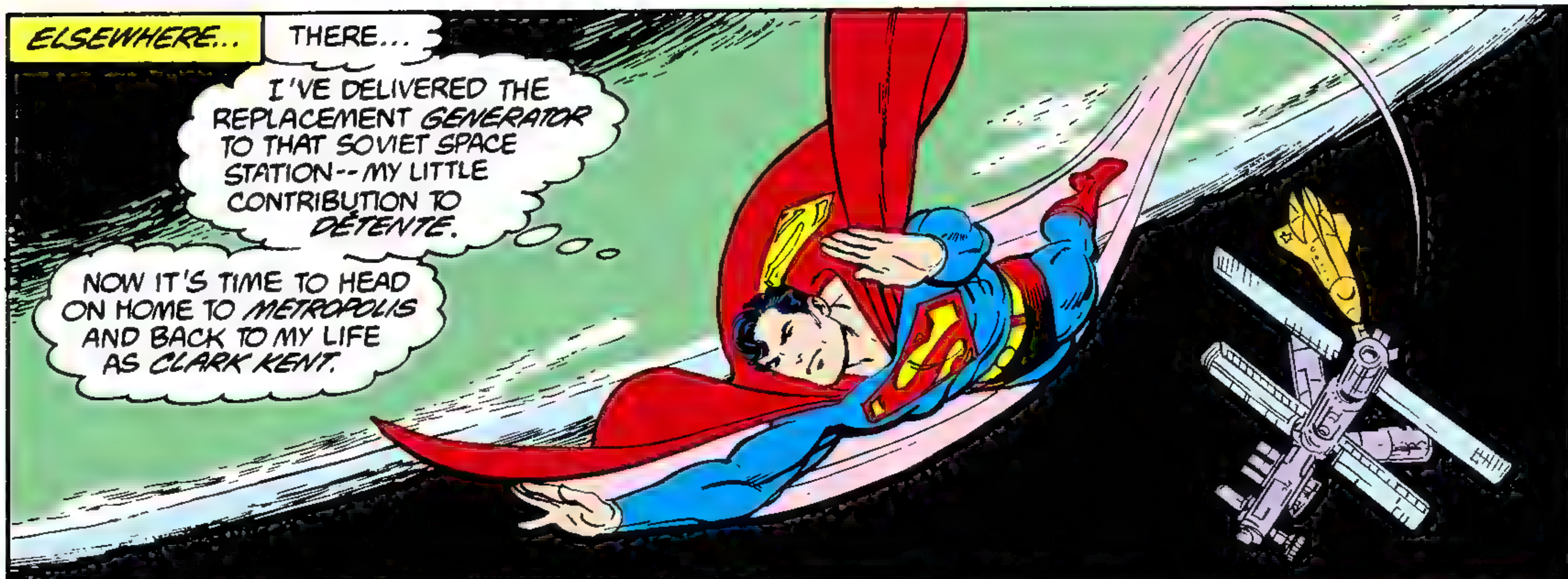
HAHAHAHA!!

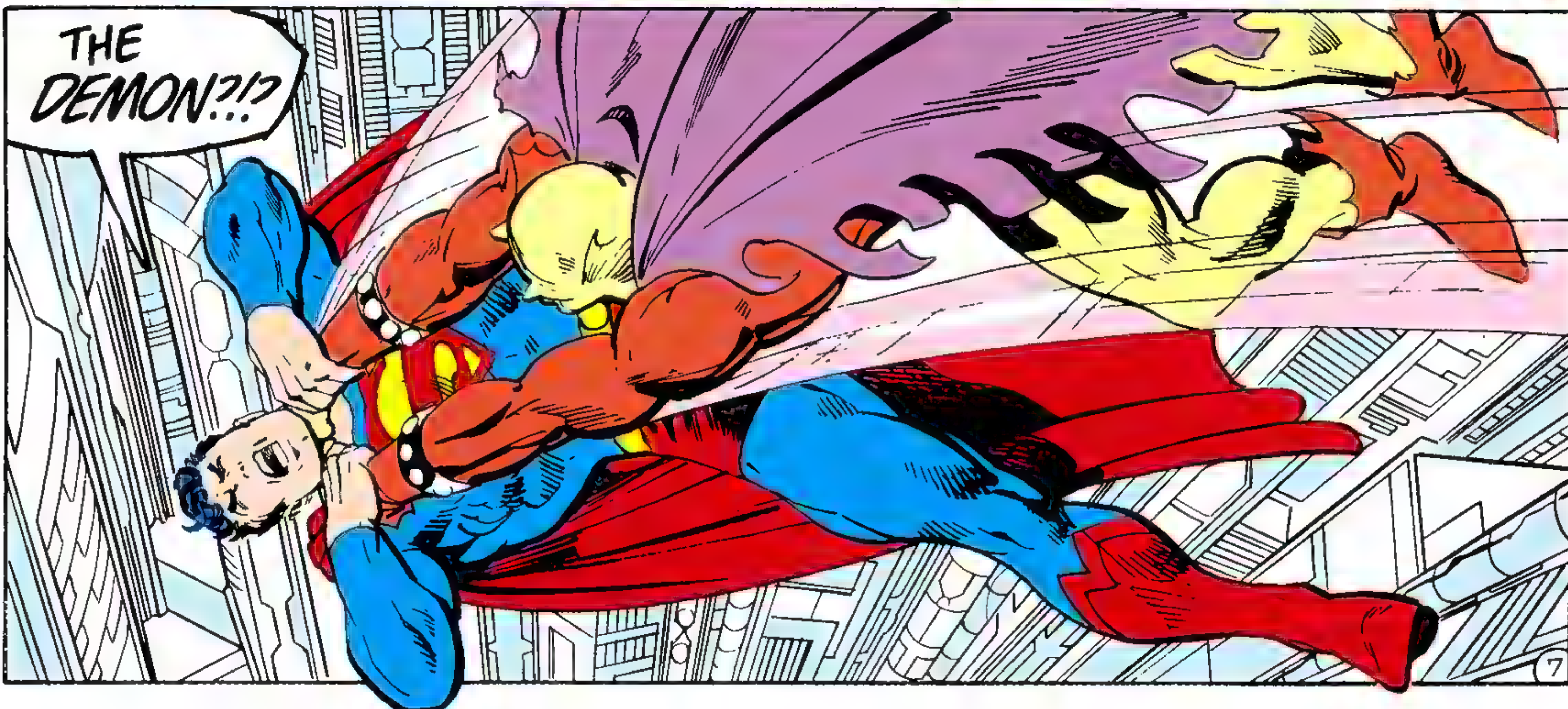
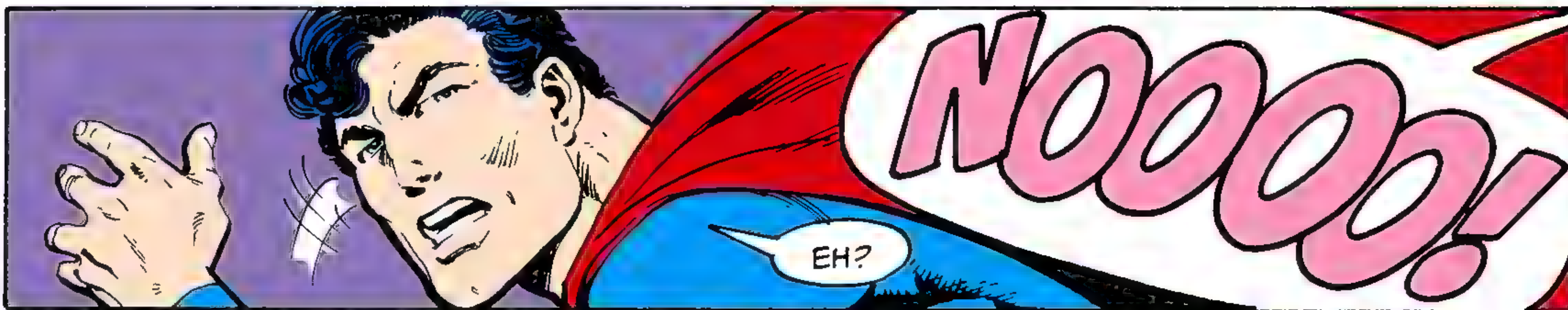
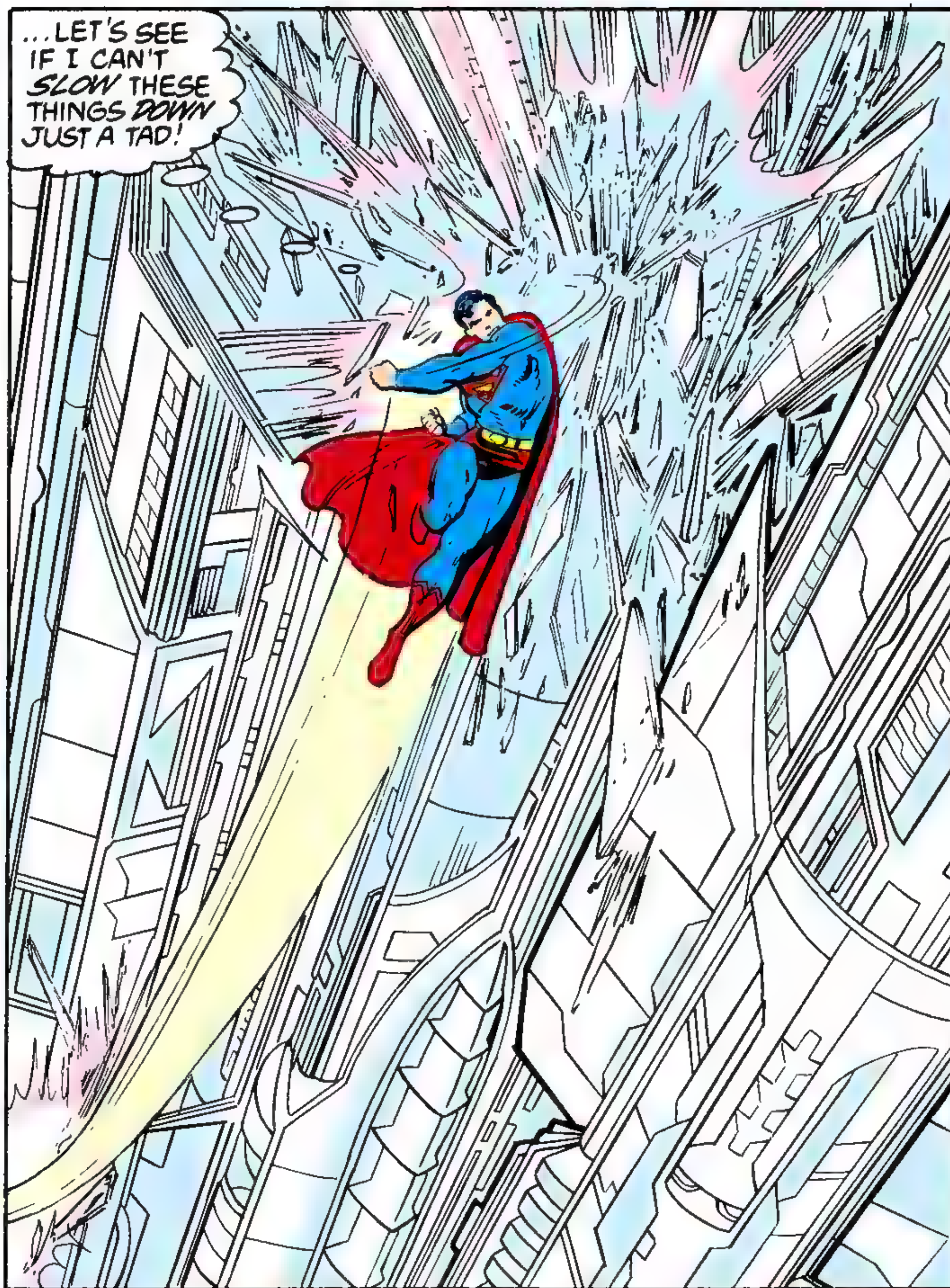
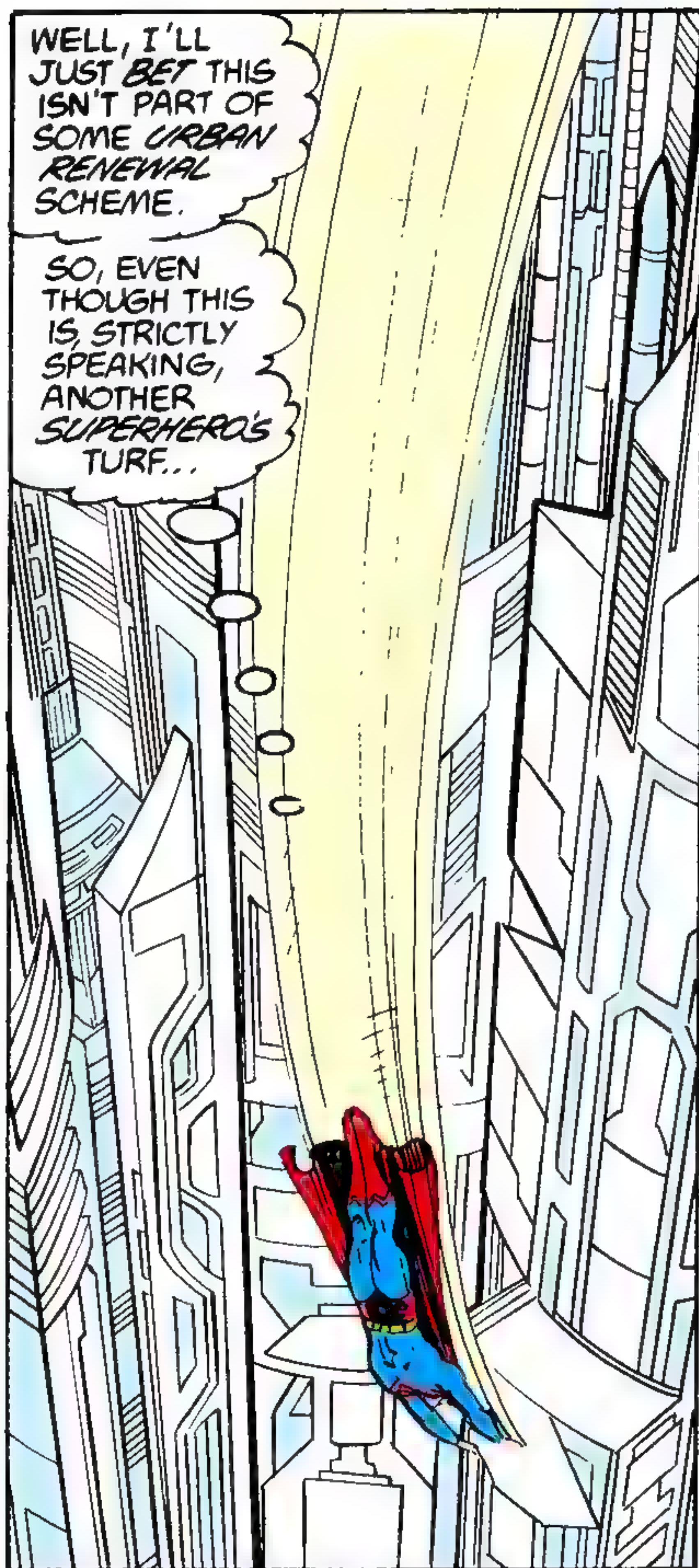
THIS MYSTIC
ARTIFACT IS NOT
STRONG ENOUGH
TO PIERCE A
DEMON'S HIDE!!

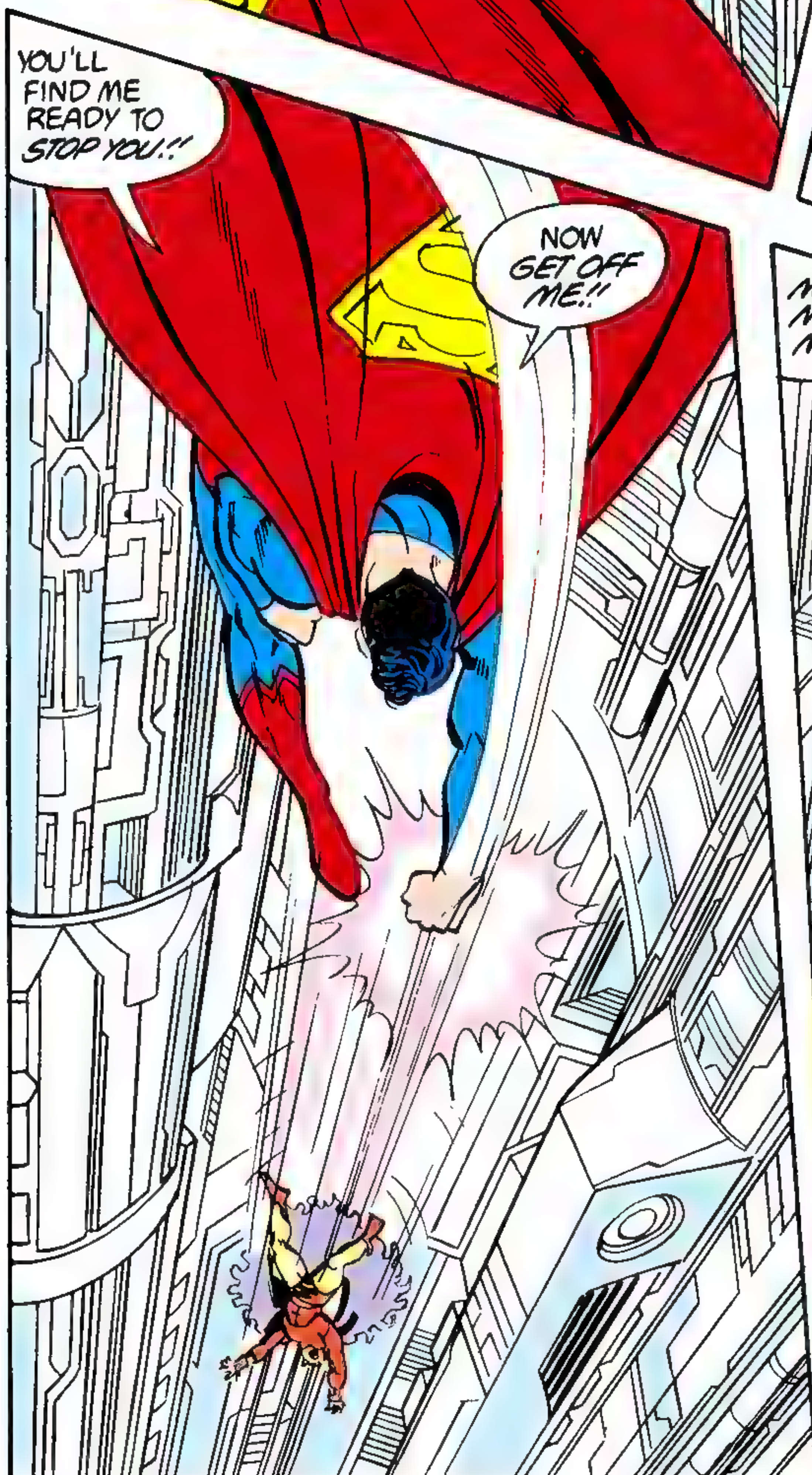
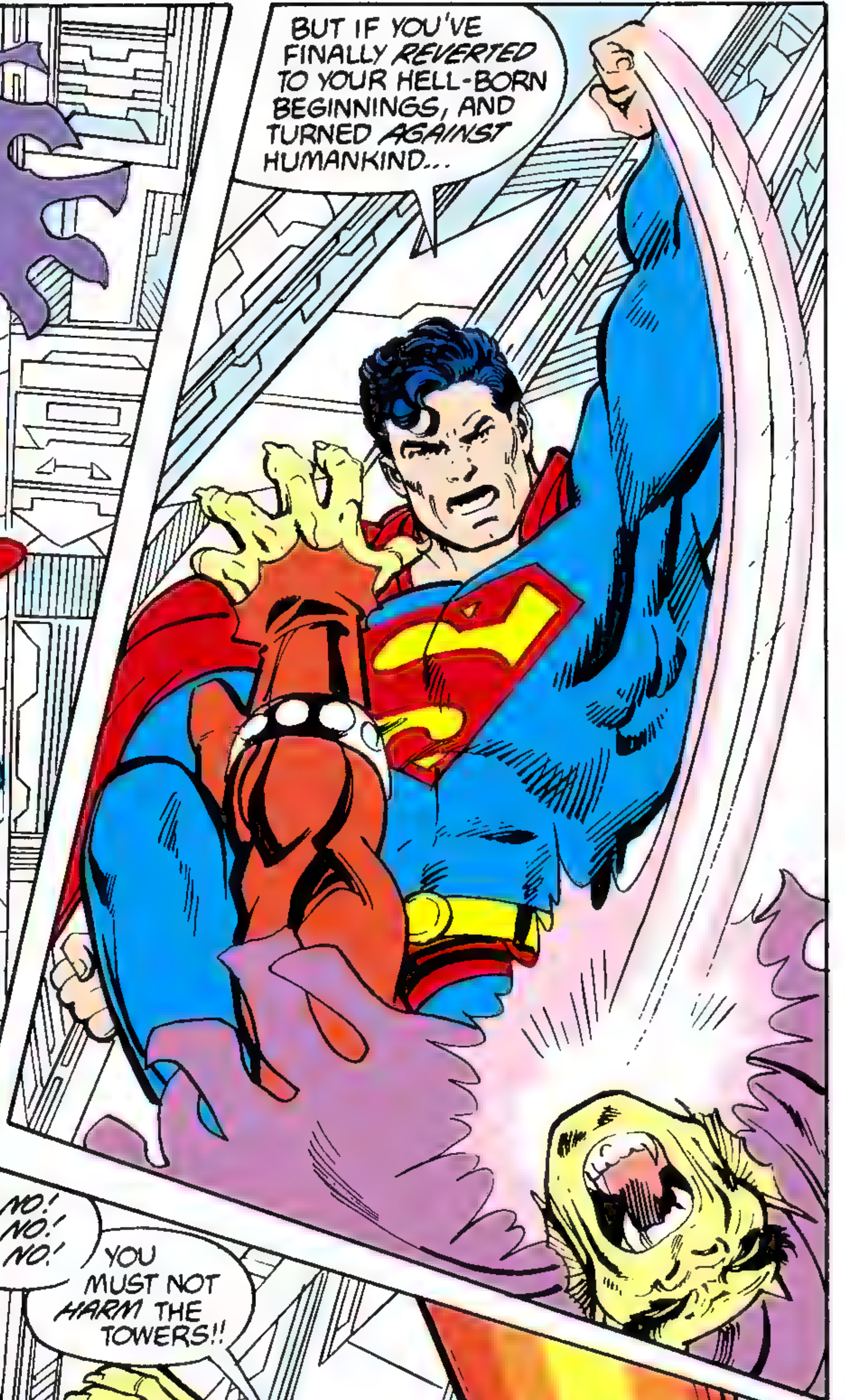
BUT THE
FRIENDS OF
MY OTHER
SELF ARE STILL
ITS HELPLESS
VICTIMS!

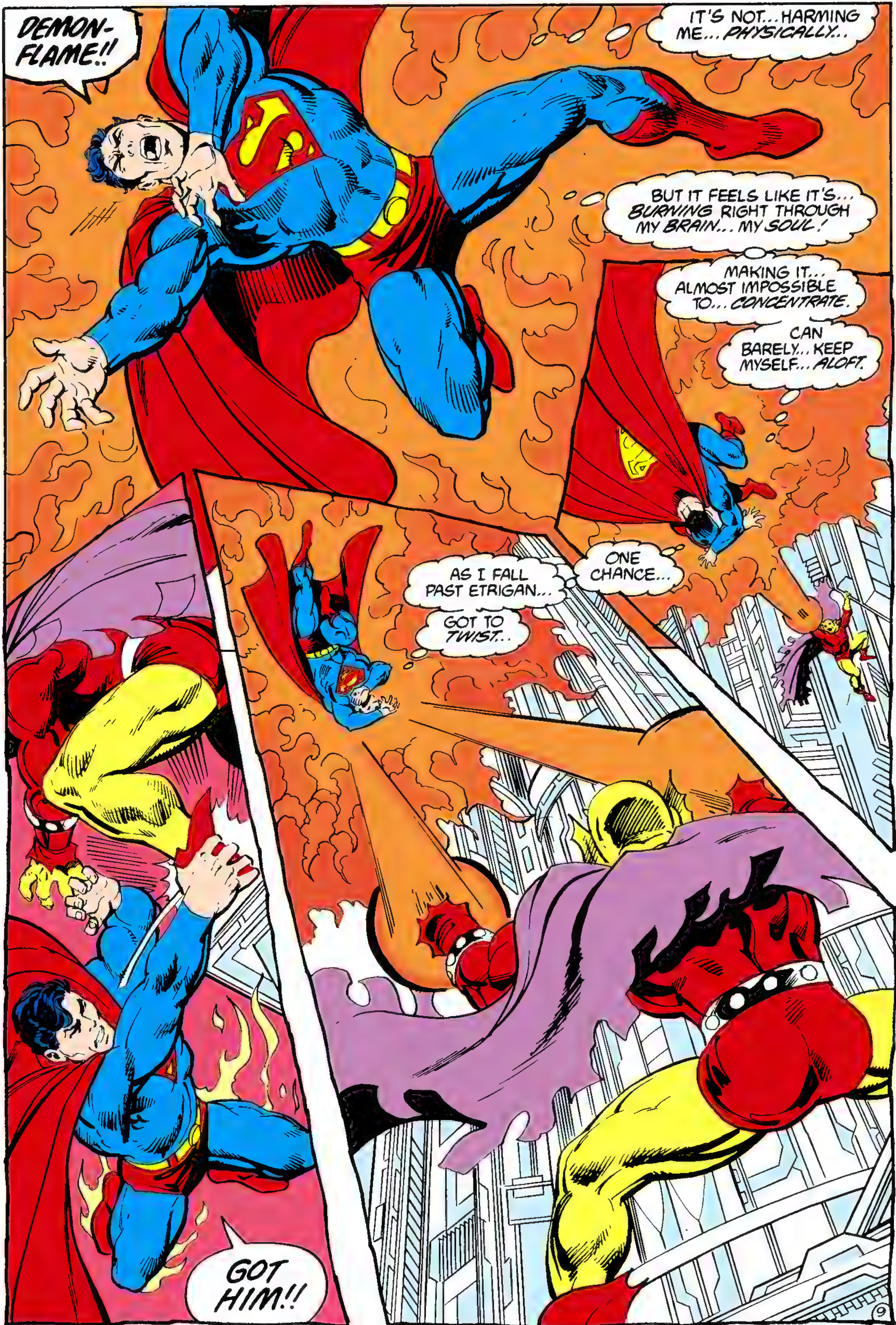
ETRIGAN
MUST FIND A WAY
TO SAVE THEM!!











DEMON-
FLAME!!

IT'S NOT... HARMING
ME... PHYSICALLY...

BUT IT FEELS LIKE IT'S...
BURNING RIGHT THROUGH
MY BRAIN... MY SOUL!

MAKING IT...
ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE
TO... CONCENTRATE.

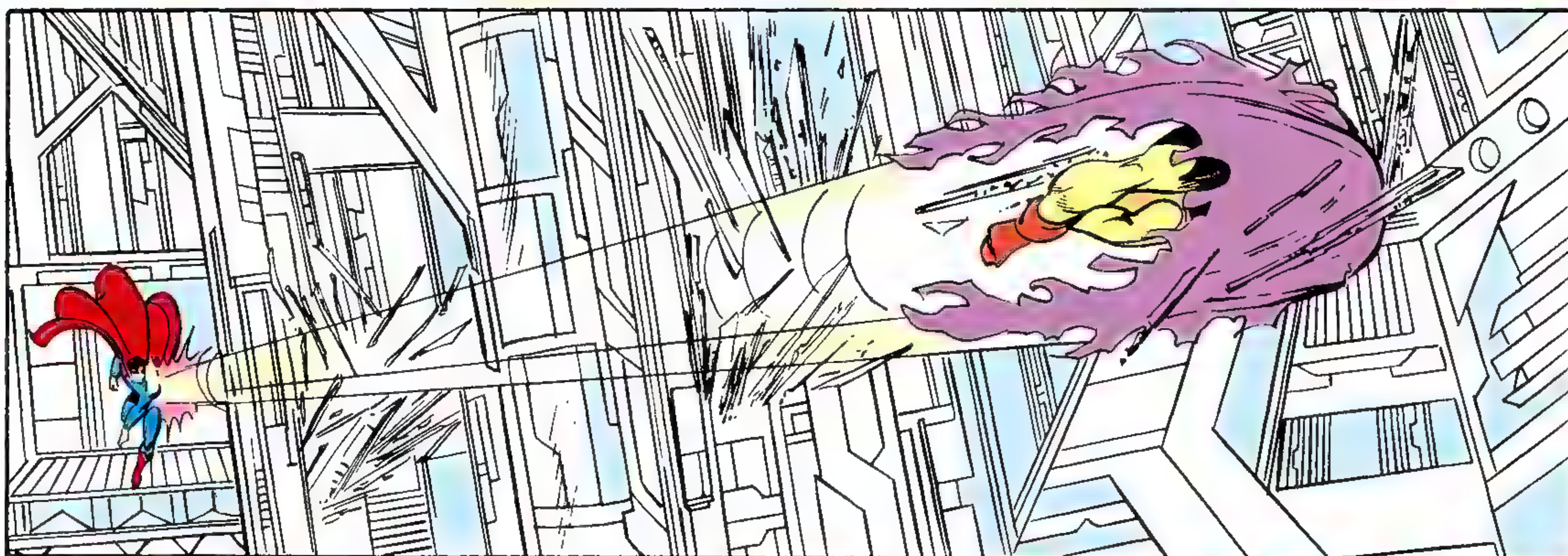
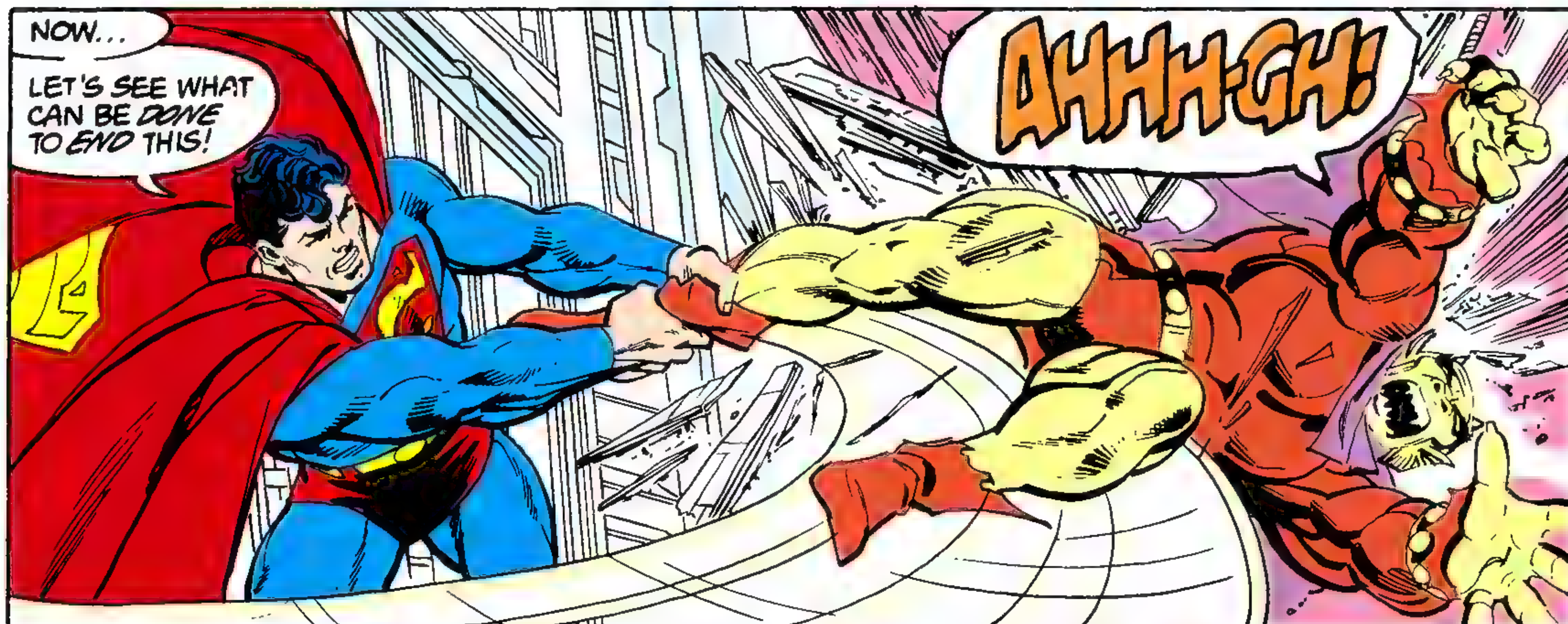
CAN
BARELY... KEEP
MYSELF... ALOFT.

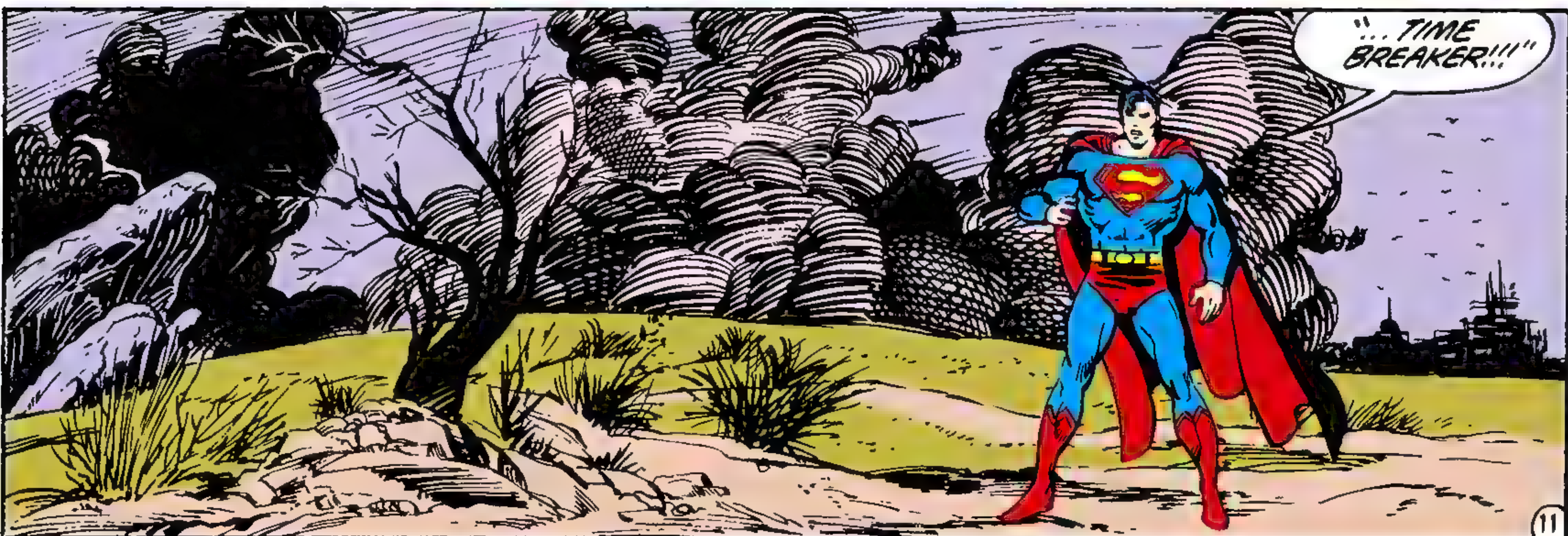
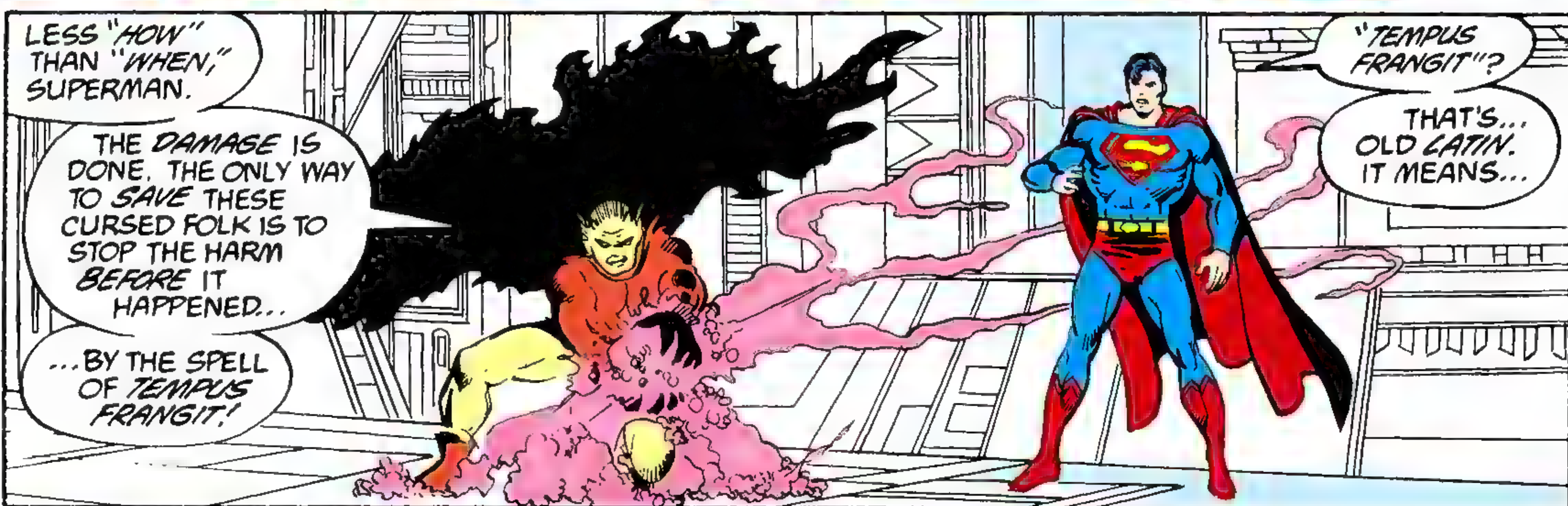
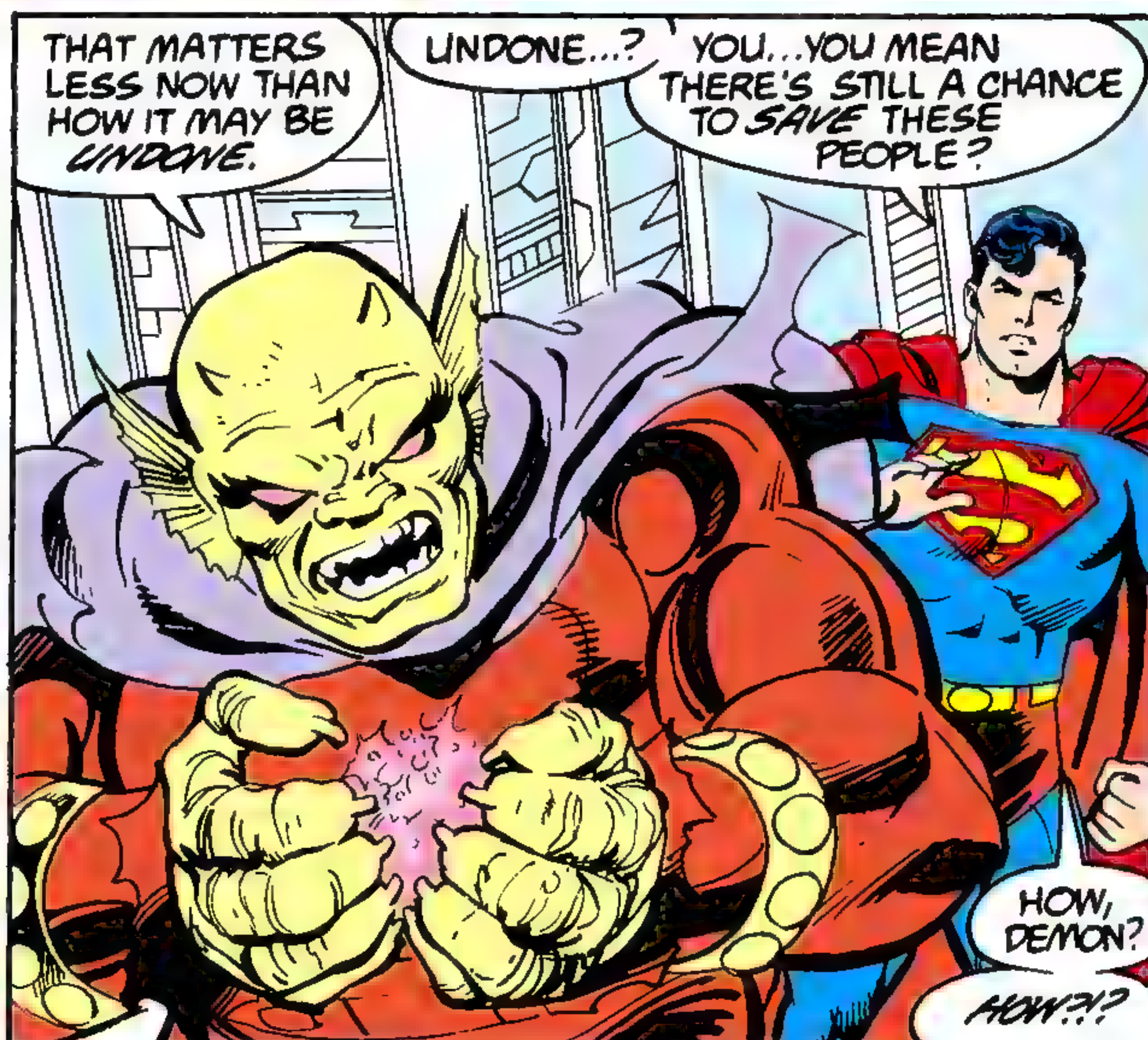
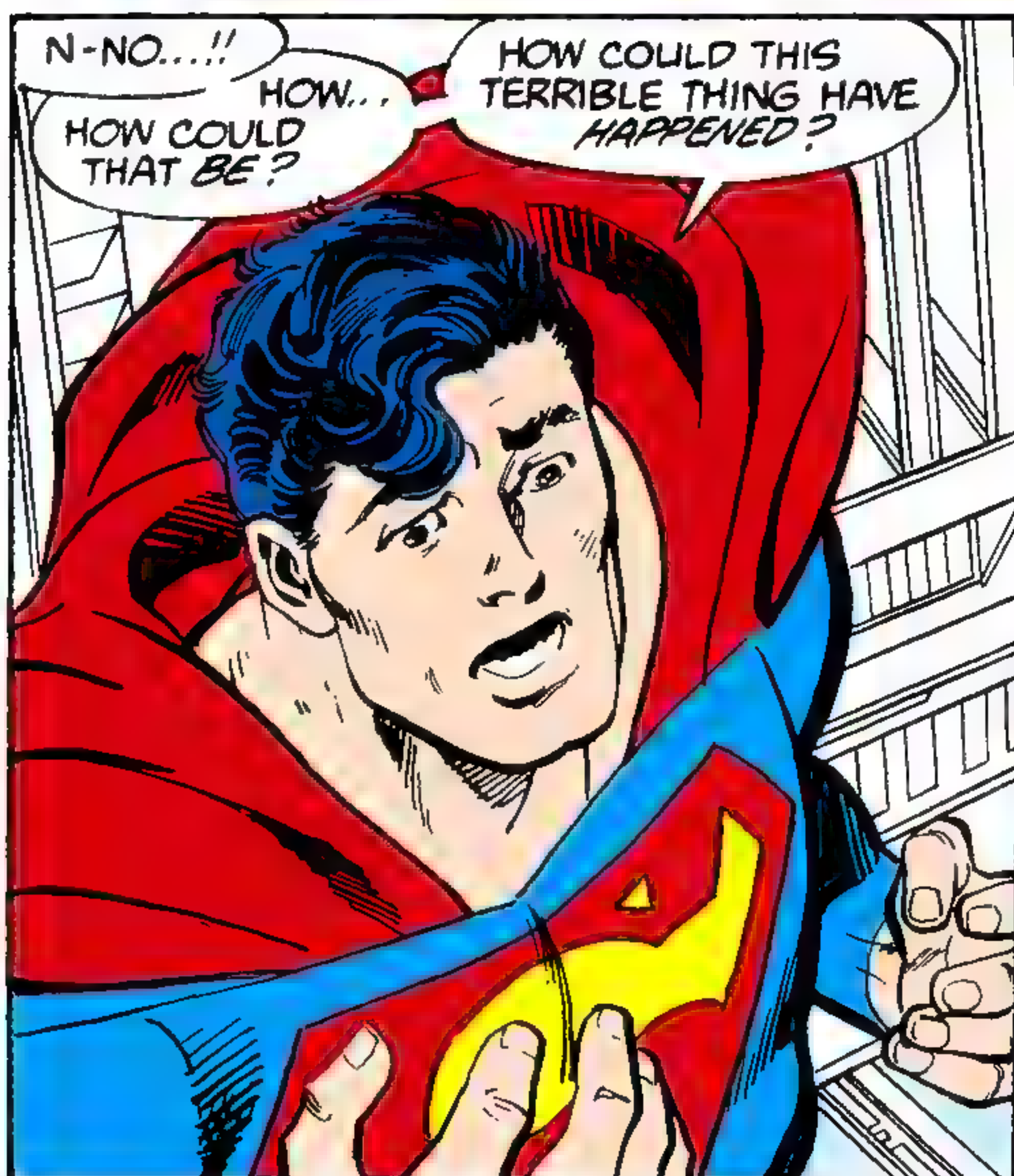
AS I FALL
PAST ETRIGAN...

GOT TO
TWIST...

ONE
CHANCE...

GOT
HIM!!



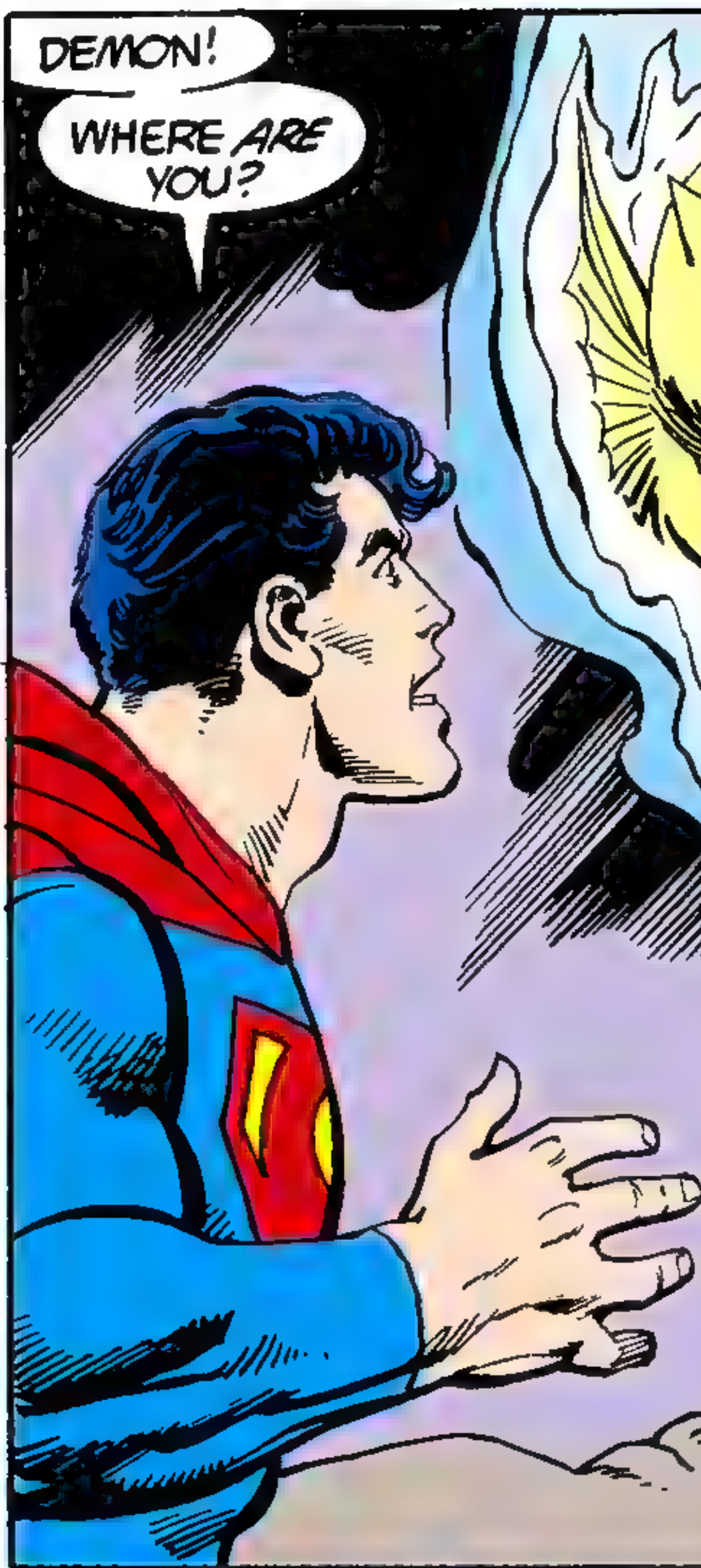




WHAT...

WHERE...
IS THIS
PLACE...??

SUPERMAN!



DEMON!

WHERE ARE
YOU?

I REMAIN
IN THE
TWENTIETH
CENTURY,
SUPERMAN.
I COULD NOT
CROSS MY OWN
TIMELINE,
TO TRAVEL WITH
YOU.

HEAR ME. I HAVE
BUT SECONDS TO SPEAK.

YOU ARE NOW IN THE YEAR
1162 A.D. THAT IS THE SOURCE
OF THE MAGIC WHICH
CREATED THE LIVING TOWERS.

IN YONDER TOWN YOU
WILL FIND THE HELP YOU
NEED TO VANQUISH THIS
EVIL, IF VANQUISHED IT
MAY BE!

SEEK OUT JASON BLOOD,
SUPERMAN. YOU HAVE ONE HOUR BEFORE
THE SPELL I'VE WOVEN BREAKS, AND YOU
RETURN TO THE PRESENT.



JASON BLOOD? BUT...
HE'S A MAN OF MY
OWN TIME--A
RESEARCHER
INTO THE
OCCULT.

HOW CAN
JASON
BLOOD BE...

DEMON?

ETRIGAN!!

HE'S
GONE!



"AND ALL I CAN
DO IS... OBEY HIM!"

BRING OUT
YUR DEAD!

BRING
OUT YUR
DEAD!!

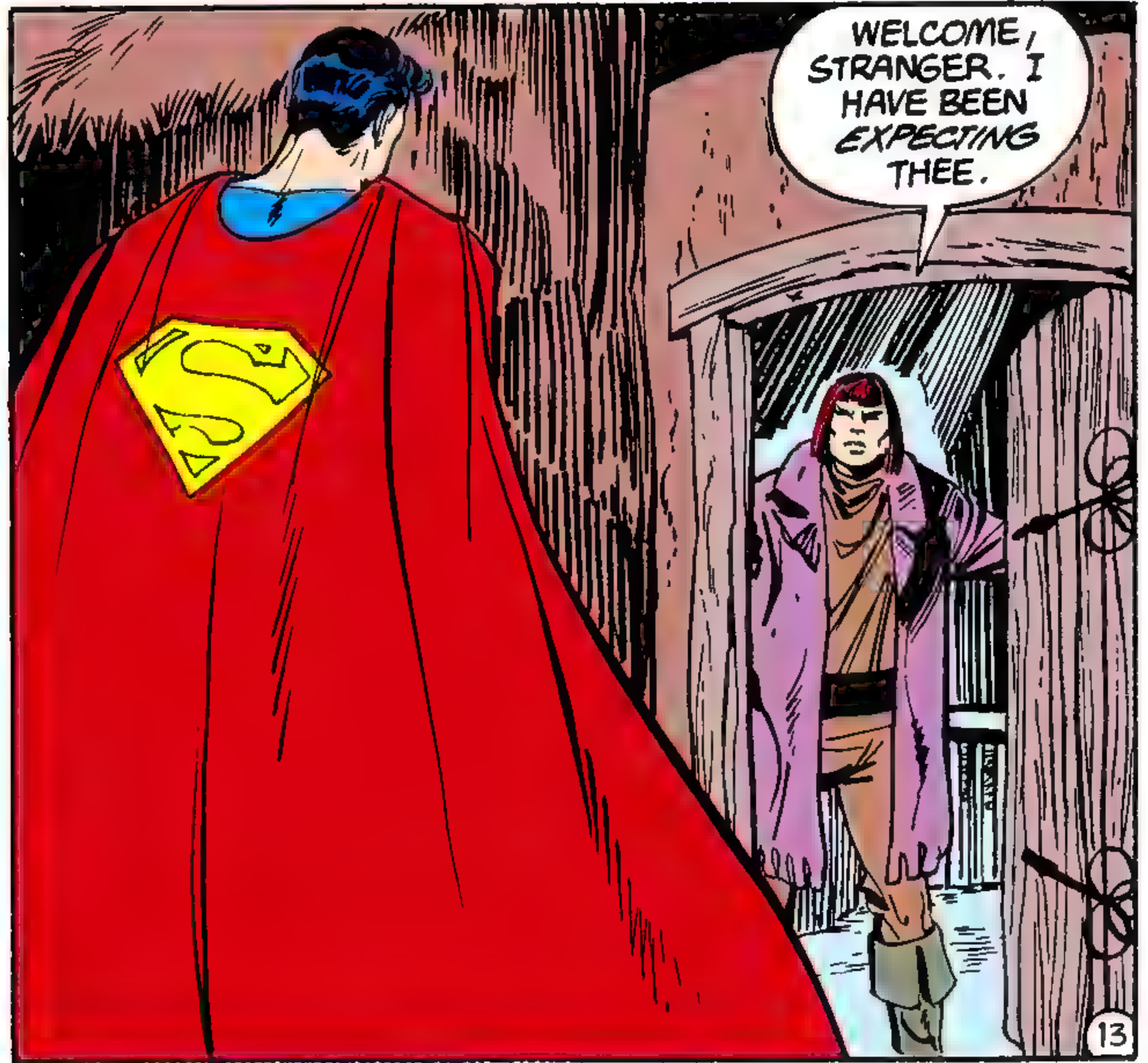
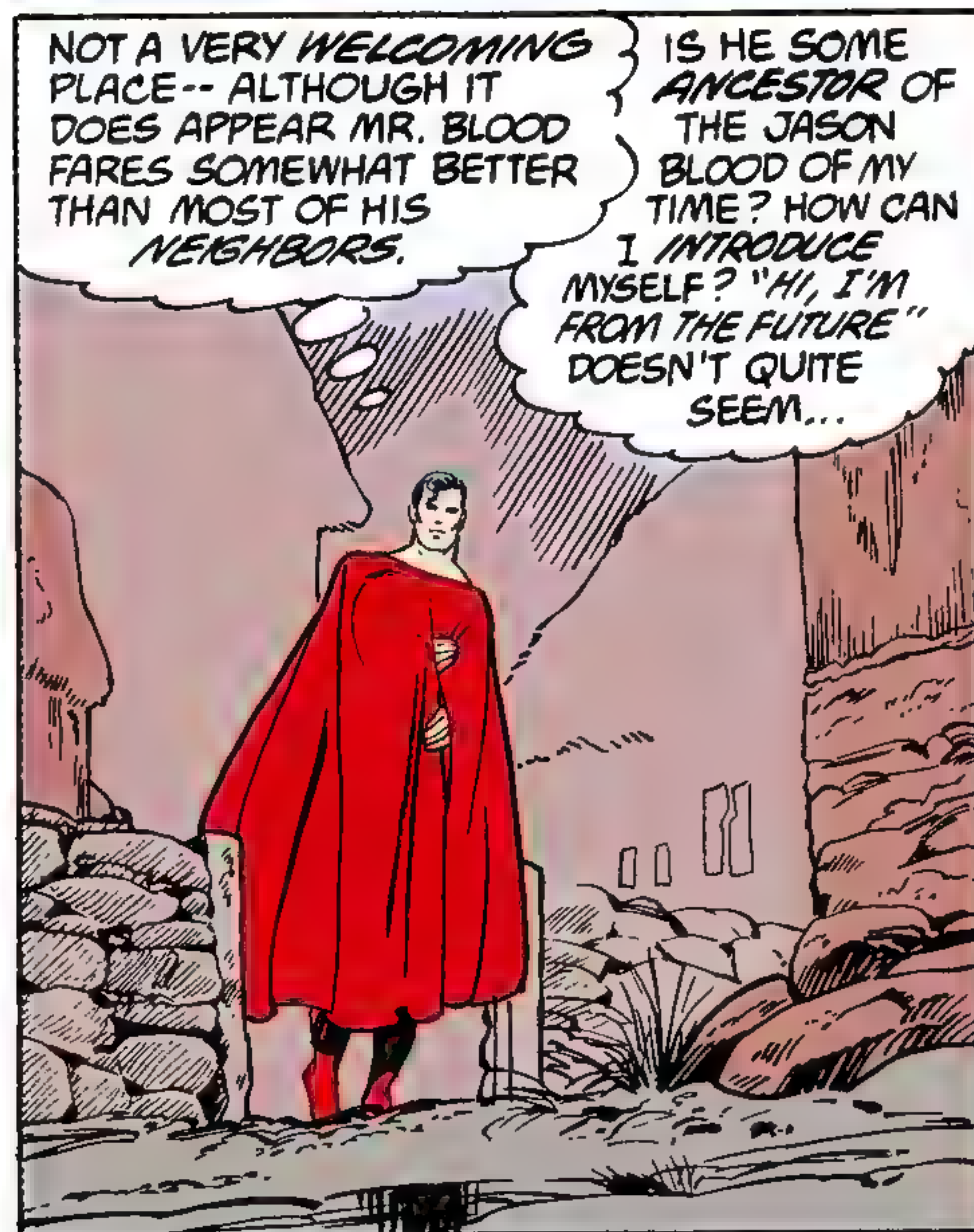
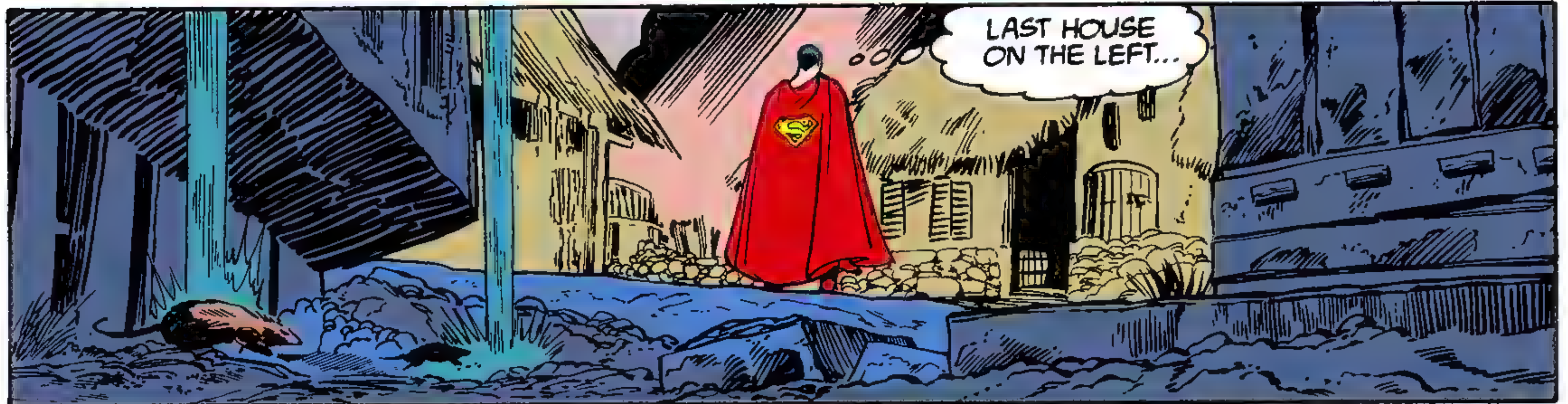
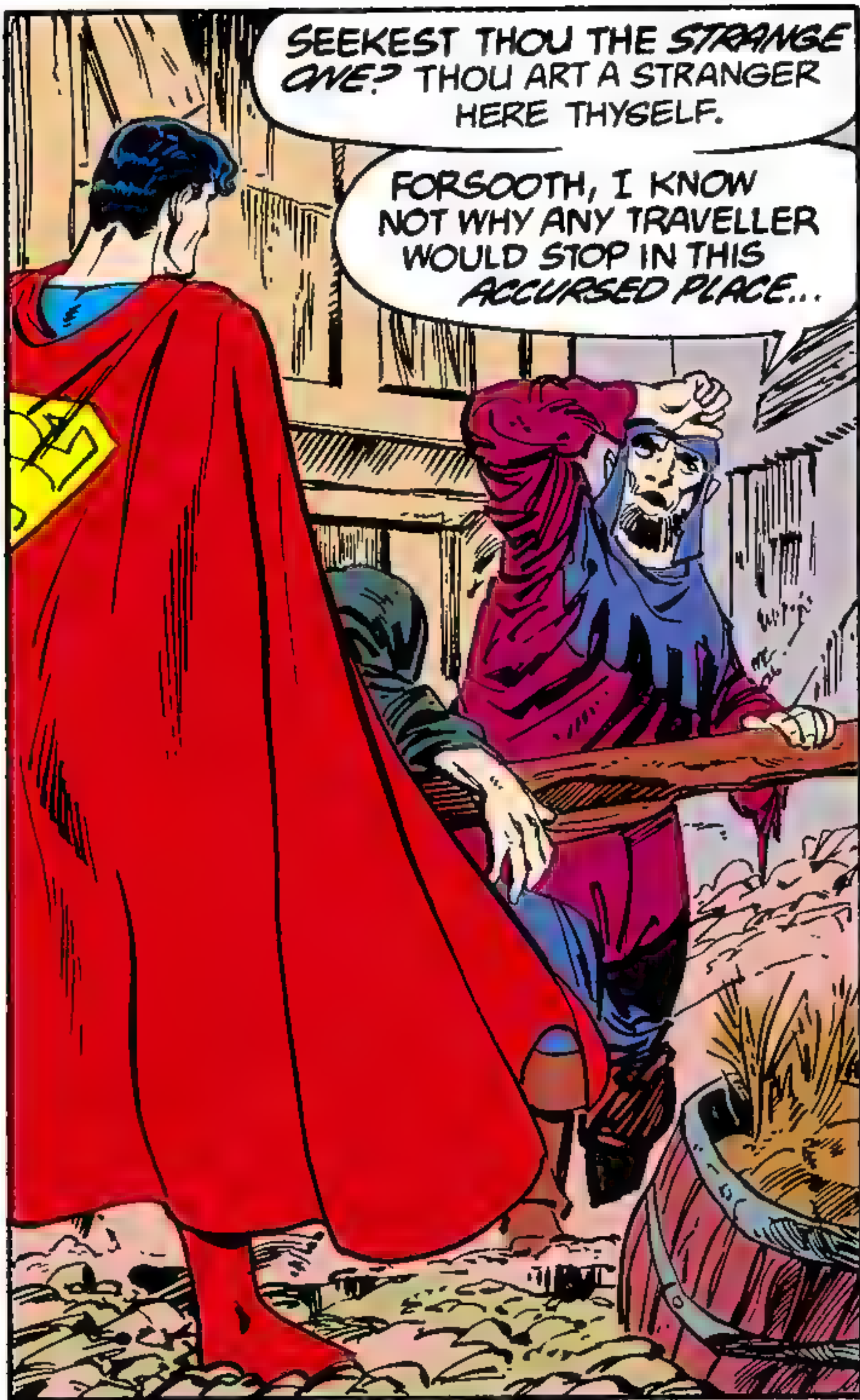


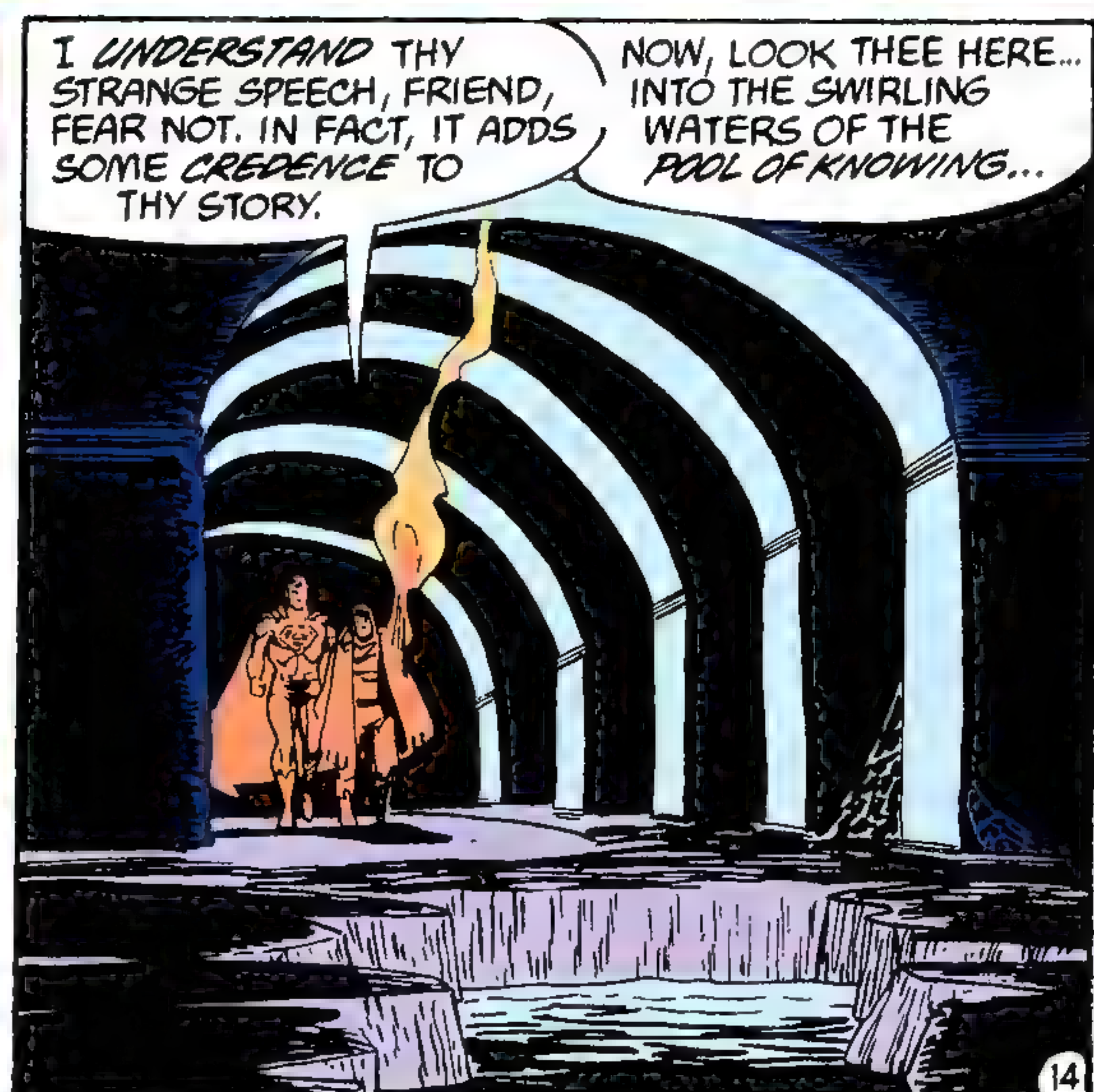
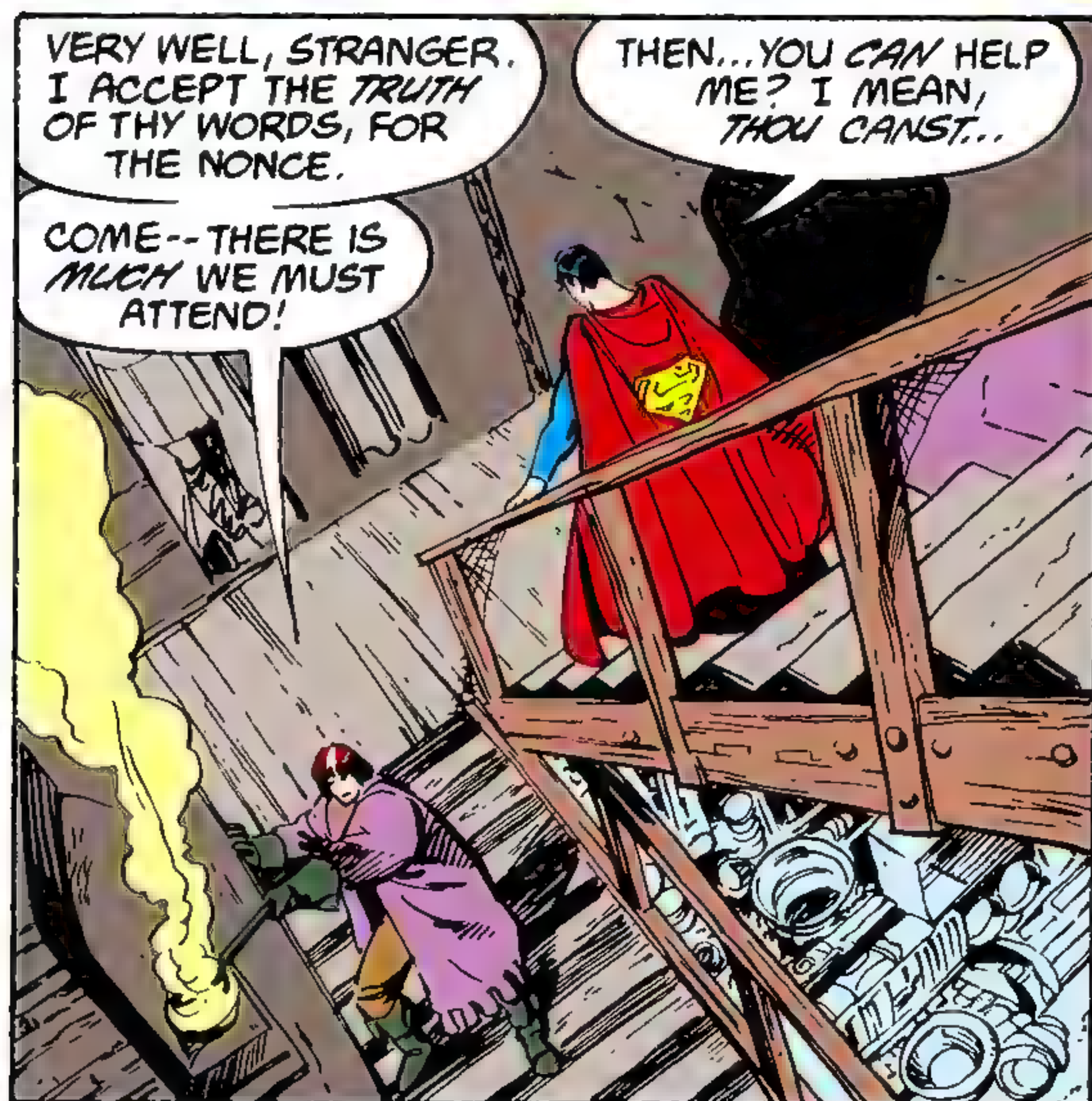
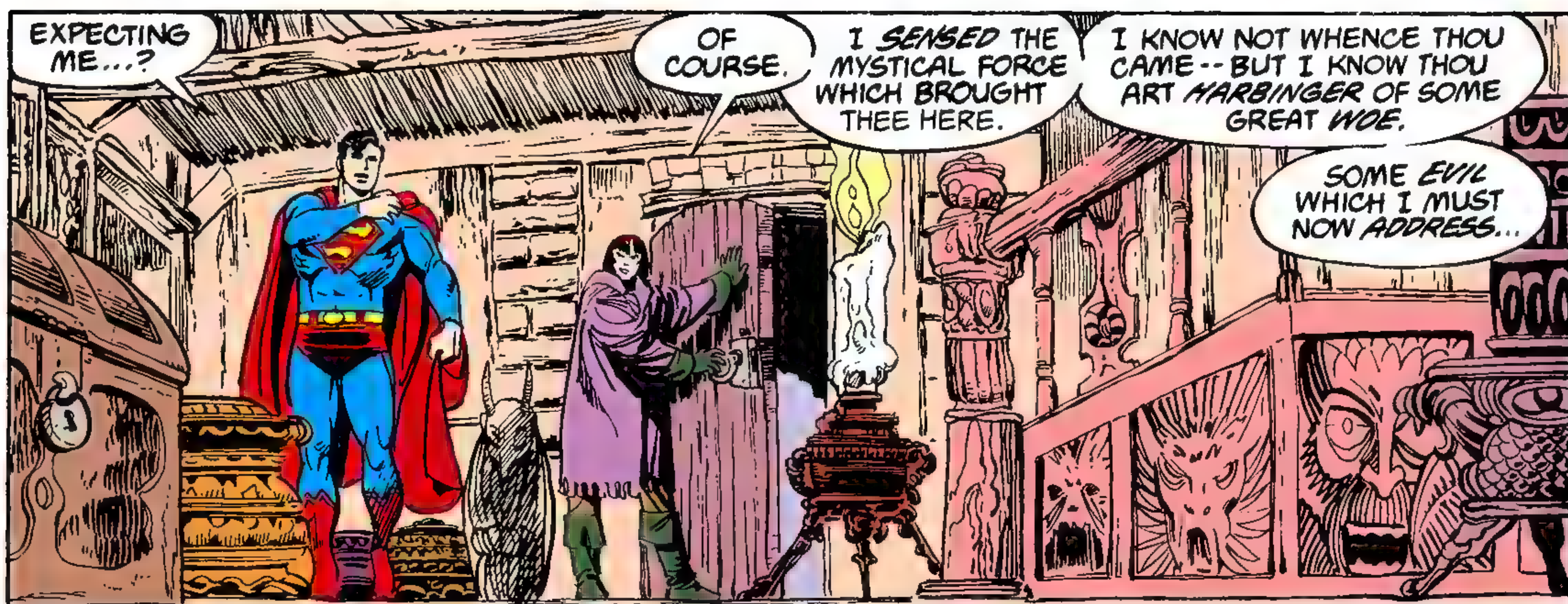
THAT MAN... HE'S COLLECTING
THE BODIES
OF THE VICTIMS OF THE BLACK
PLAGUE!

WHAT HAS ETRIGAN
DROPPED ME INTO??

EXCUSE ME, SIR, DO
YOU KNOW... ER, I
MEAN, KNOWEST THOU
WHERE I MIGHT FIND
A MAN CALLED JASON
BLOOD?

EH?







"POOL OF KNOWING"?

AYE... THESE WATERS FLOW OUT OF A STREAM STRUCK FROM THE VERY LIVING ROCK BY GREAT MERLIN HIMSELF.

IF THERE IS SORCERY AFOOT-- AND WHY ELSE WOULDST THOU HAVE DEALINGS WITH ETRIGAN--

--THE PLACE, AND PERHAPS THE VERY NATURE OF THE EVIL WILL REVEAL ITSELF... THERE!

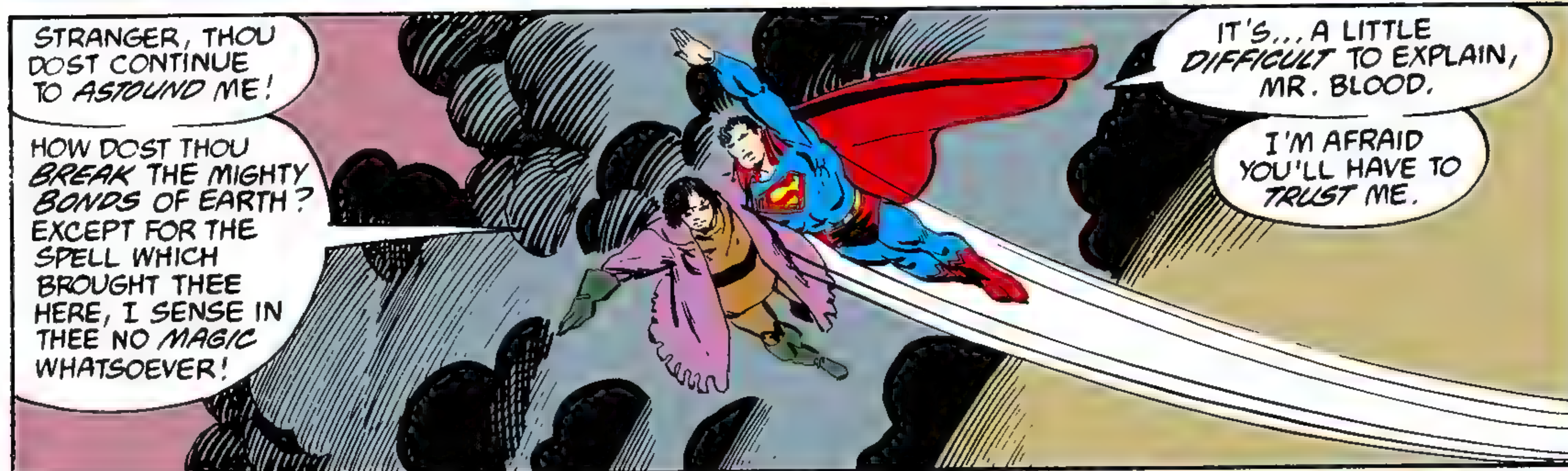
'TIS A SMALL, BUT HIGHLY CONCENTRATED, NEXUS OF EVIL. SHIELDED, SO I MIGHT NOT HAVE NOTICED IT, BUT FOR THY COMING-- 'TIS ALSO TWO HUNDRED LEAGUES FROM HERE.*

'TILL TAKE US DAYS TO REACH IT.

* ONE LEAGUE -- APPROXIMATELY 3 MILES



WELL, NOT NECESSARILY...

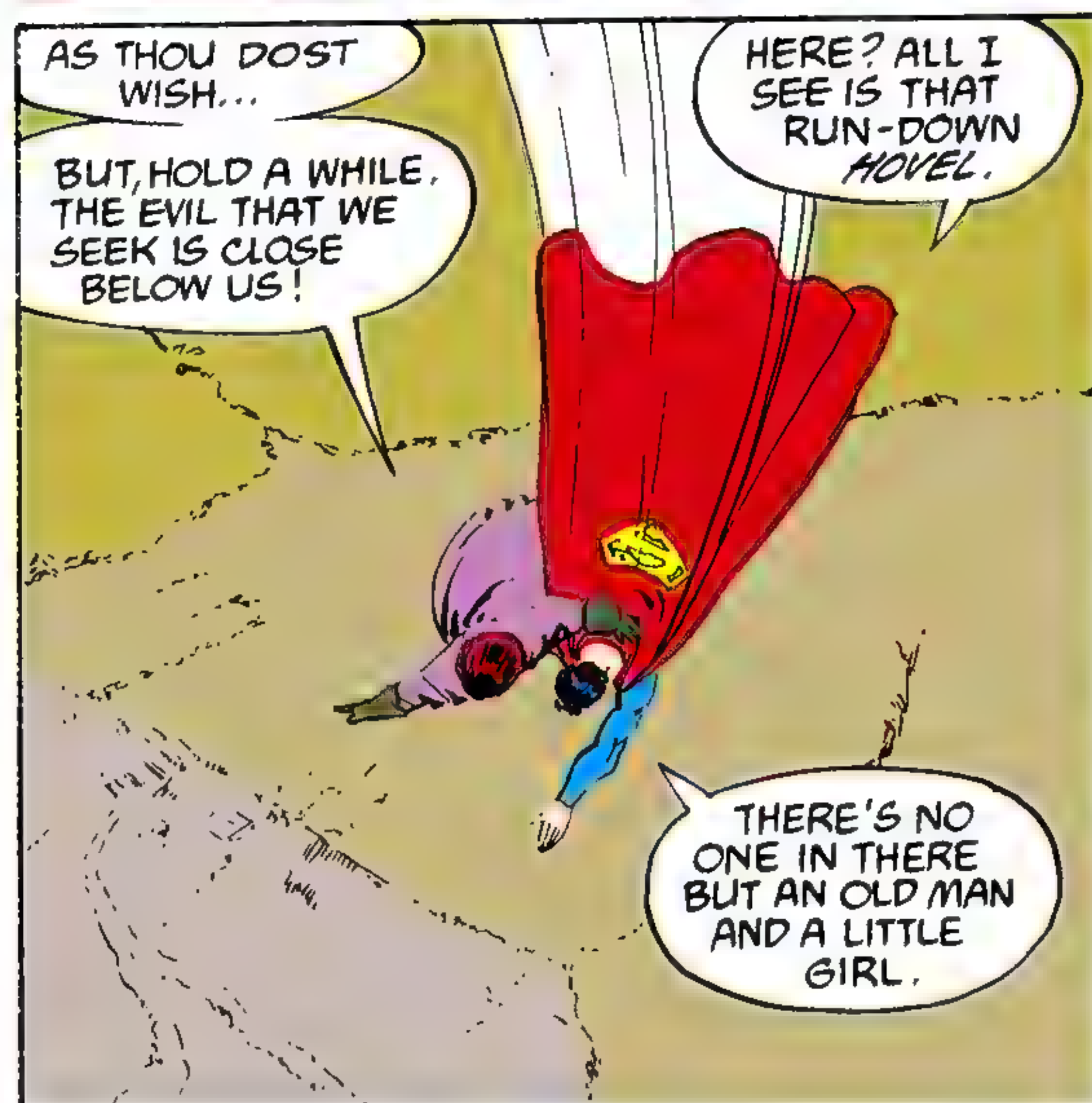


STRANGER, THOU DOST CONTINUE TO ASTOUND ME!

HOW DOST THOU BREAK THE MIGHTY BONDS OF EARTH? EXCEPT FOR THE SPELL WHICH BROUGHT THEE HERE, I SENSE IN THEE NO MAGIC WHATSOEVER!

IT'S... A LITTLE DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN, MR. BLOOD.

I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO TRUST ME.



AS THOU DOST WISH...

BUT, HOLD A WHILE. THE EVIL THAT WE SEEK IS CLOSE BELOW US!

HERE? ALL I SEE IS THAT RUN-DOWN MOVEL.

THERE'S NO ONE IN THERE BUT AN OLD MAN AND A LITTLE GIRL.



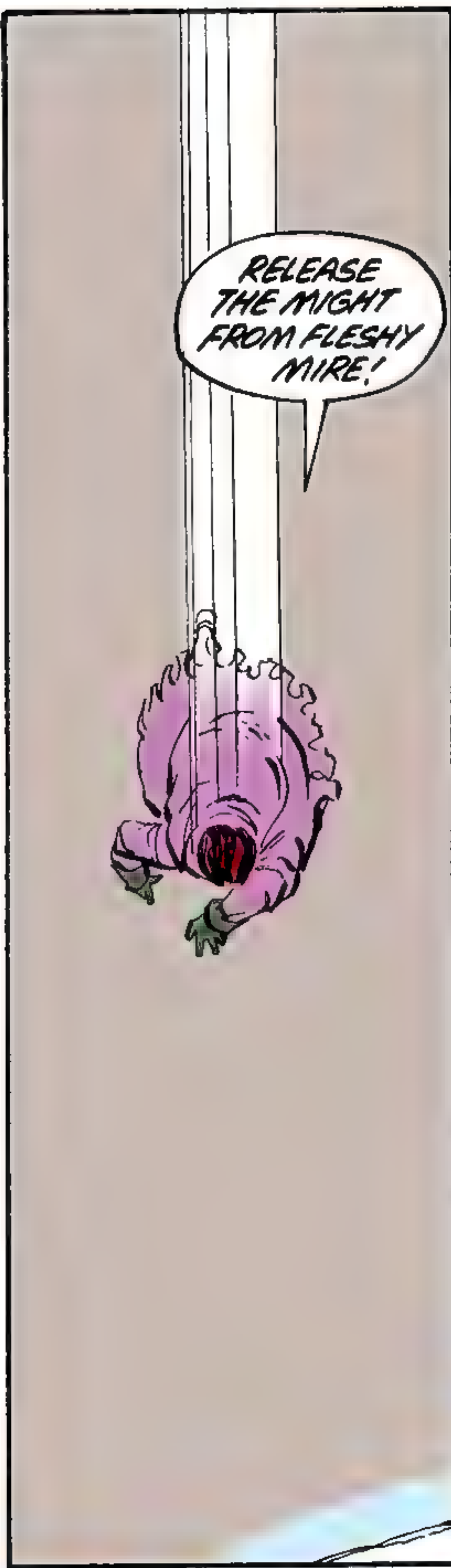
THINE EYES ARE KEEN, FRIEND. BUT THEY ARE MERELY MORTAL EYES. JASON BLOOD SEES MORE.

HEY!!

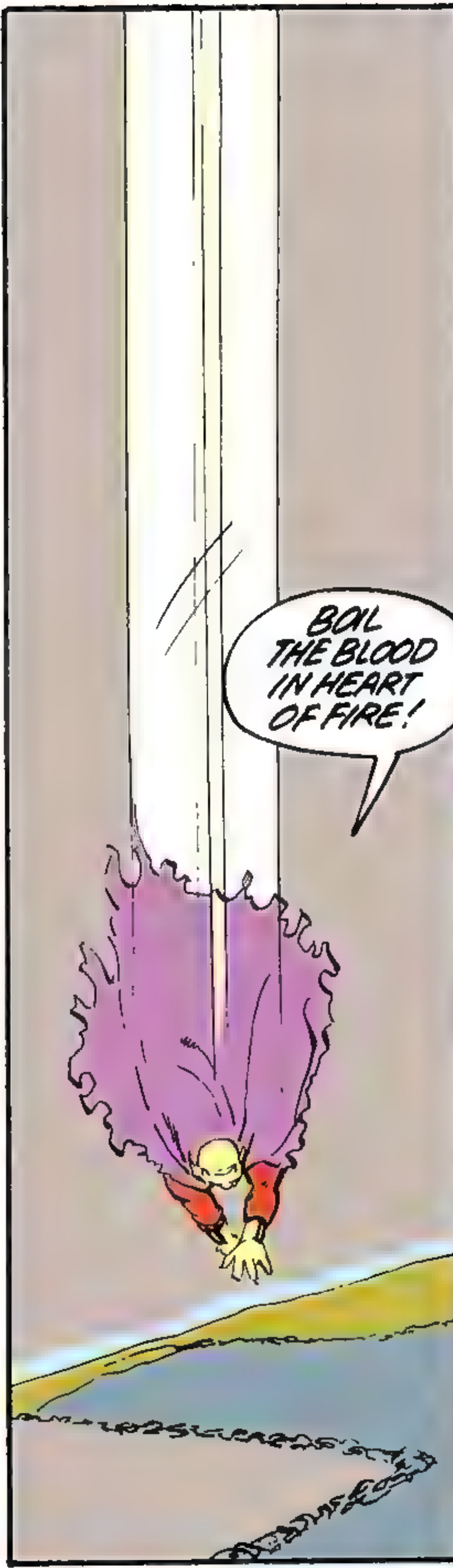


WORRY NOT,
STRANGER...

CHANGE,
CHANGE,
O FORM
OF MAN!



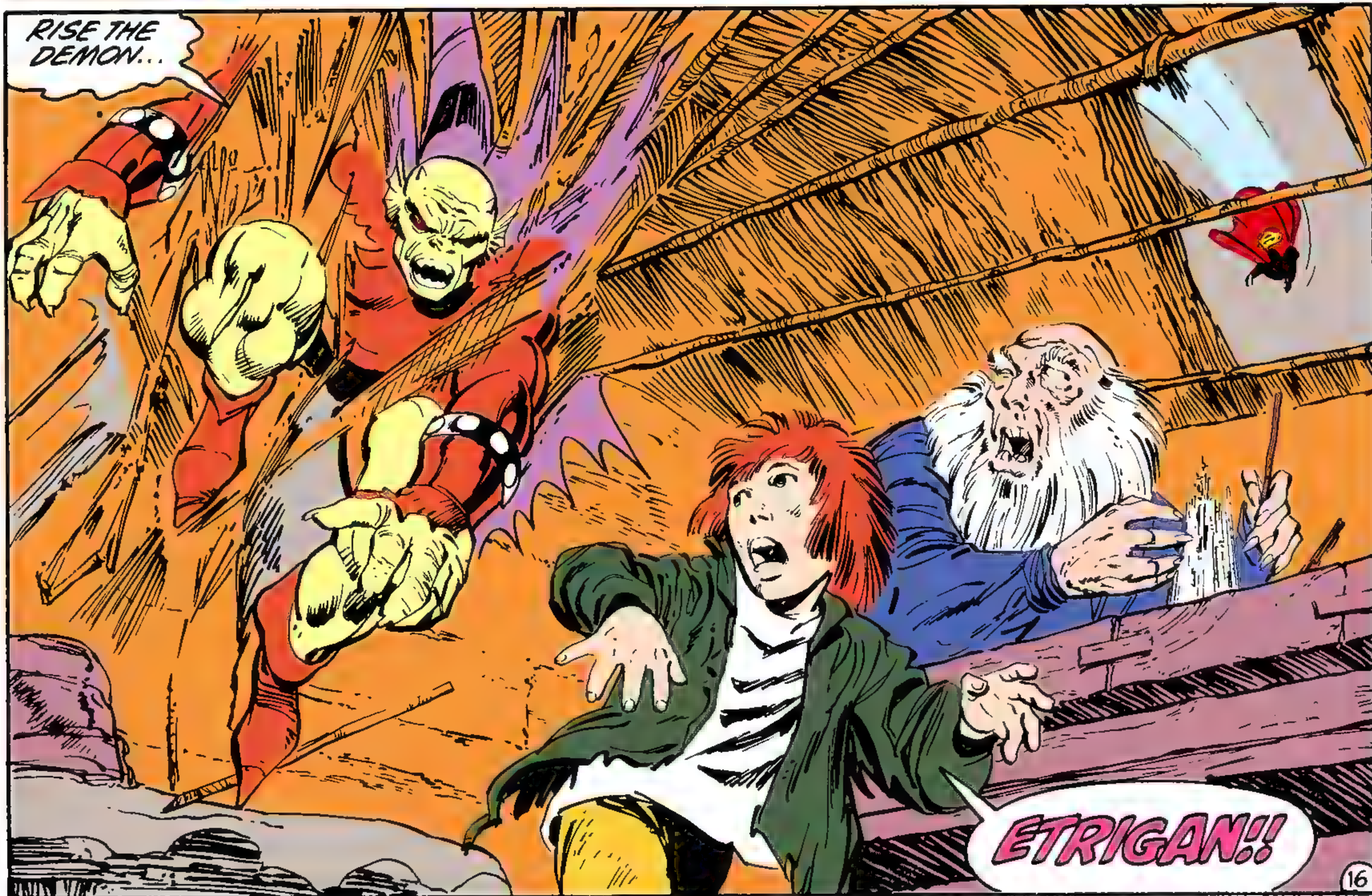
RELEASE
THE MIGHT
FROM FLESHY
MIRE!



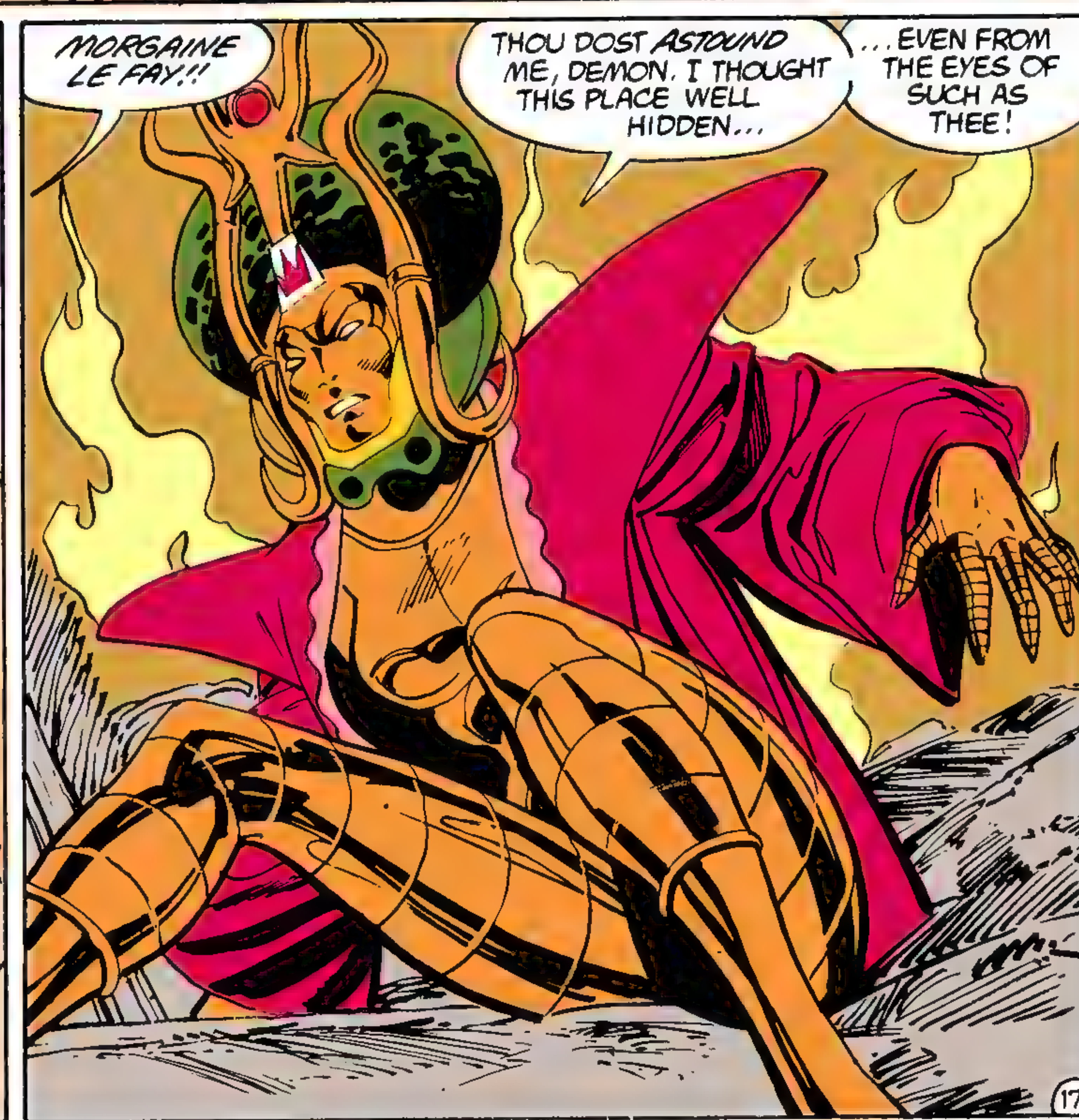
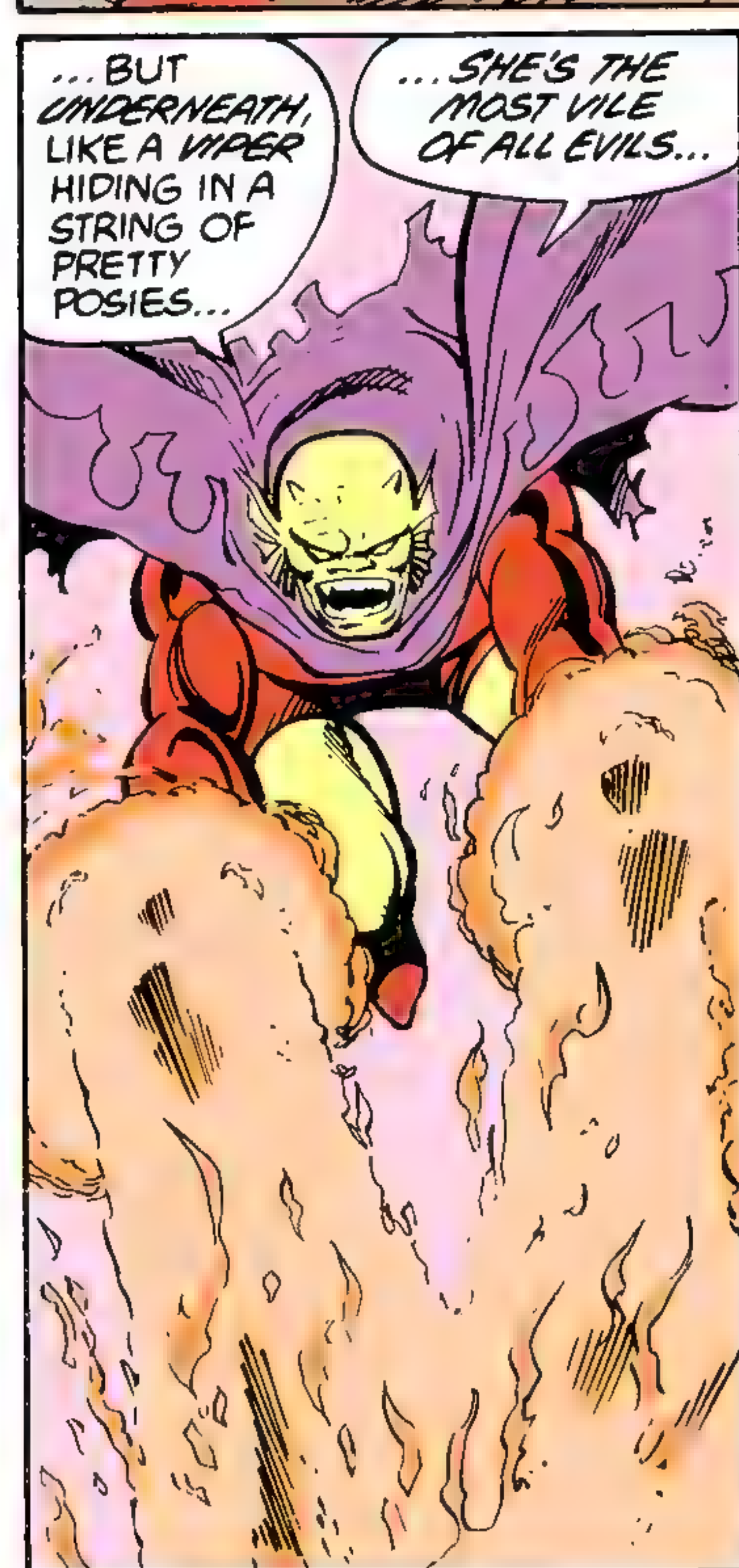
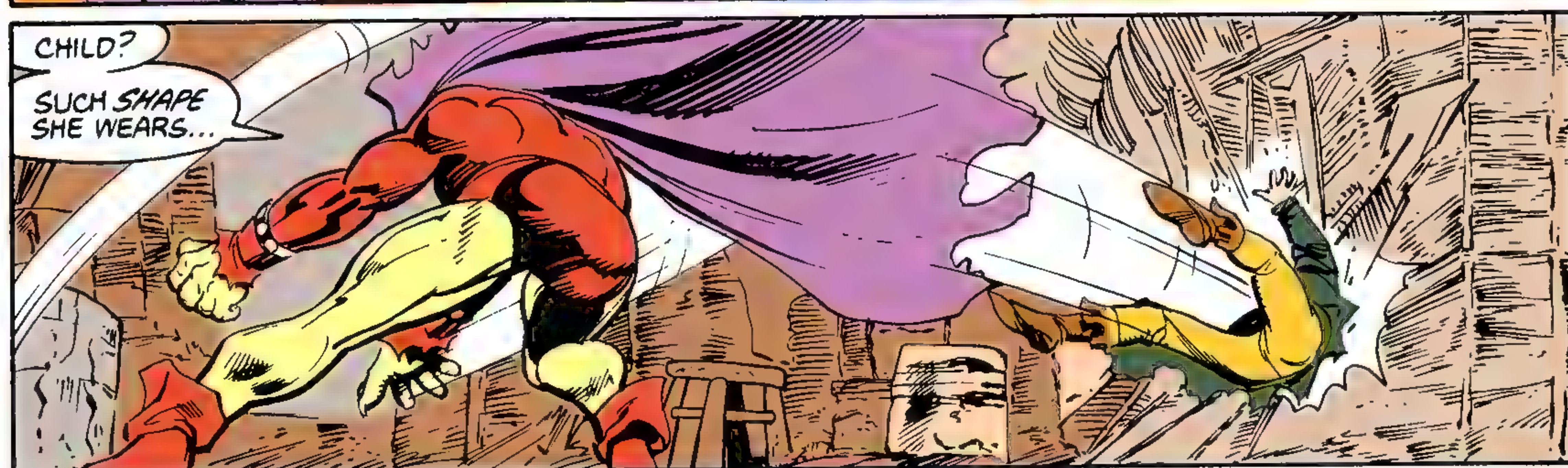
BOIL
THE BLOOD
IN HEART
OF FIRE!

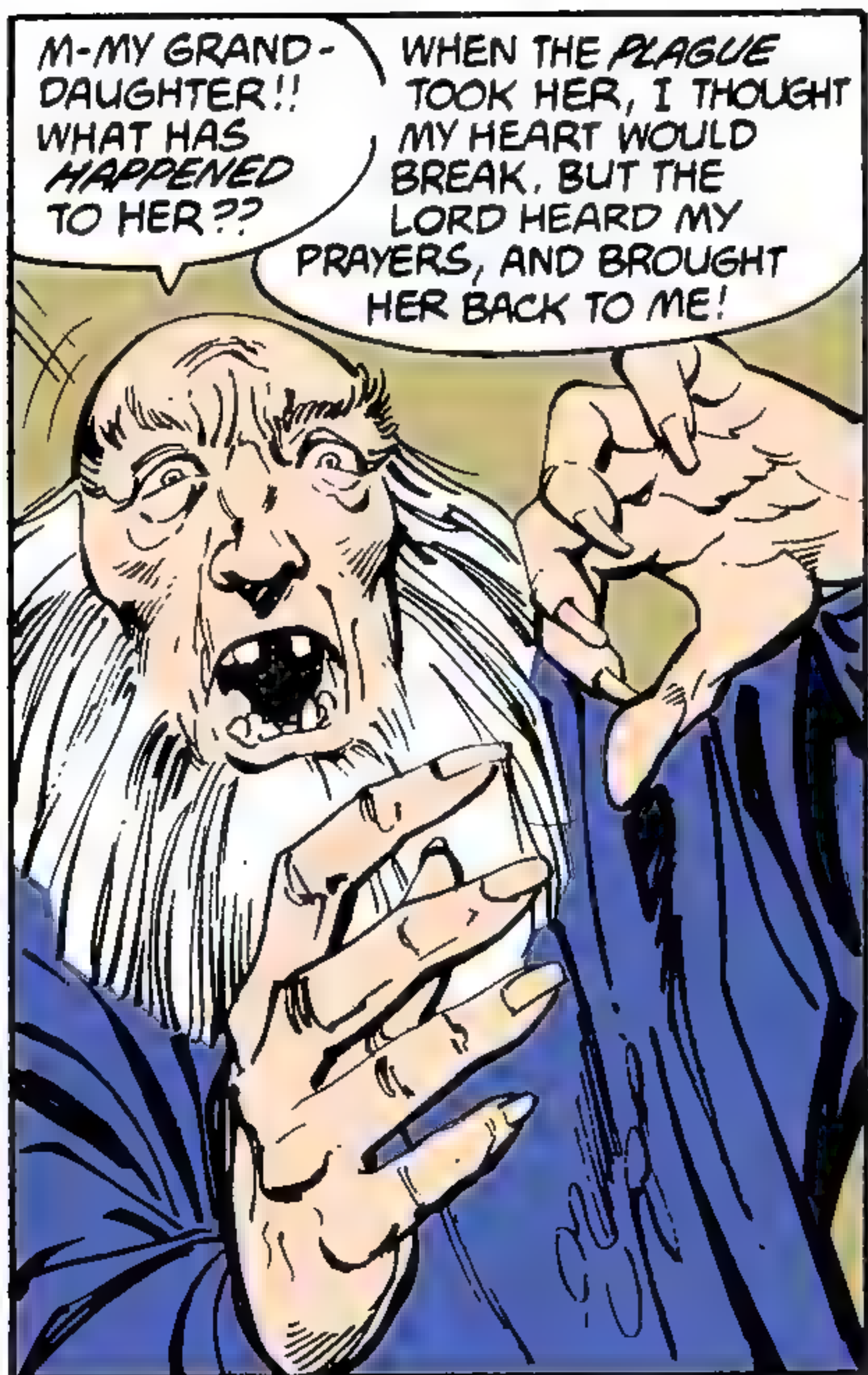


GONE,
GONE, THE
FORM OF
MAN...



ETRIGAN!!





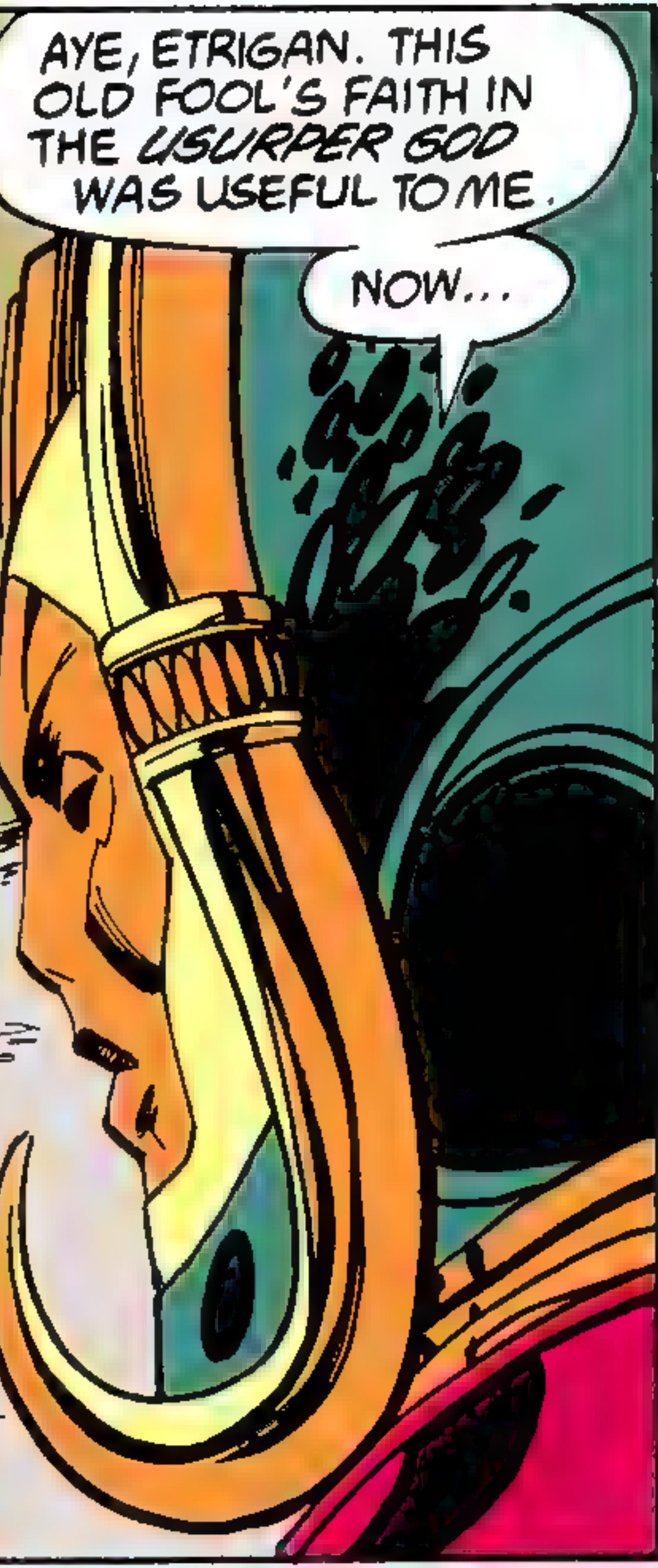
M-MY GRAND-DAUGHTER!! WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HER??

WHEN THE *PLAGUE* TOOK HER, I THOUGHT MY HEART WOULD BREAK. BUT THE LORD HEARD MY PRAYERS, AND BROUGHT HER BACK TO ME!



THOU HAST BEEN CRUELLY USED, OLD FATHER.

LIKE MANY A DEVIL, MORGAINE LE FAY CAN QUOTE THE WORDS OF SCRIPTURE TO HER OWN ENDS.

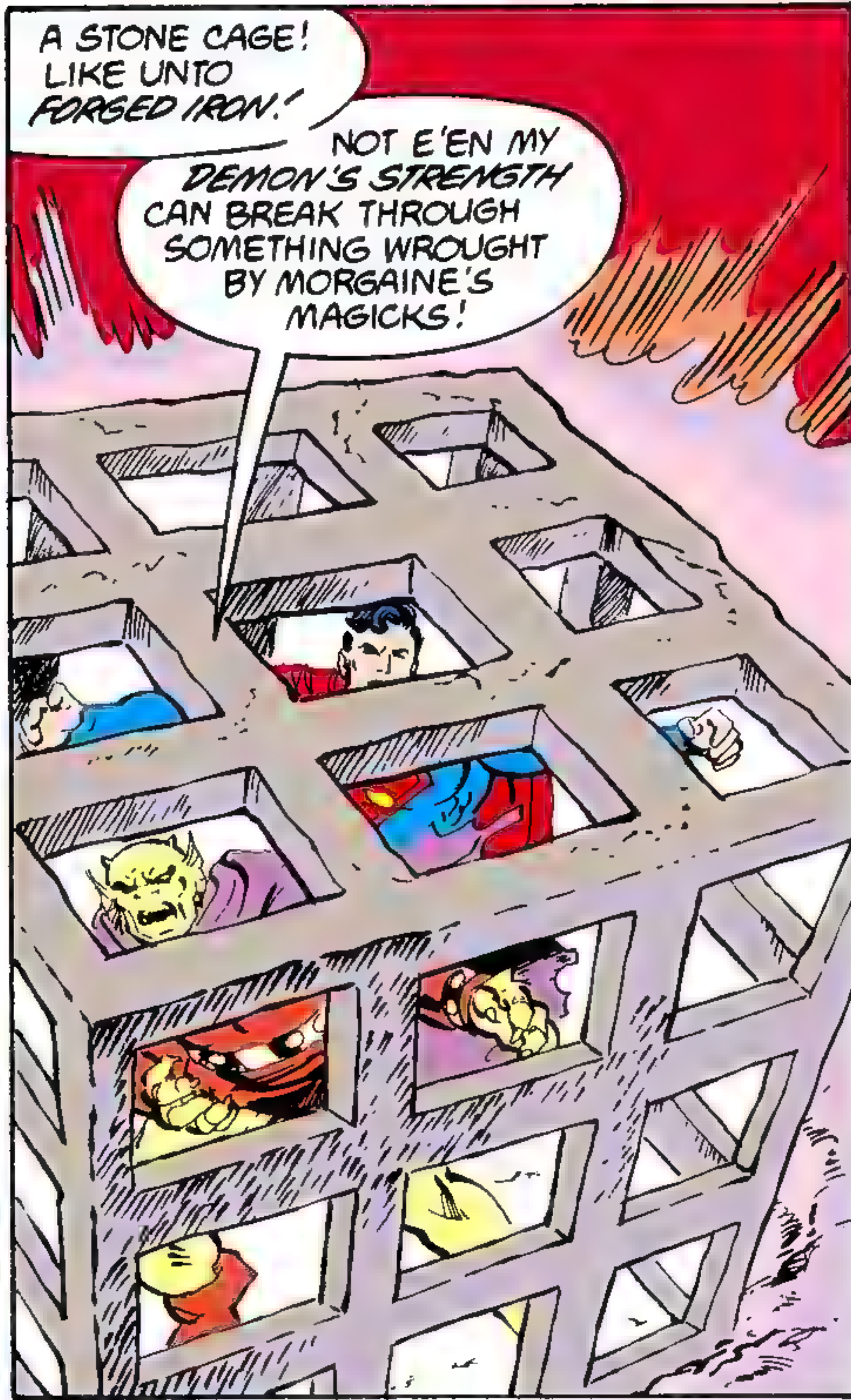


AYE, ETRIGAN. THIS OLD FOOL'S FAITH IN THE USURPER GOD WAS USEFUL TO ME.

NOW...



...NEITHER THEE NOR THY STRANGELY GARBED COMPANION SHALL DISRUPT MY PLAN!



A STONE CAGE! LIKE UNTO FORGED IRON!

NOT E'EN MY DEMON'S STRENGTH CAN BREAK THROUGH SOMETHING WROUGHT BY MORGAINE'S MAGICKS!

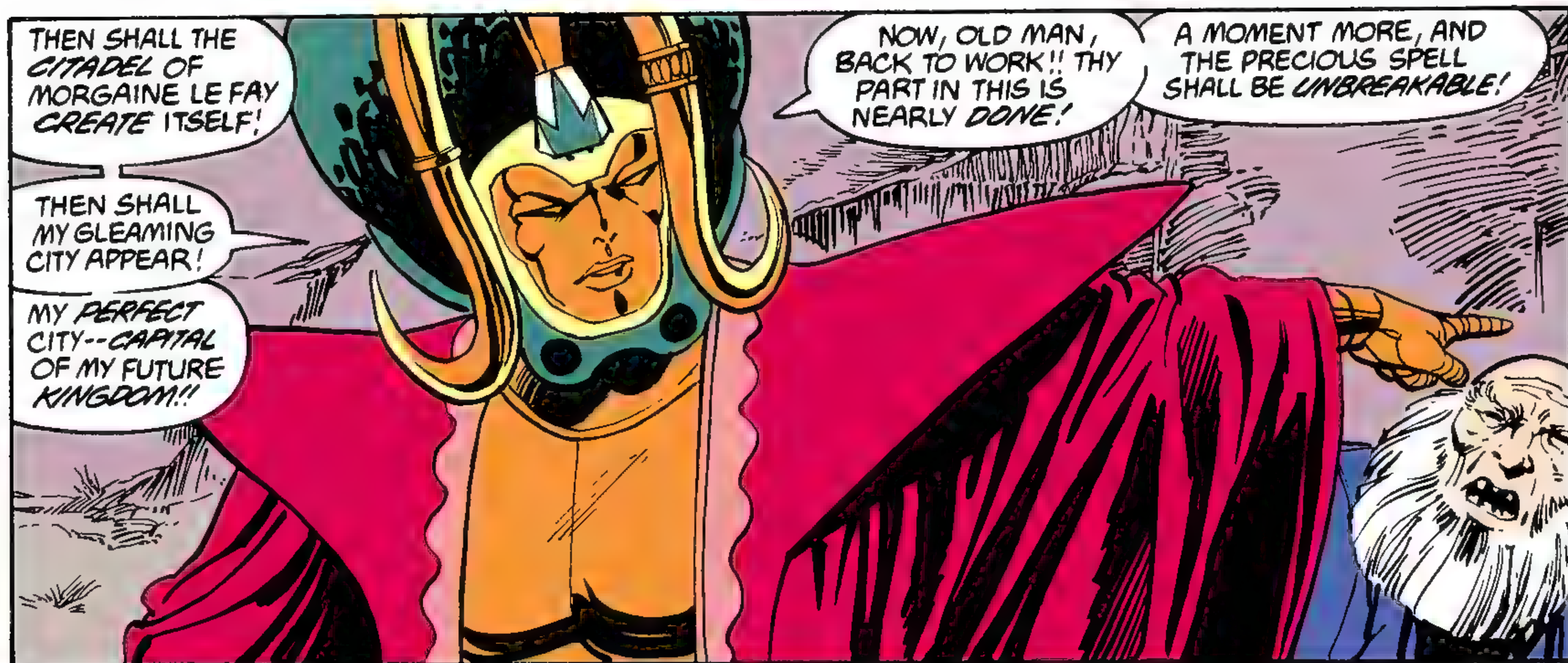


NO, ETRIGAN.

THOU MAY HAVE FOILED ME IN THE PAST, BUT THIS TIME THE PRIZE IS MINE!!

WITH THE PUNY SKILLS OF THIS OLD MORTAL, I WEAVE MY MASTER SPELL!

A SPELL TO LIE ASLEEPING TILL THE WORLD HAS GROWN BEYOND THIS FILTH AND CRAWLING SLIME!



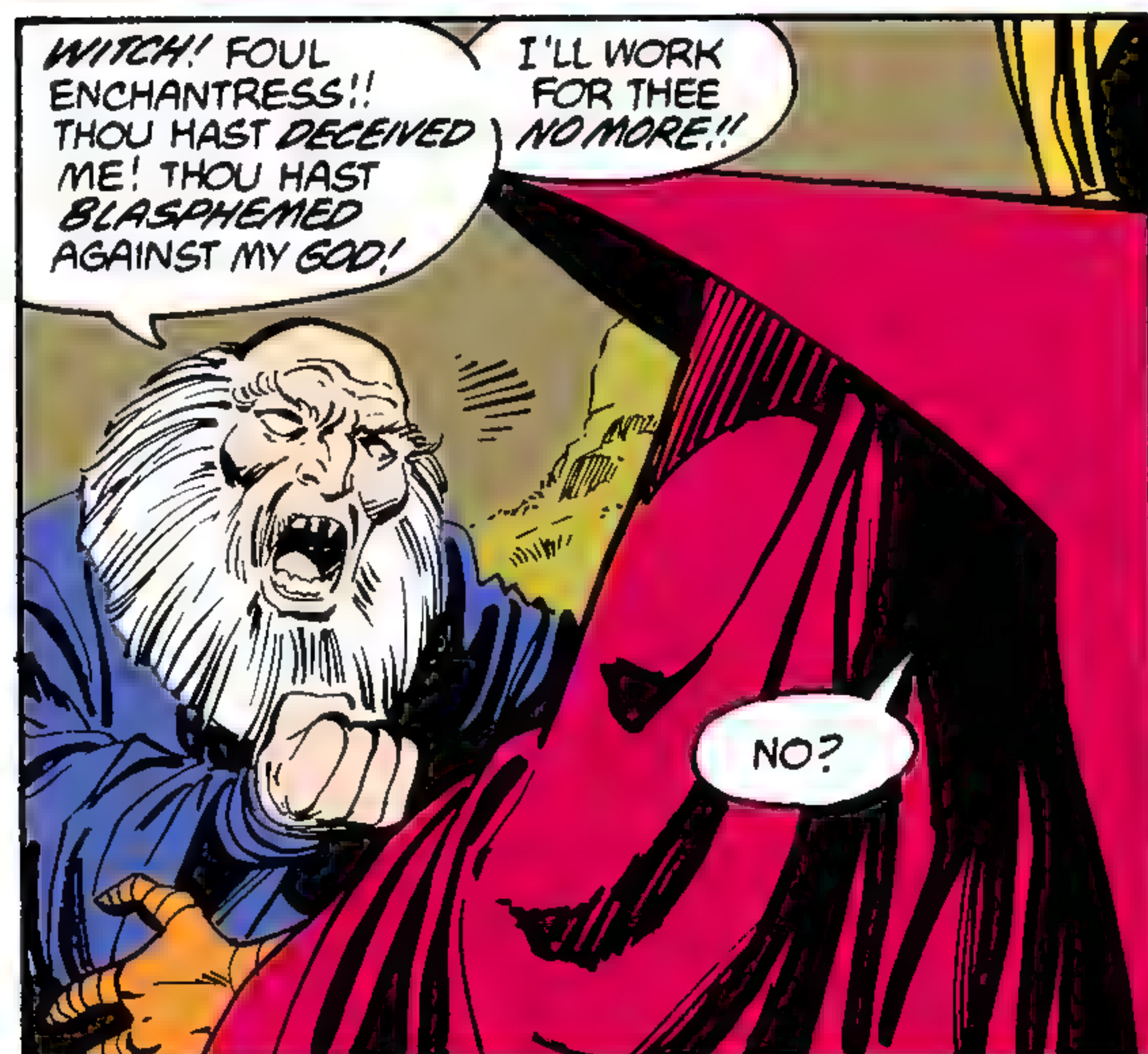
THEN SHALL THE
CITADEL OF
MORGAIN LE FAY
CREATE ITSELF!

THEN SHALL
MY GLEAMING
CITY APPEAR!

MY PERFECT
CITY--CAPITAL
OF MY FUTURE
KINGDOM!!

NOW, OLD MAN,
BACK TO WORK!! THY
PART IN THIS IS
NEARLY DONE!

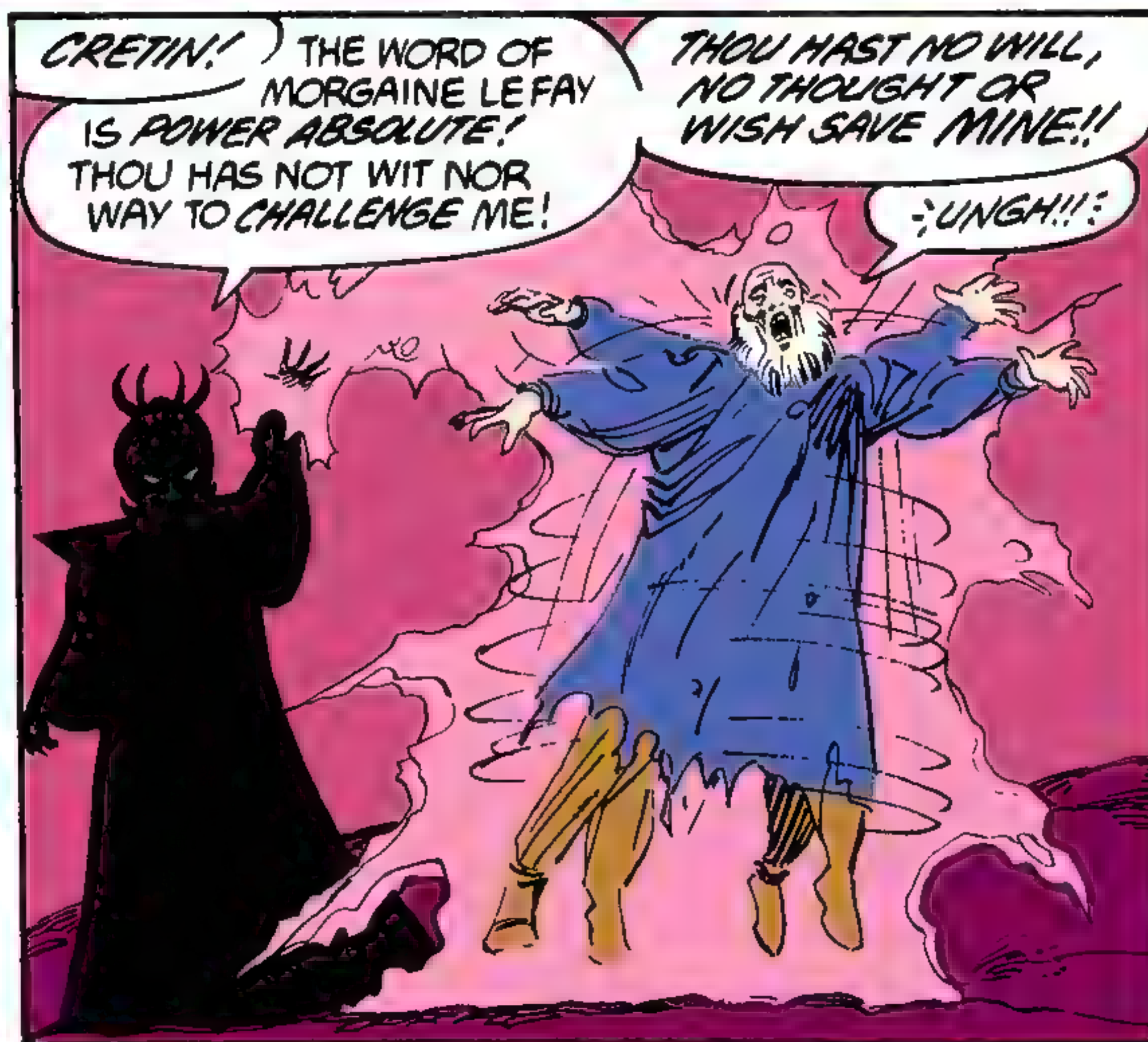
A MOMENT MORE, AND
THE PRECIOUS SPELL
SHALL BE UNBREAKABLE!



WITCH! FOUL
ENCHANTRESS!!
THOU HAST DECEIVED
ME! THOU HAST
BLASPHEMED
AGAINST MY GOD!

I'LL WORK
FOR THEE
NO MORE!!

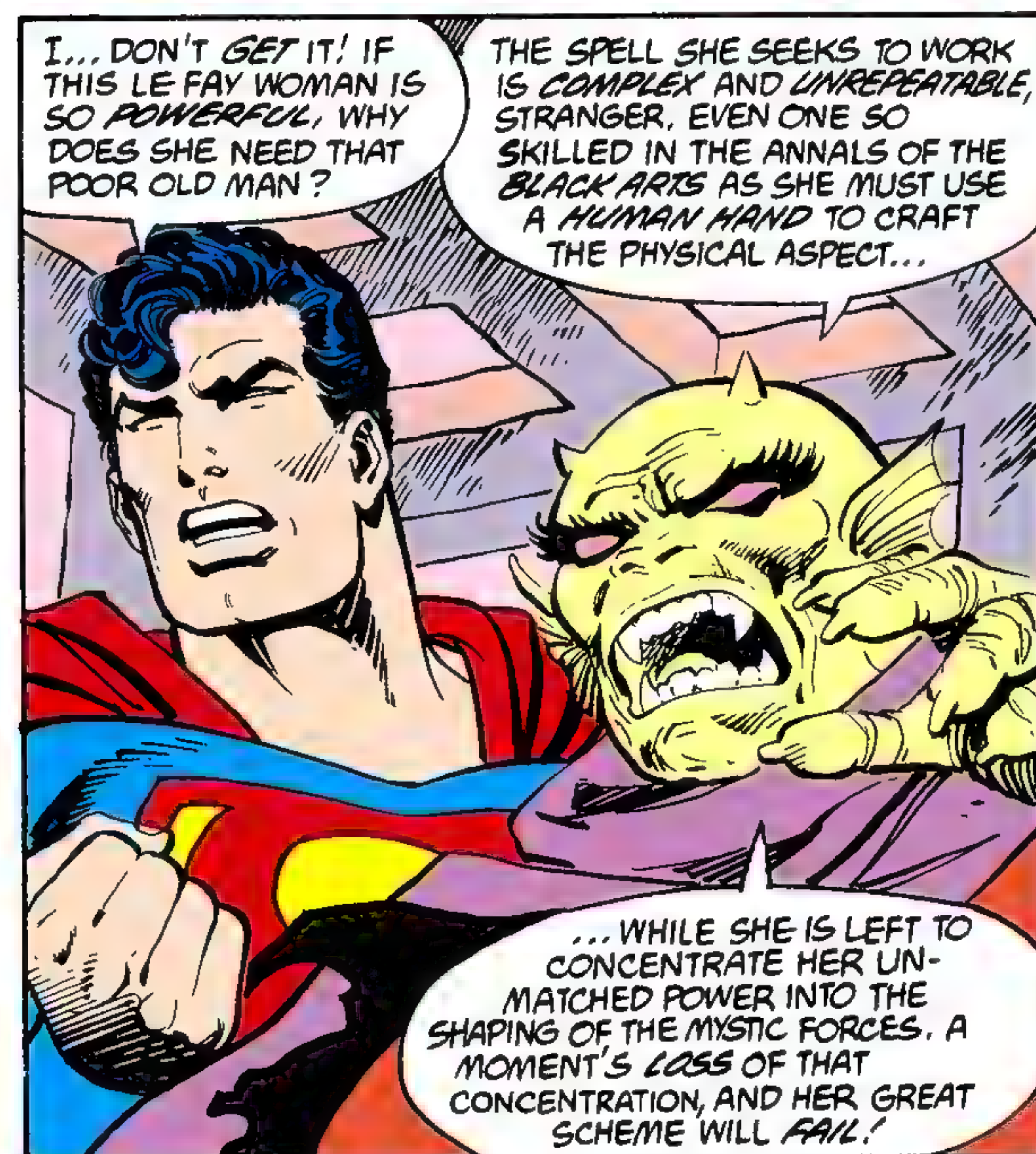
NO?



CRETIN! THE WORD OF
MORGAIN LE FAY
IS POWER ABSOLUTE!
THOU HAS NOT WIT NOR
WAY TO CHALLENGE ME!

THOU HAST NO WILL,
NO THOUGHT OR
WISH SAVE MINE!!

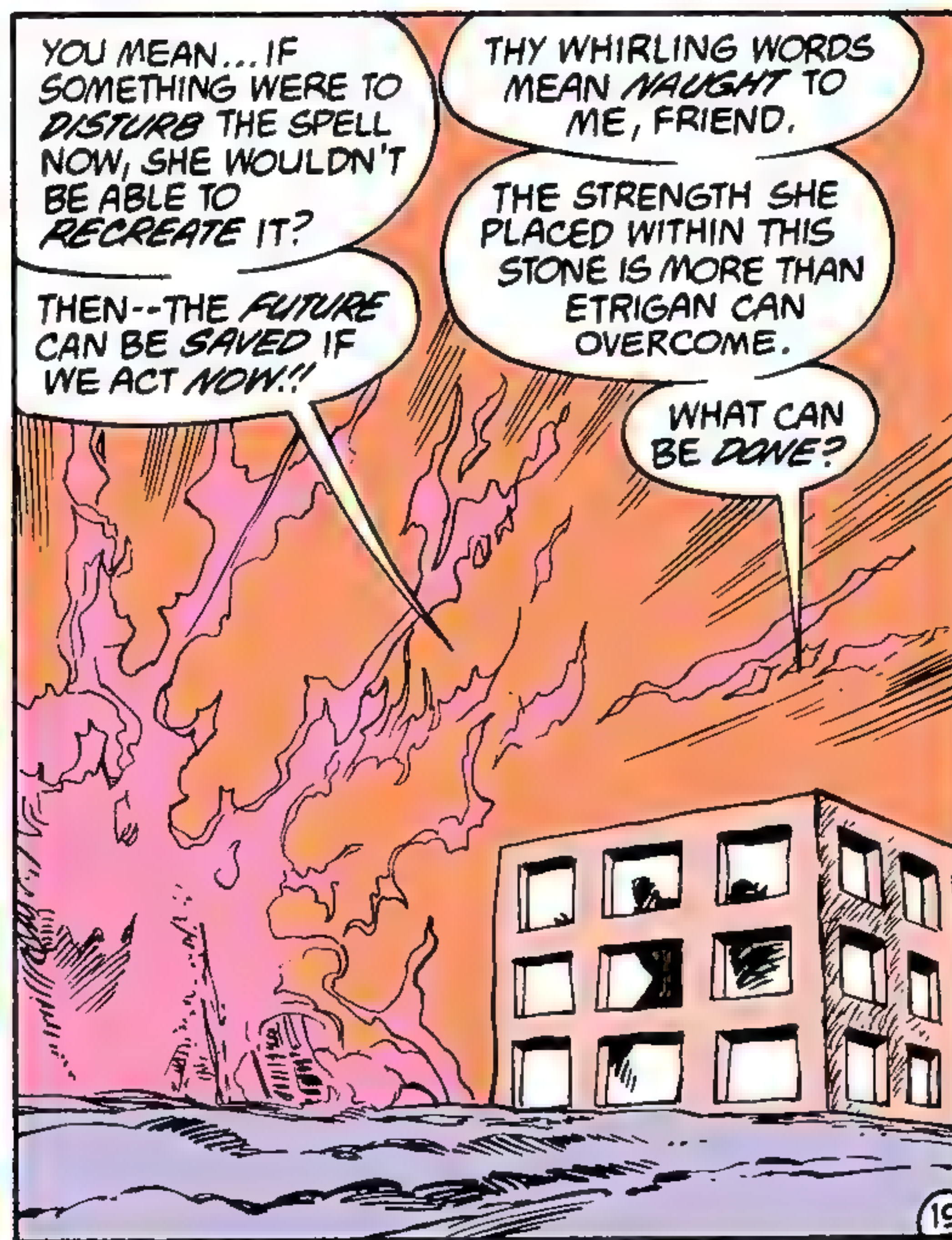
UNGH!!!



I... DON'T GET IT! IF
THIS LE FAY WOMAN IS
SO POWERFUL, WHY
DOES SHE NEED THAT
POOR OLD MAN?

THE SPELL SHE SEEKS TO WORK
IS COMPLEX AND UNREPEATABLE,
STRANGER, EVEN ONE SO
SKILLED IN THE ANNALS OF THE
BLACK ARTS AS SHE MUST USE
A HUMAN HAND TO CRAFT
THE PHYSICAL ASPECT...

... WHILE SHE IS LEFT TO
CONCENTRATE HER UN-
MATCHED POWER INTO THE
SHAPING OF THE MYSTIC FORCES, A
MOMENT'S LOSS OF THAT
CONCENTRATION, AND HER GREAT
SCHEME WILL FAIL!



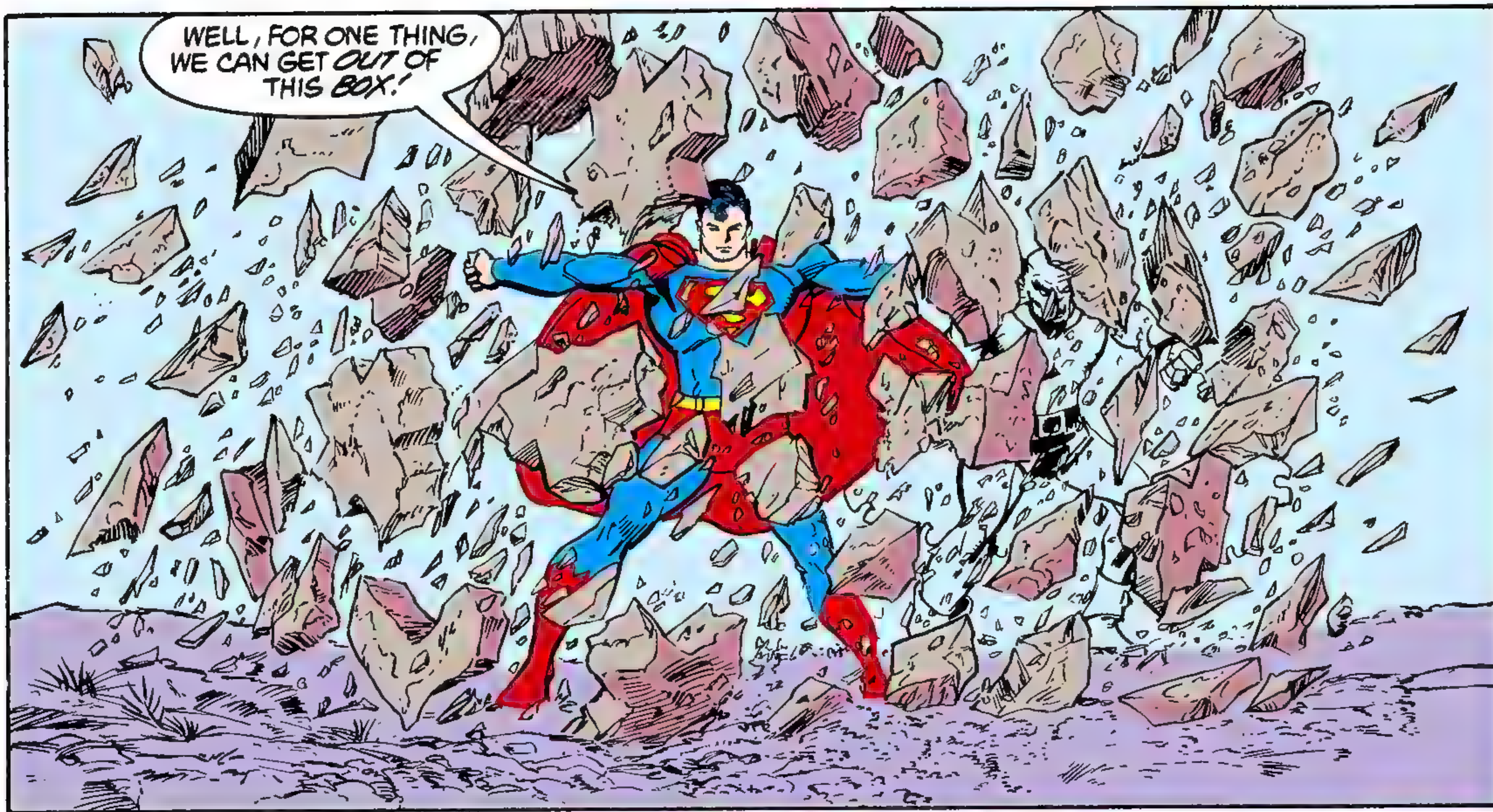
YOU MEAN... IF
SOMETHING WERE TO
DISTURB THE SPELL
NOW, SHE WOULDN'T
BE ABLE TO
RECREATE IT?

THEN--THE FUTURE
CAN BE SAVED IF
WE ACT NOW!!

THY WHIRLING WORDS
MEAN NAUGHT TO
ME, FRIEND.

THE STRENGTH SHE
PLACED WITHIN THIS
STONE IS MORE THAN
ETRIGAN CAN
OVERCOME.

WHAT CAN
BE DONE?



WELL, FOR ONE THING,
WE CAN GET OUT OF
THIS BOX!



NO!! THOU
CANST NOT
HAVE ESCAPED!

NO FORCE IN ALL
THE WORLD
COULD BREAK
THE STONE I
MADE!

WRONG, LE FAY.

YOU USED YOUR
MAGIC TO SHAPE
THE STONE, TO
CHANGE IT...

...BUT THE STONE
YOU CREATED
WASN'T MAGIC
ITSELF. AND
THAT ALLOWED
ME TO SHATTER IT!



JUST LIKE I'M GOING
TO SHATTER THIS
LITTLE GAME OF
YOURS BEFORE IT'S
EVEN STARTED!

STRANGER, BEWARE!

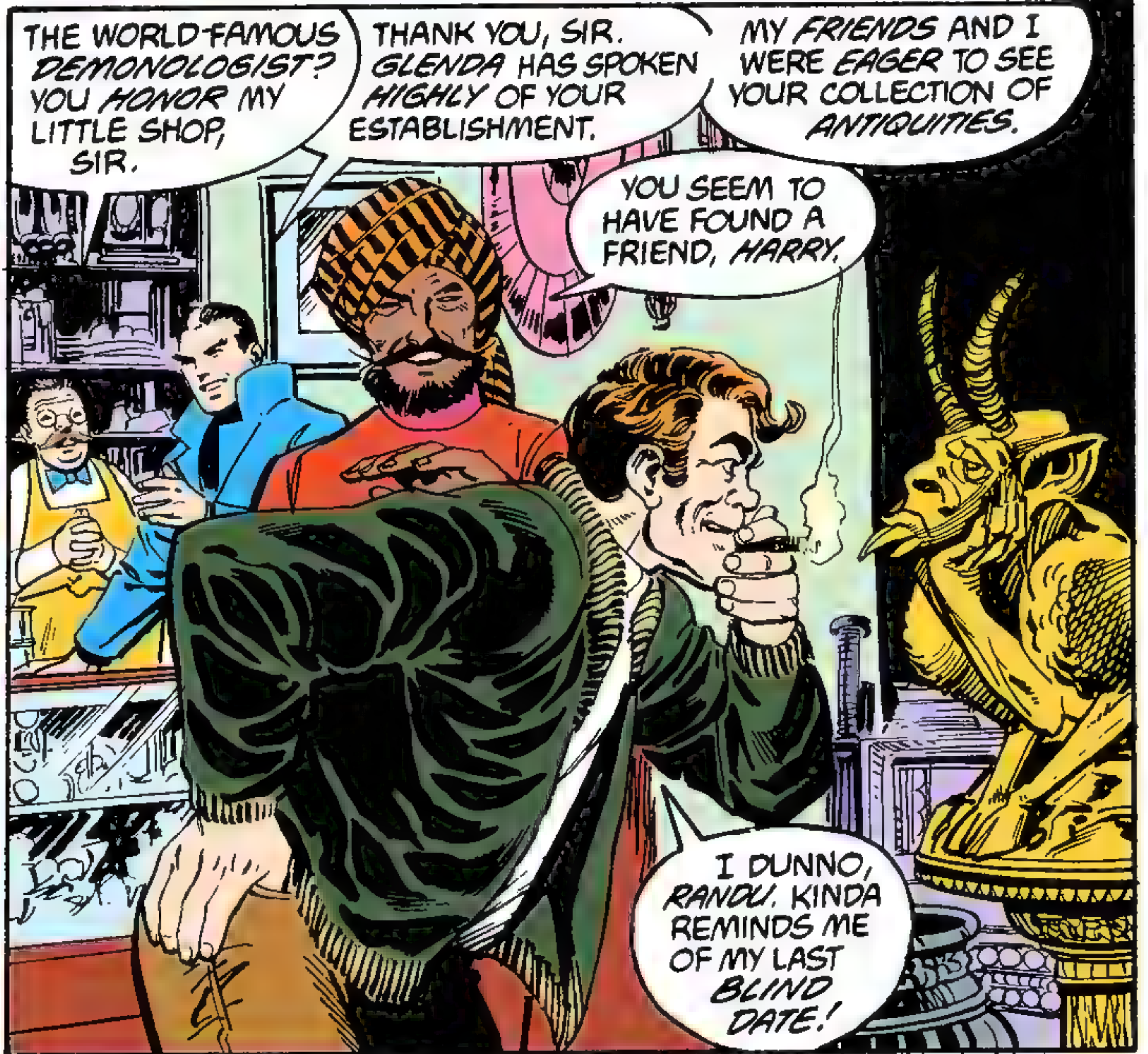
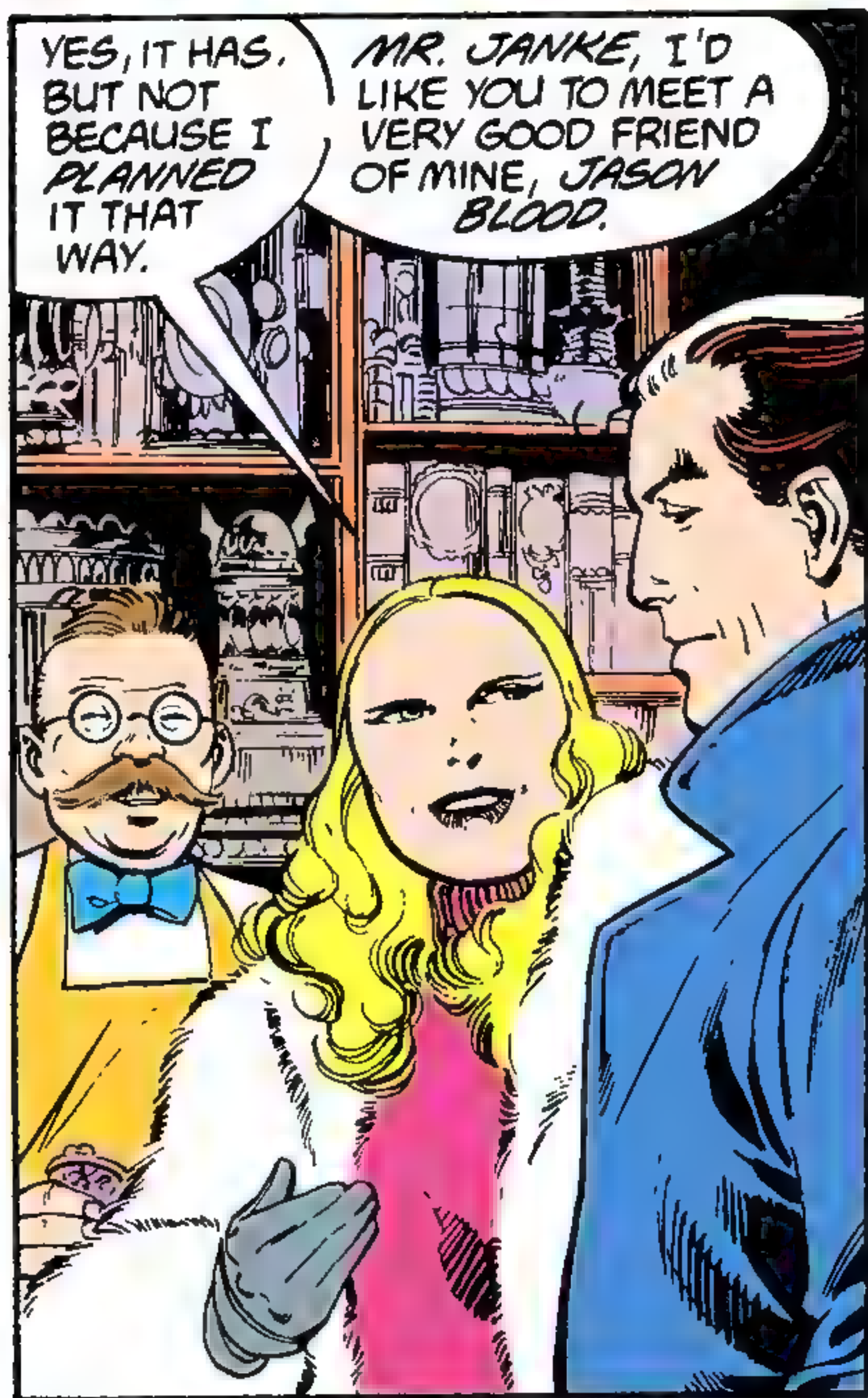
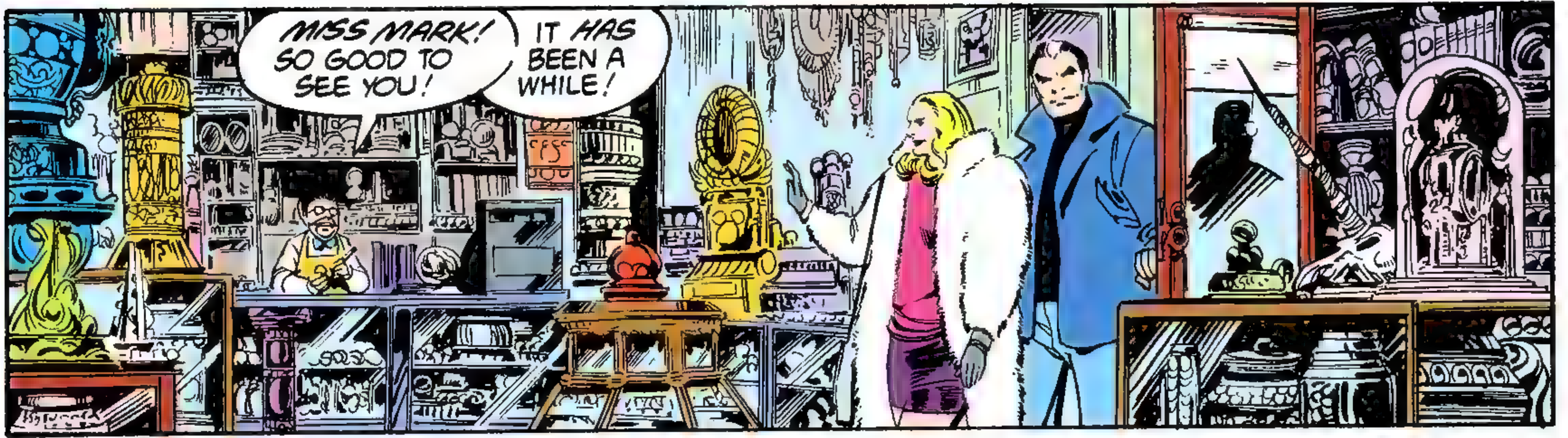
TO BREAK THE SPELL, THOU
MUST DISRUPT IT
PHYSICALLY!

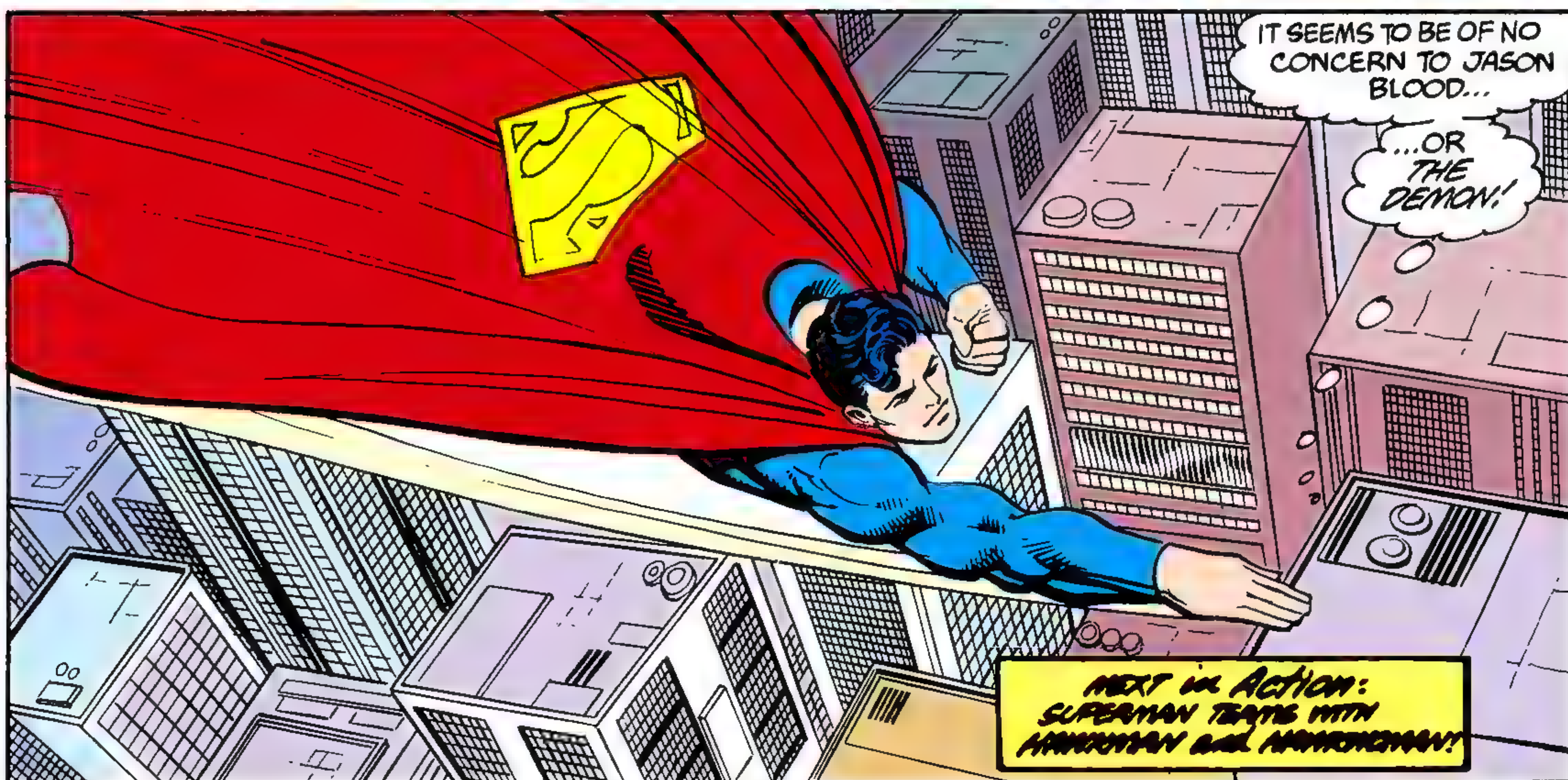
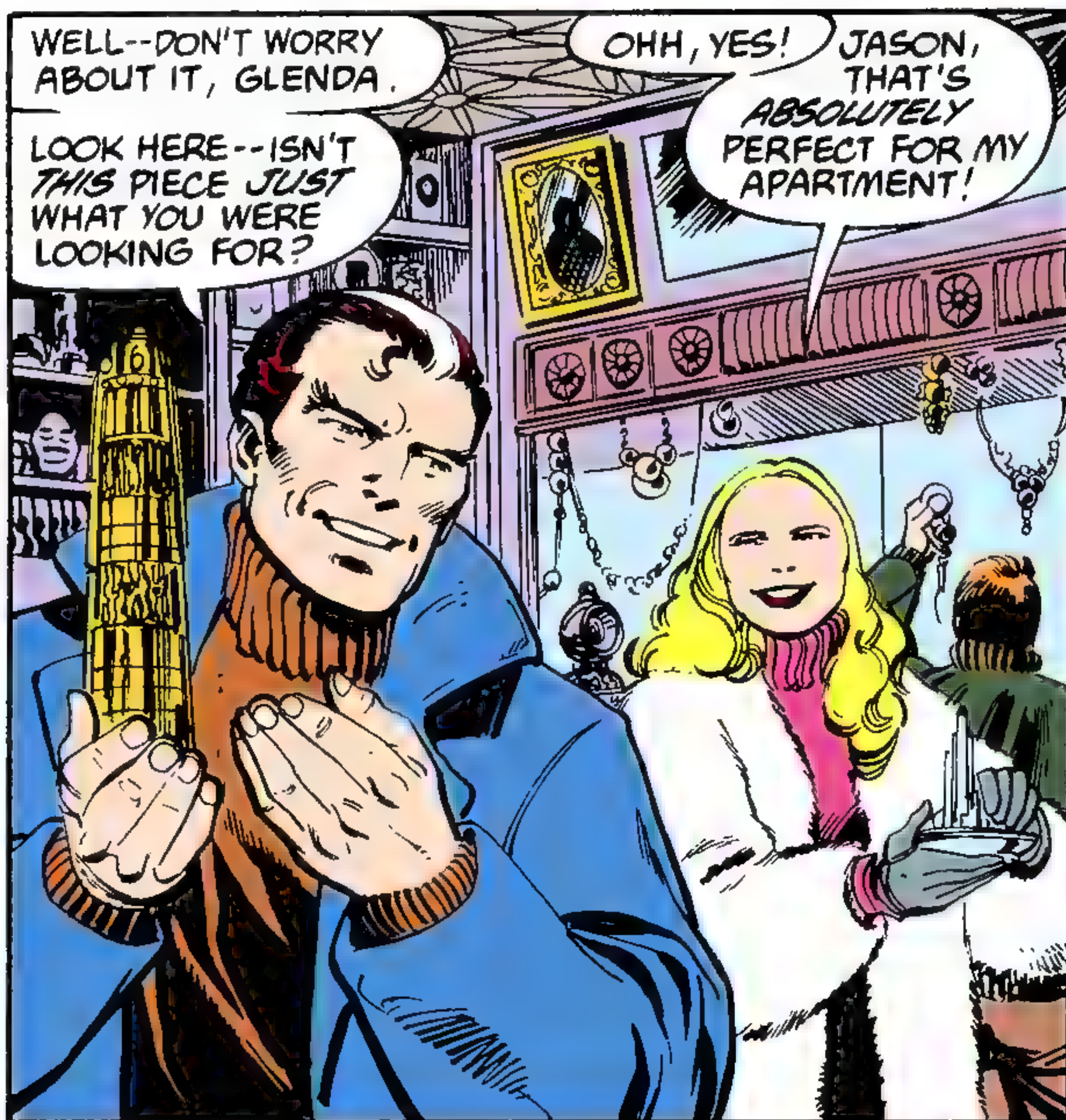
TO DO SO NOW
COULD COST THY
LIFE!!



I DON'T THINK SO,
ETRIGAN! IN FACT,
IF MY GUESS IS
RIGHT AND THIS
WORKS...

I'LL NEVER
EVEN HAVE
BEEN HERE!!





THE EVENTS IN THIS ISSUE TAKE PLACE PRIOR TO THOSE IN THE DEMON MINI-SERIES.



SUPERMAN[®]

Created by
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER

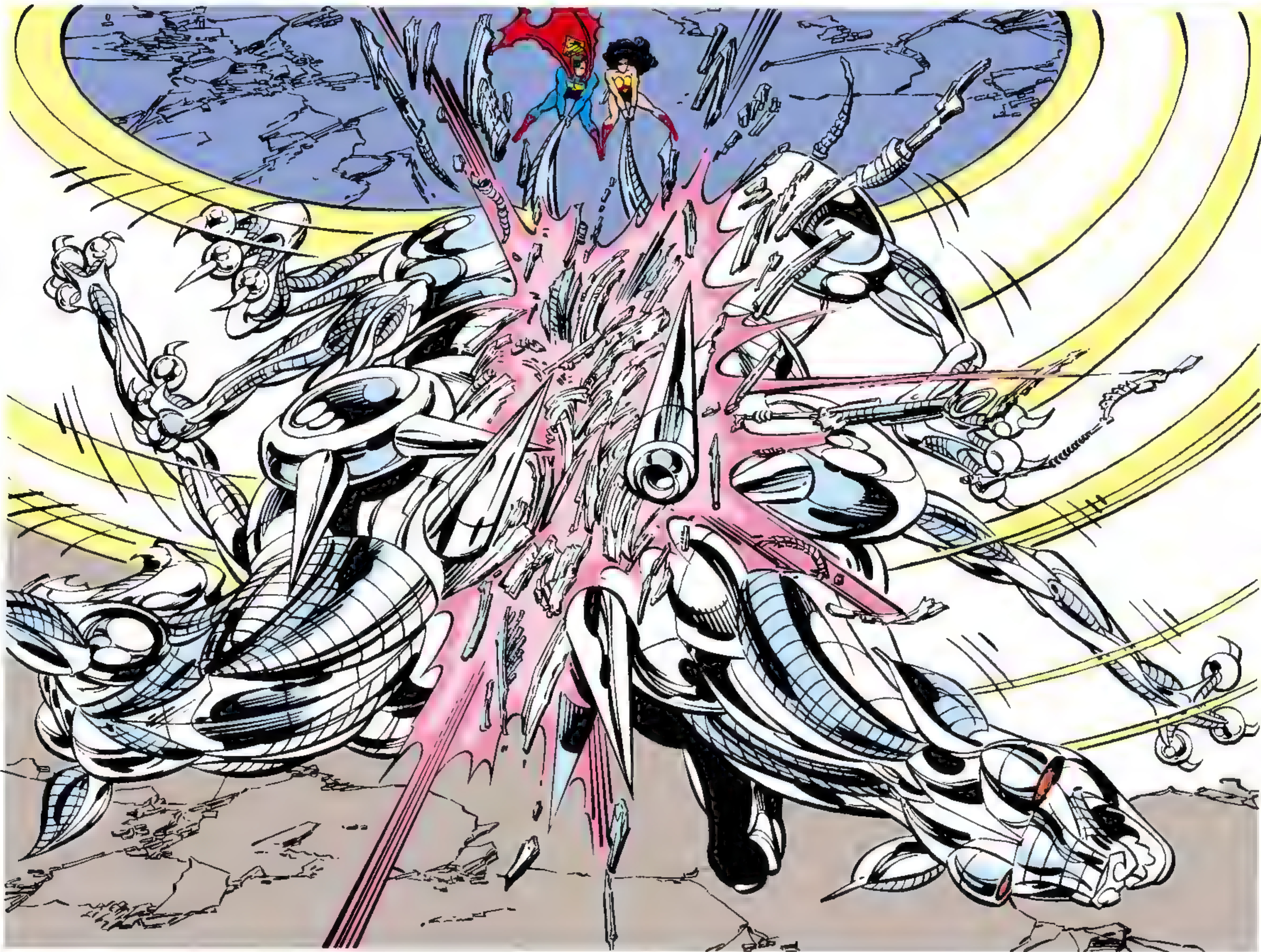
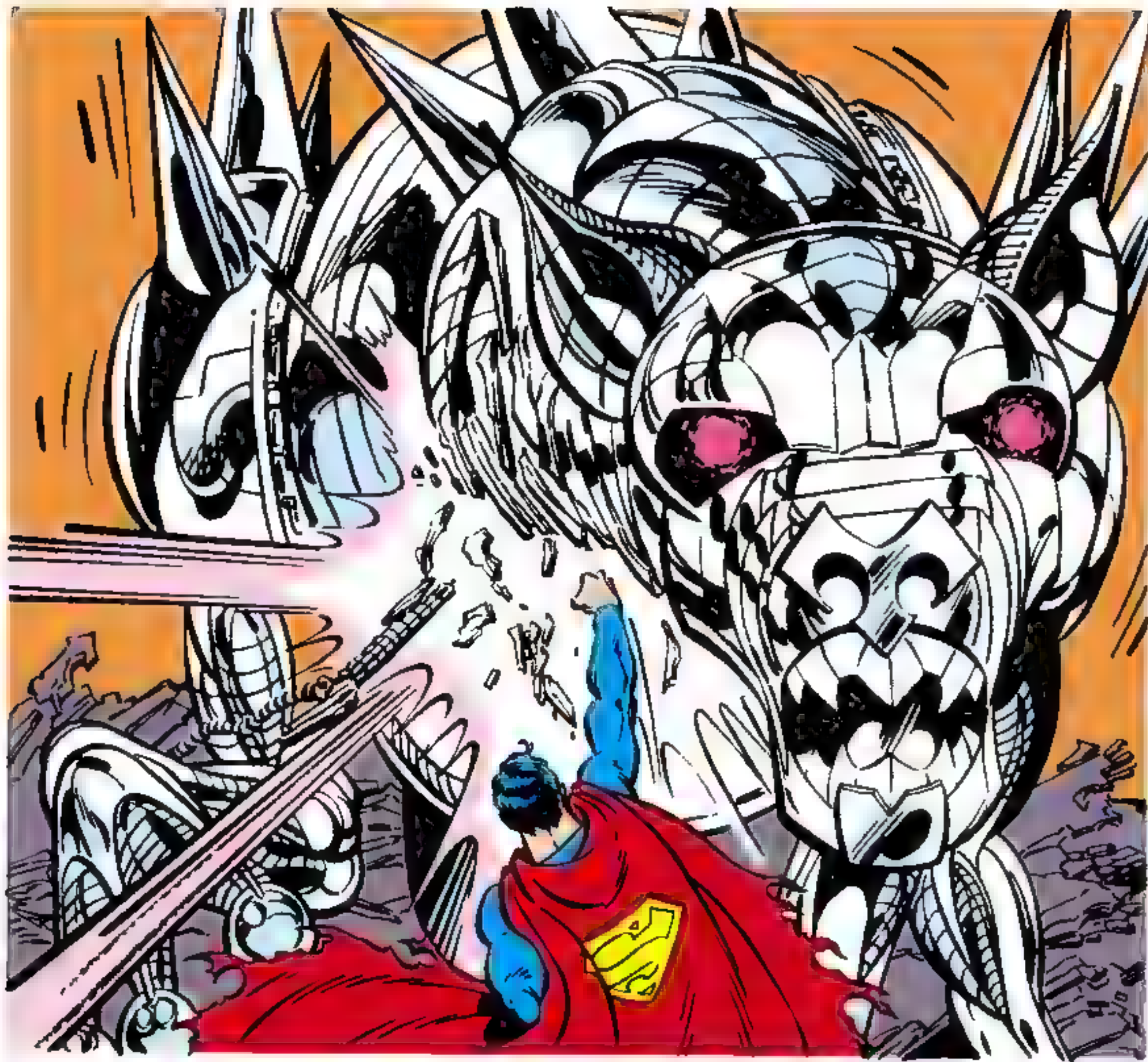
THE MUMMY STRIKES

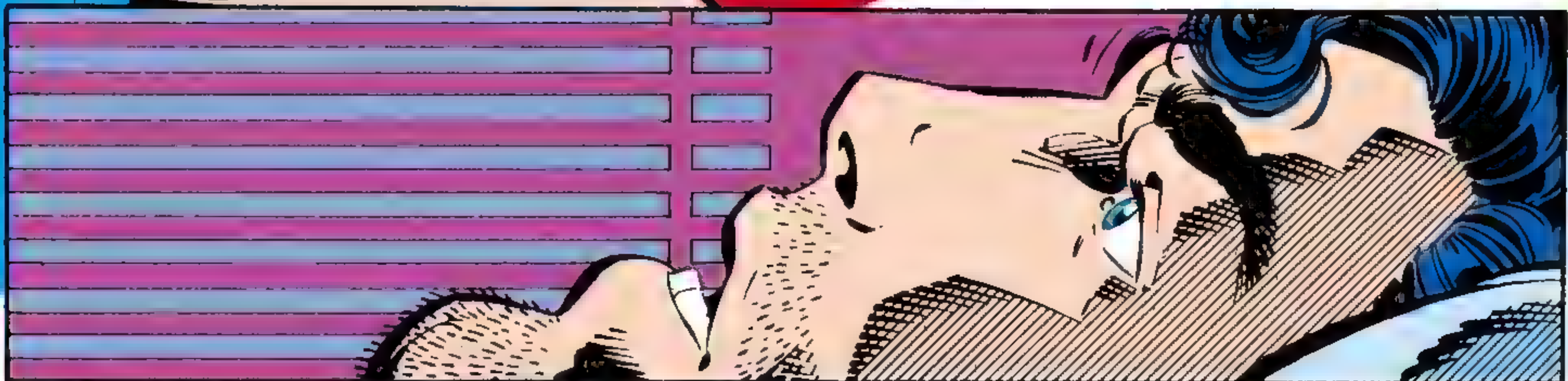
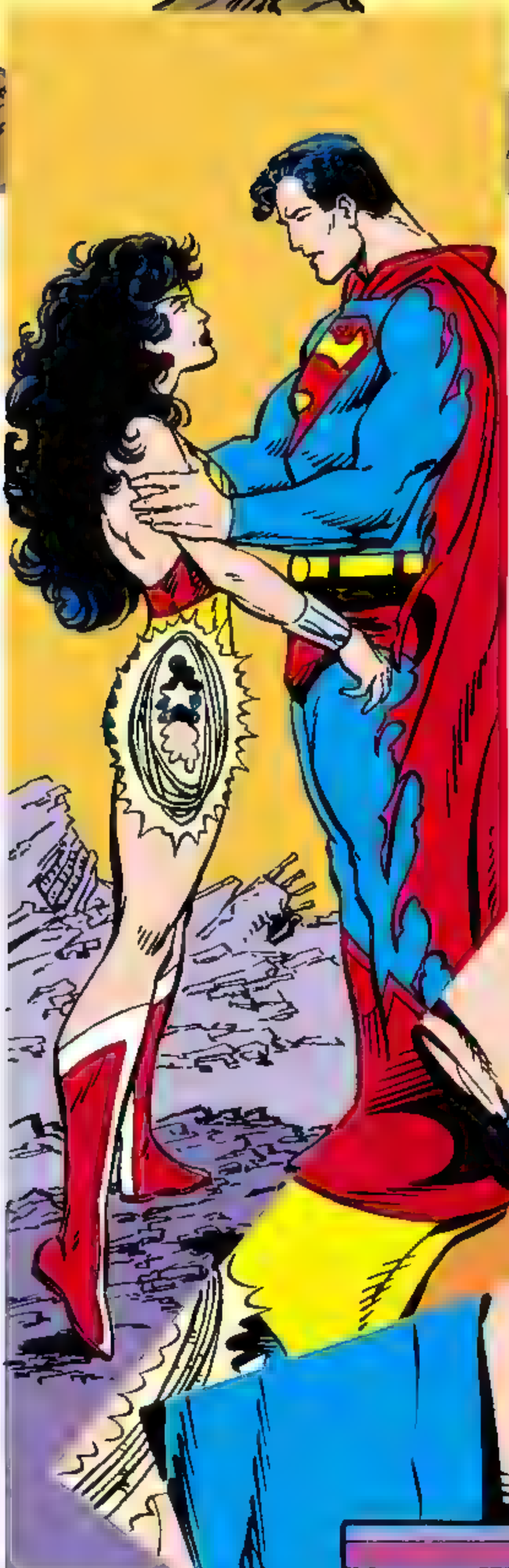
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WRITER - PENCILLER
Karl Kesel
INKER

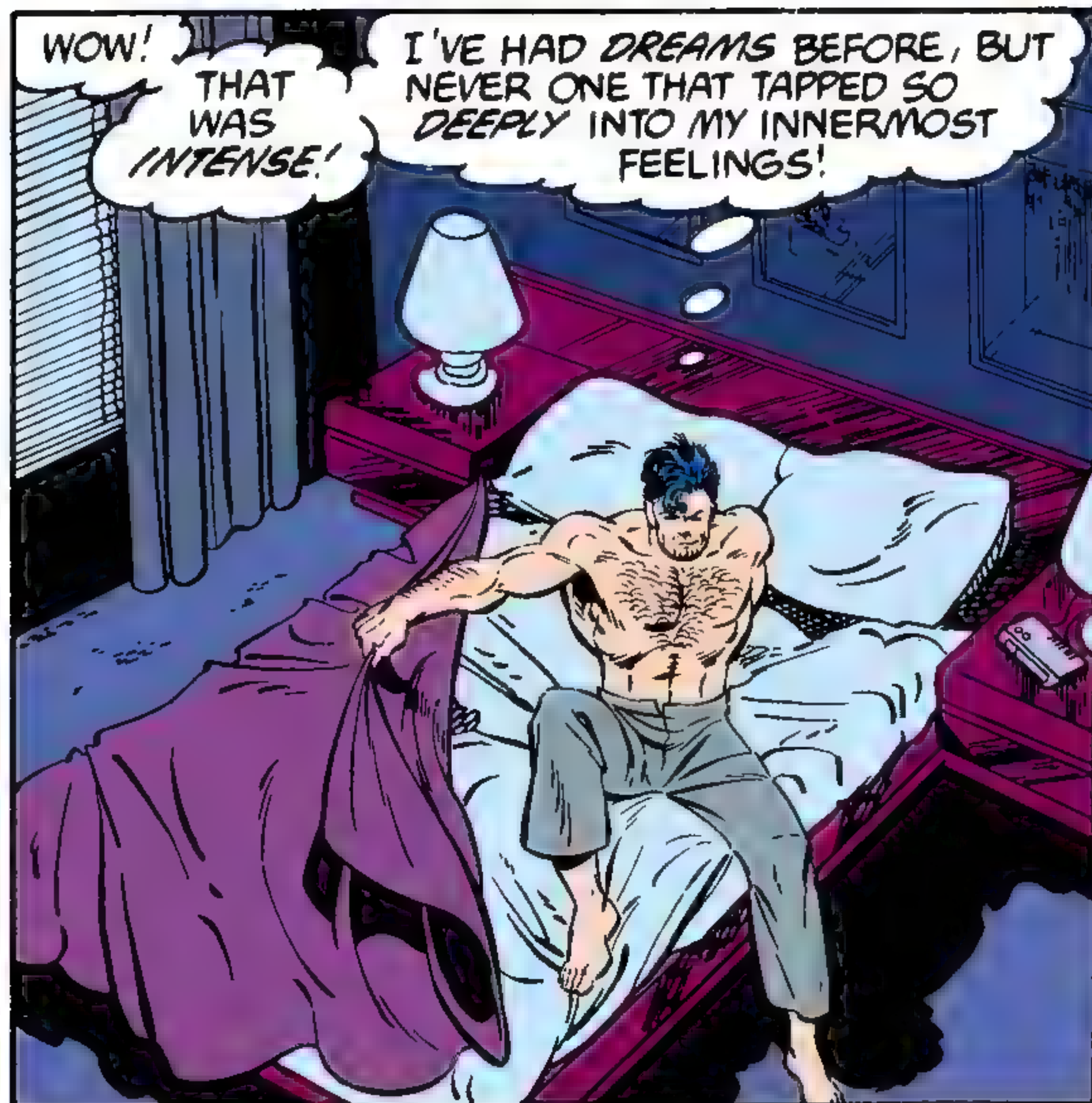
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EDITORS



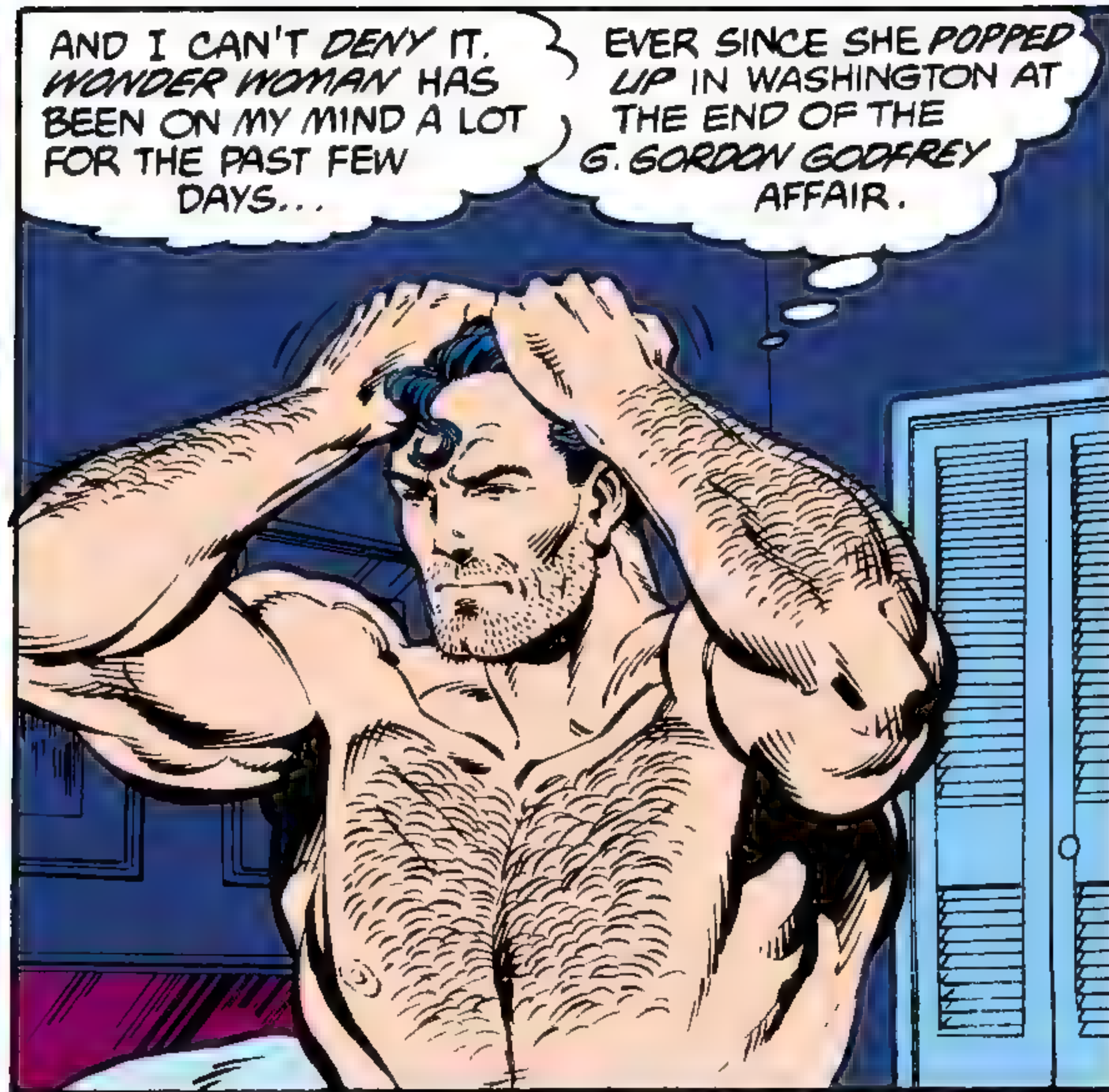






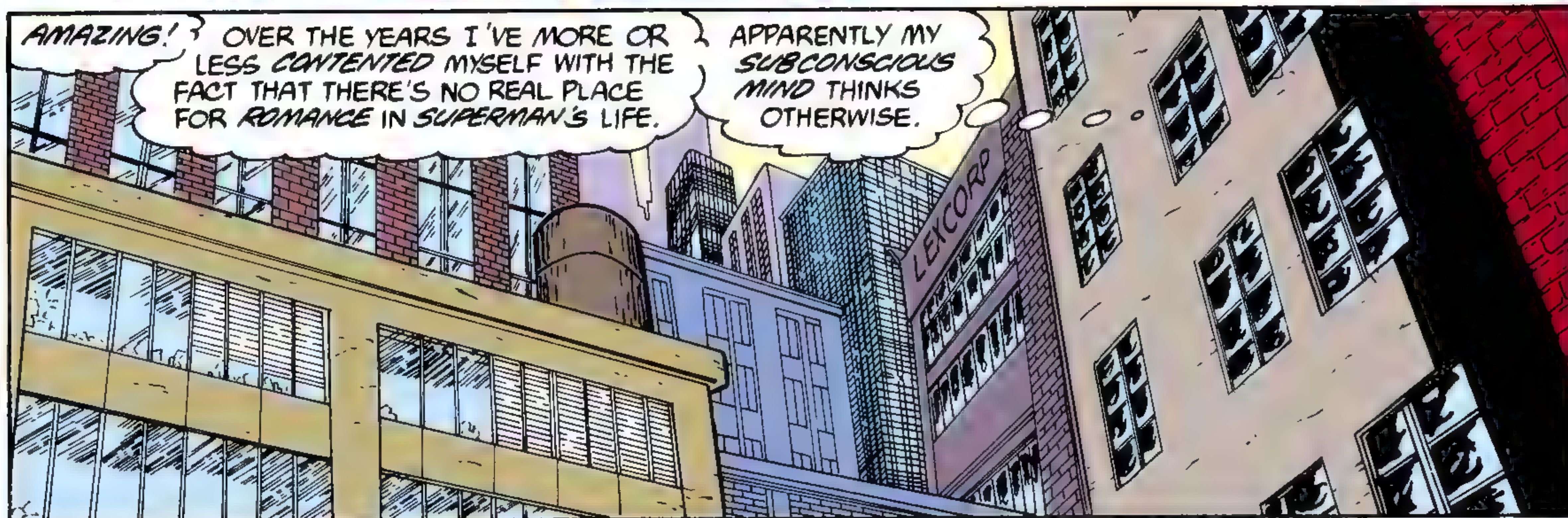
WOW!
THAT
WAS
INTENSE!

I'VE HAD DREAMS BEFORE, BUT
NEVER ONE THAT TAPPED SO
DEEPLY INTO MY INNERMOST
FEELINGS!



AND I CAN'T DENY IT.
WONDER WOMAN HAS
BEEN ON MY MIND A LOT
FOR THE PAST FEW
DAYS...

EVER SINCE SHE POPPED
UP IN WASHINGTON AT
THE END OF THE
G. GORDON GODFREY
AFFAIR.



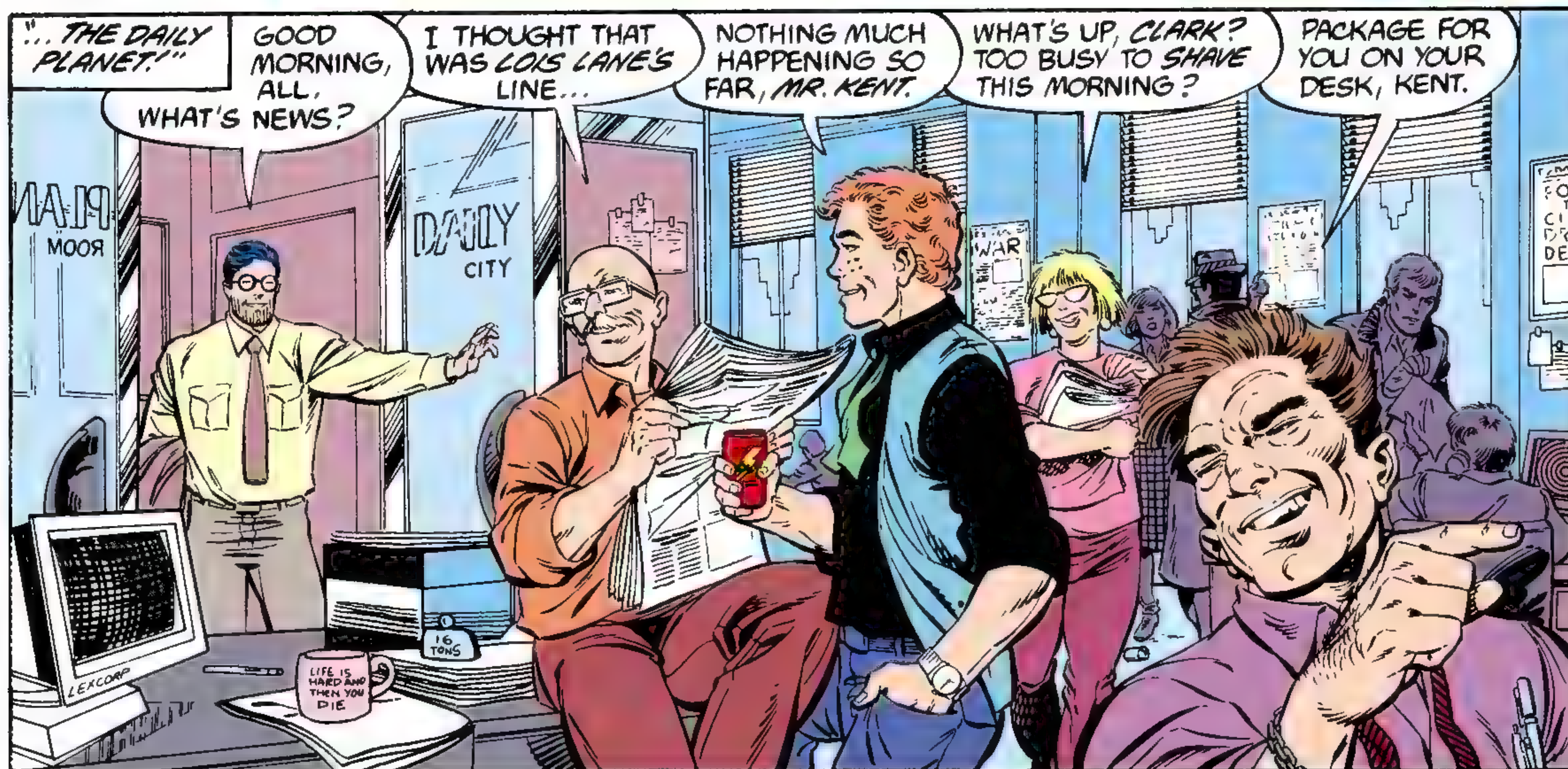
AMAZING! OVER THE YEARS I'VE MORE OR
LESS CONTENTED MYSELF WITH THE
FACT THAT THERE'S NO REAL PLACE
FOR ROMANCE IN SUPERMAN'S LIFE.

APPARENTLY MY
SUBCONSCIOUS
MIND THINKS
OTHERWISE.



AND IT COULD BE
RIGHT. WONDER
WOMAN WOULD
SEEM A PERFECT
MATCH FOR
SUPERMAN.
IF ONLY I KNEW
MORE ABOUT HER.

OOPS... LOOK AT THE TIME!
I'VE GOT TO GET TO...



"... THE DAILY
PLANET!"

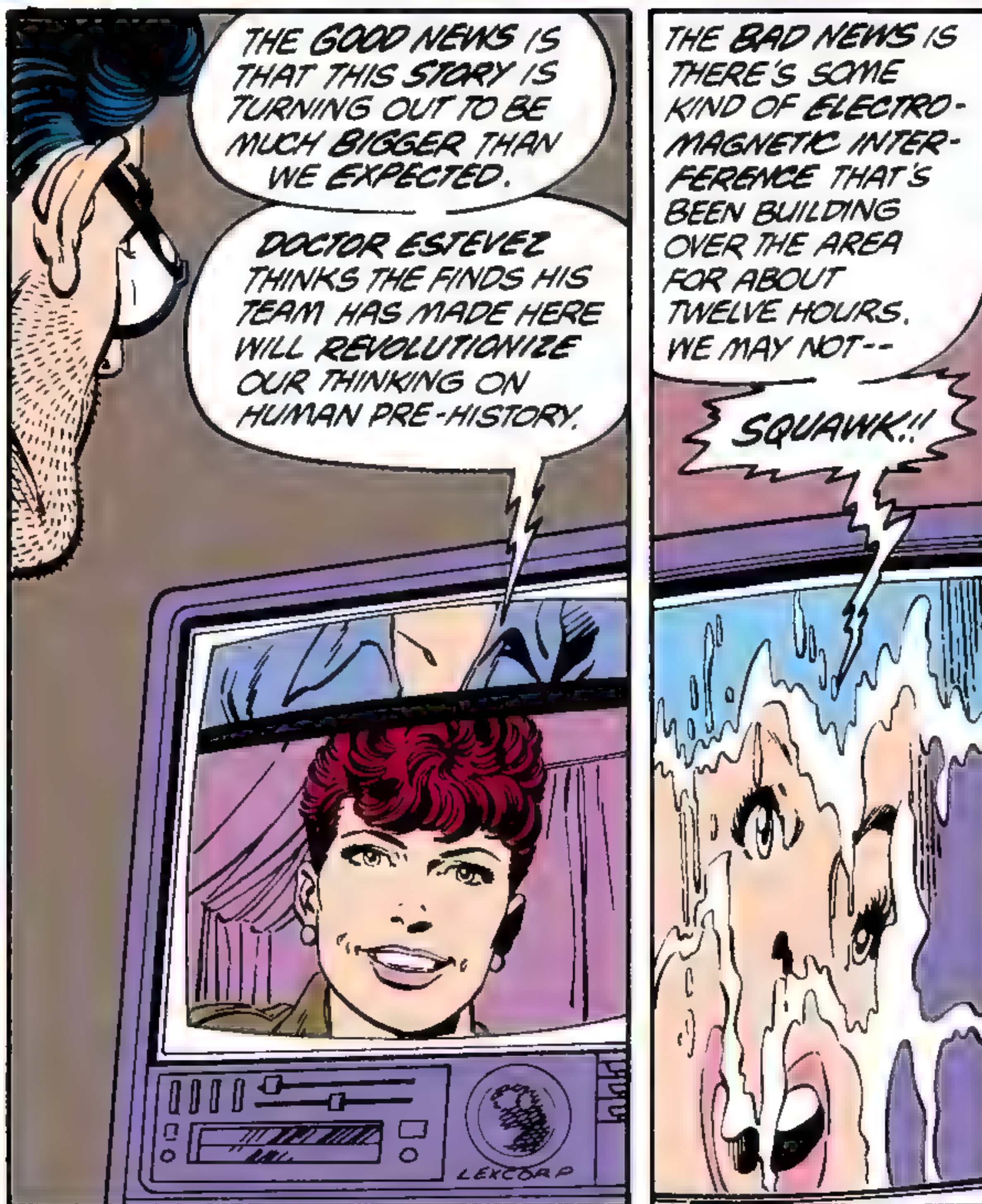
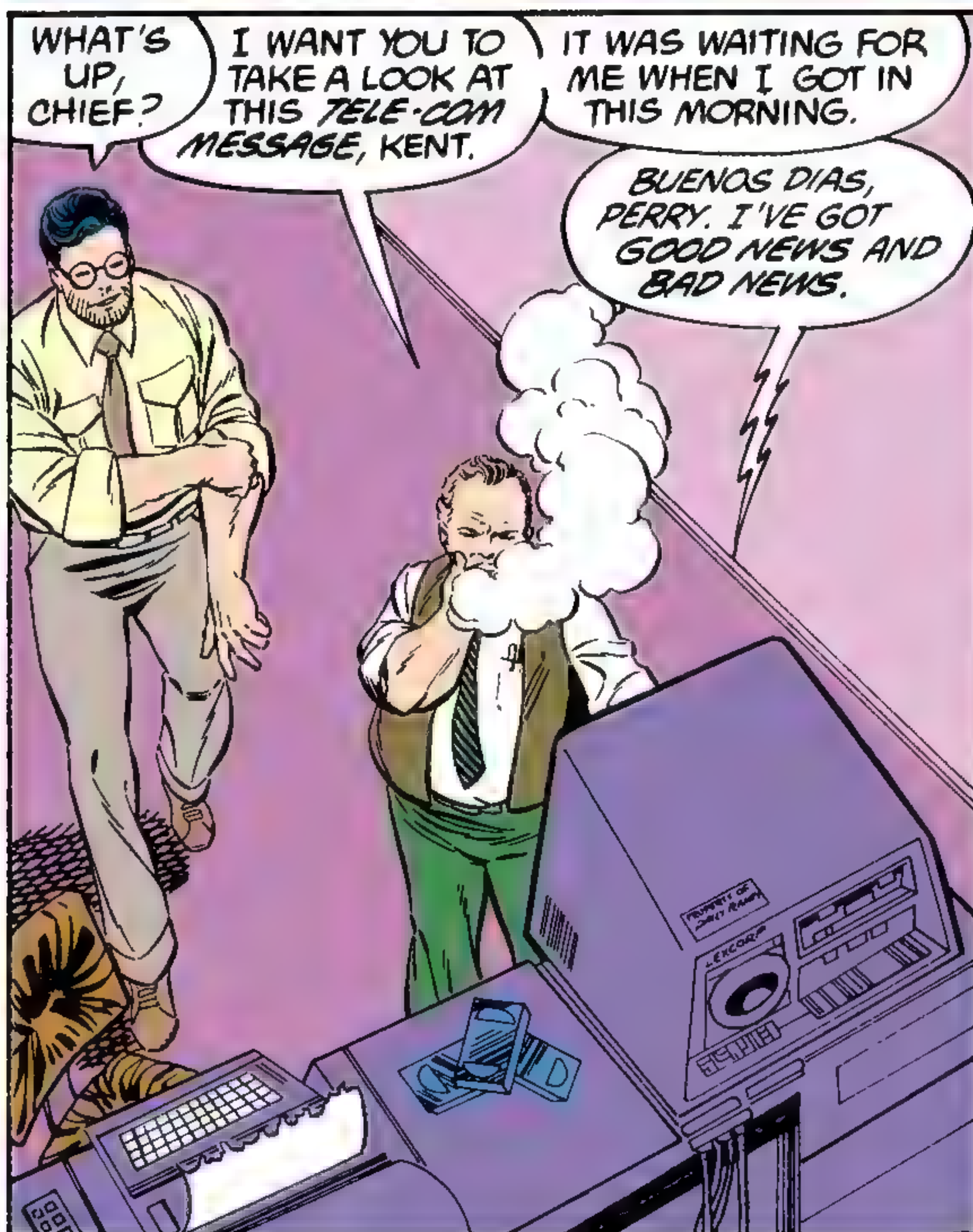
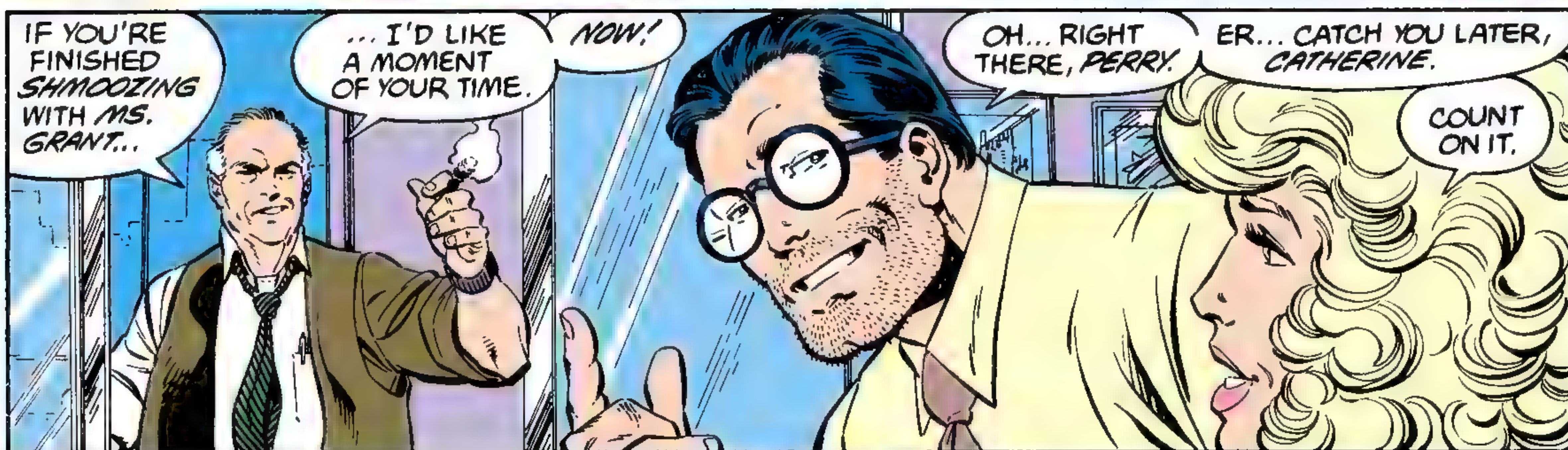
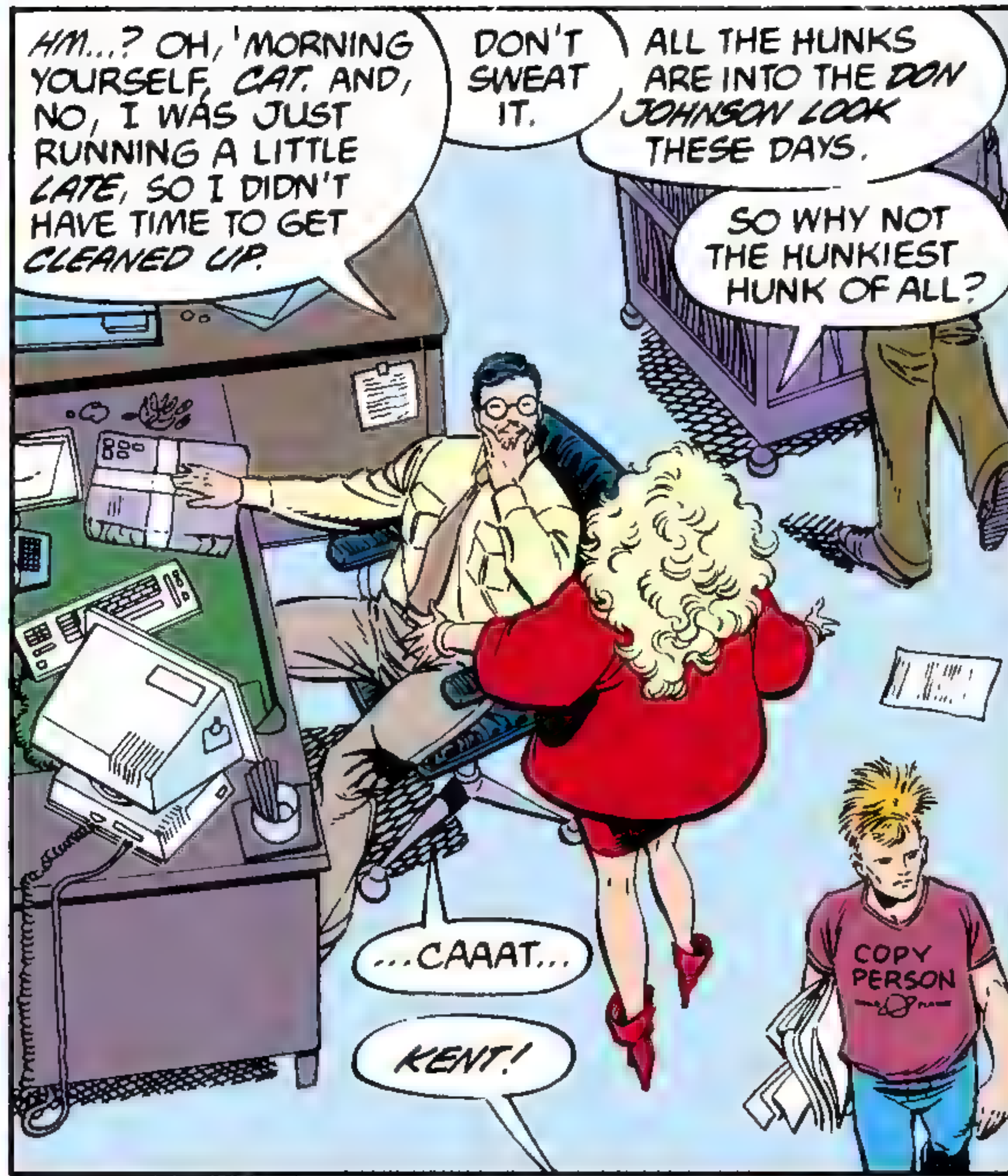
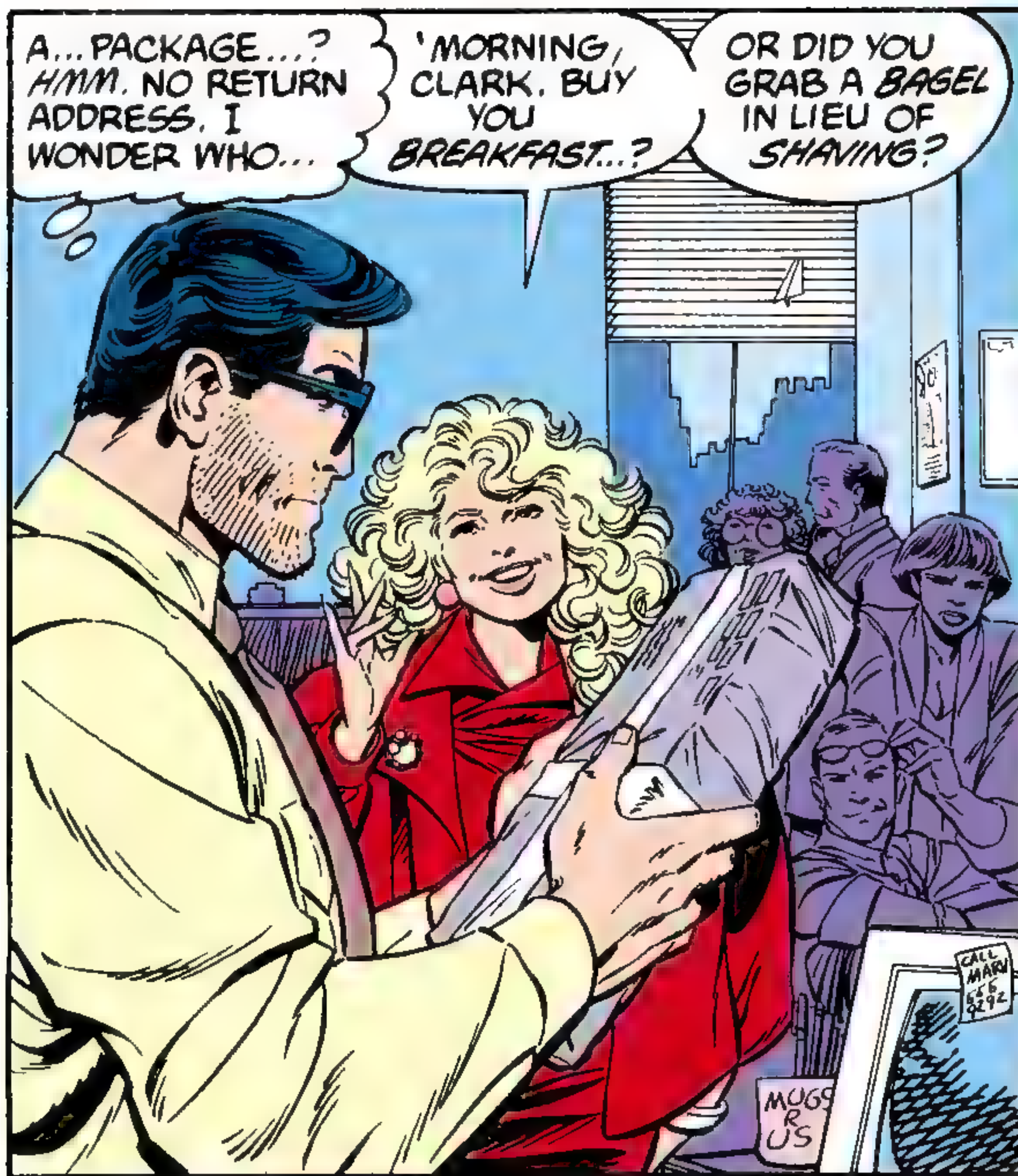
GOOD
MORNING,
ALL.
WHAT'S NEWS?

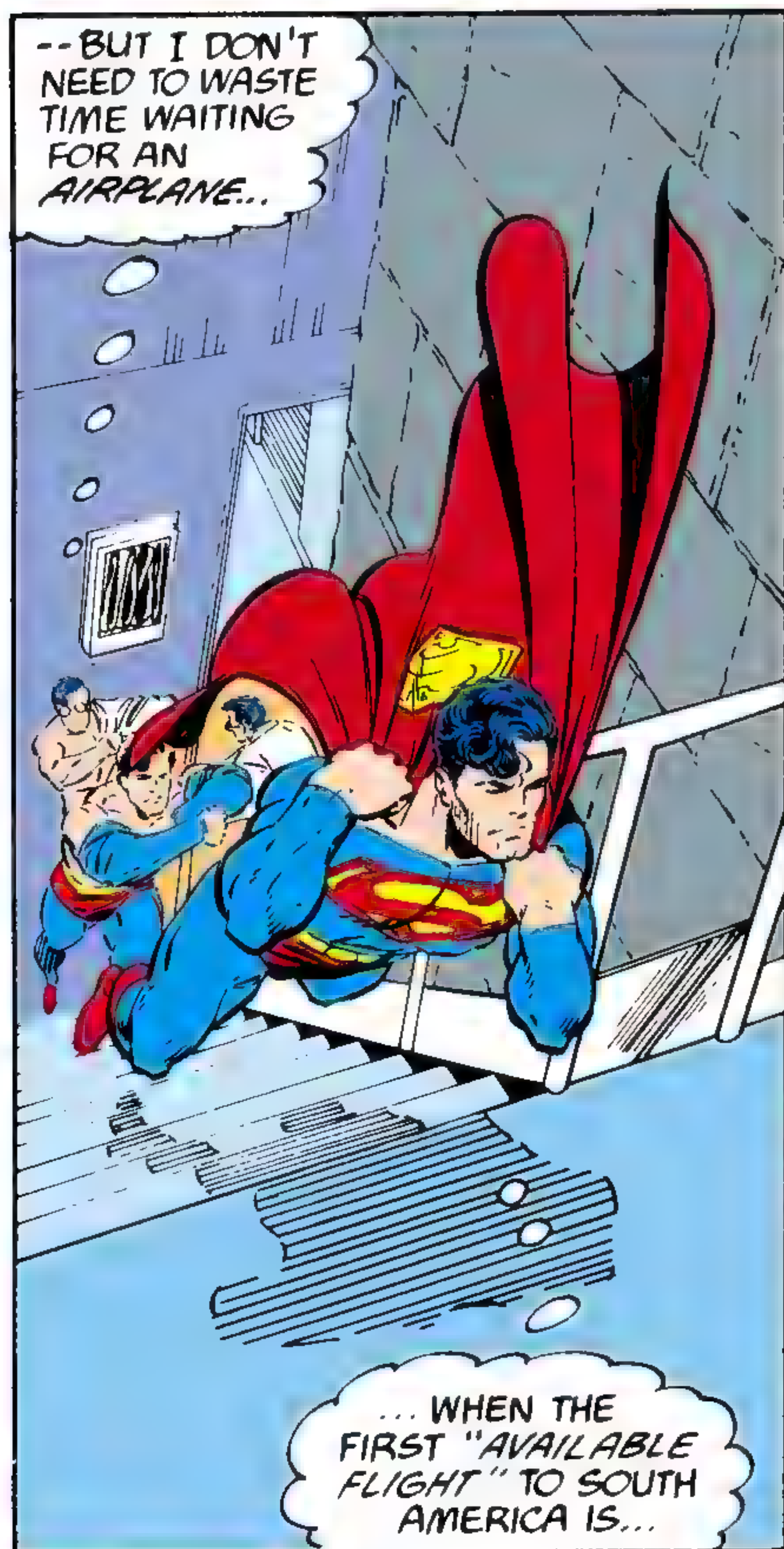
I THOUGHT THAT
WAS LOIS LANE'S
LINE...

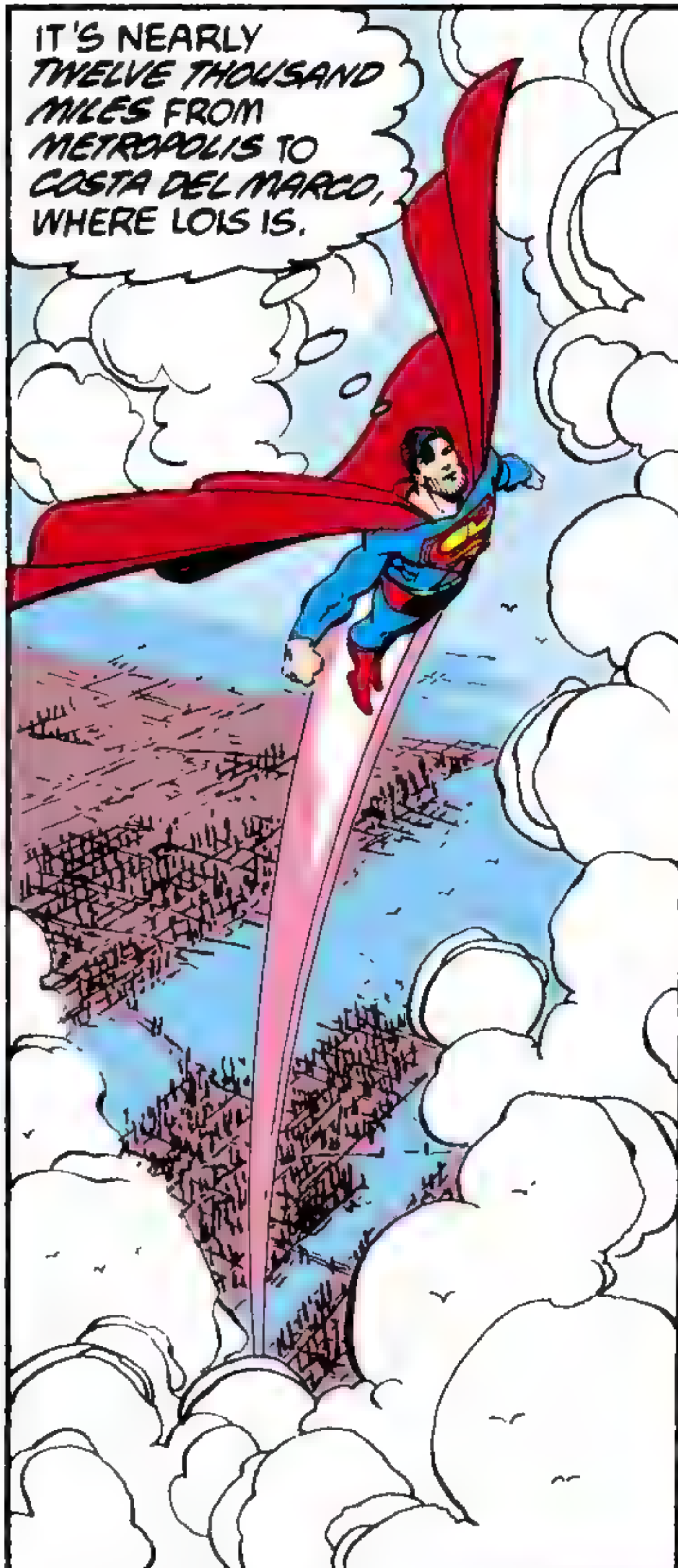
NOTHING MUCH
HAPPENING SO
FAR, MR. KENT.

WHAT'S UP, CLARK?
TOO BUSY TO SHAVE
THIS MORNING?

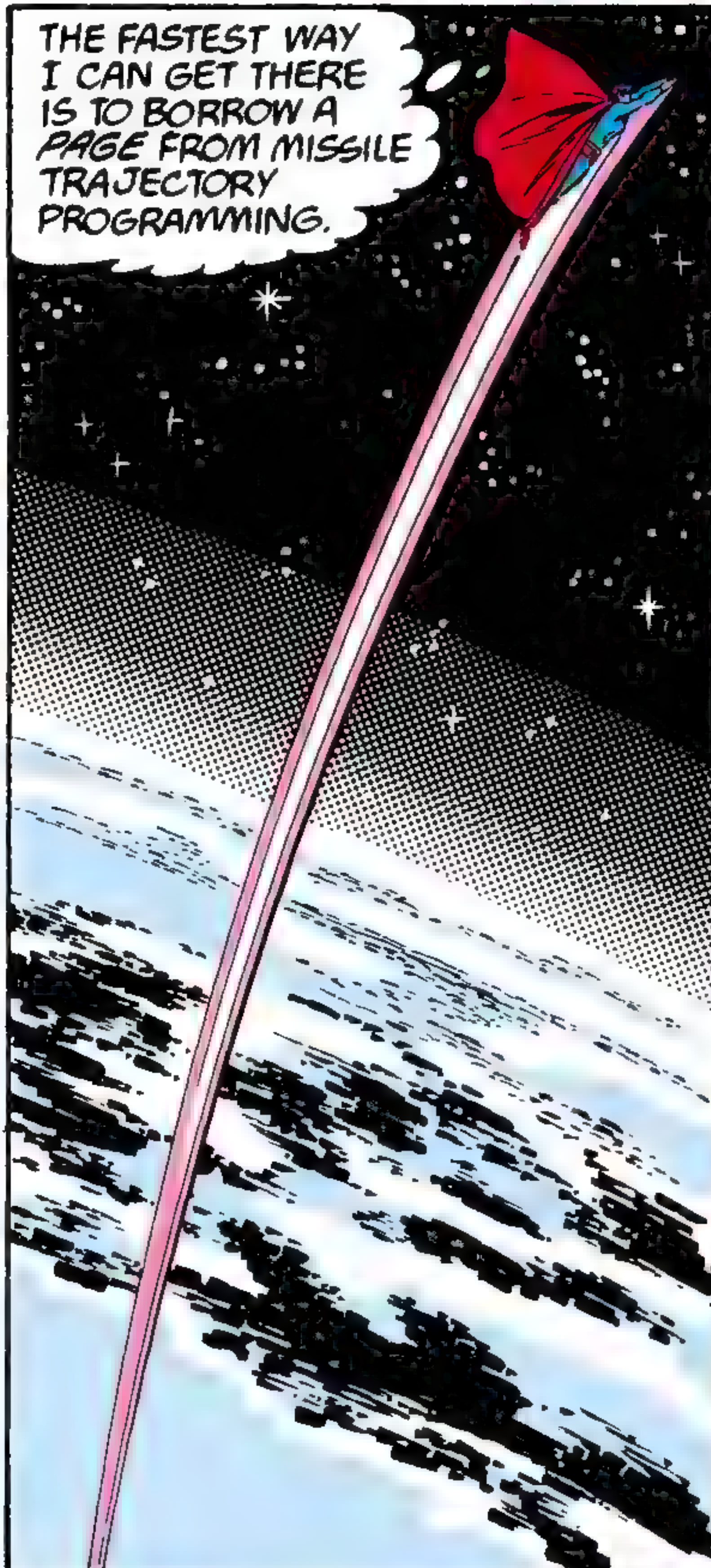
PACKAGE FOR
YOU ON YOUR
DESK, KENT.







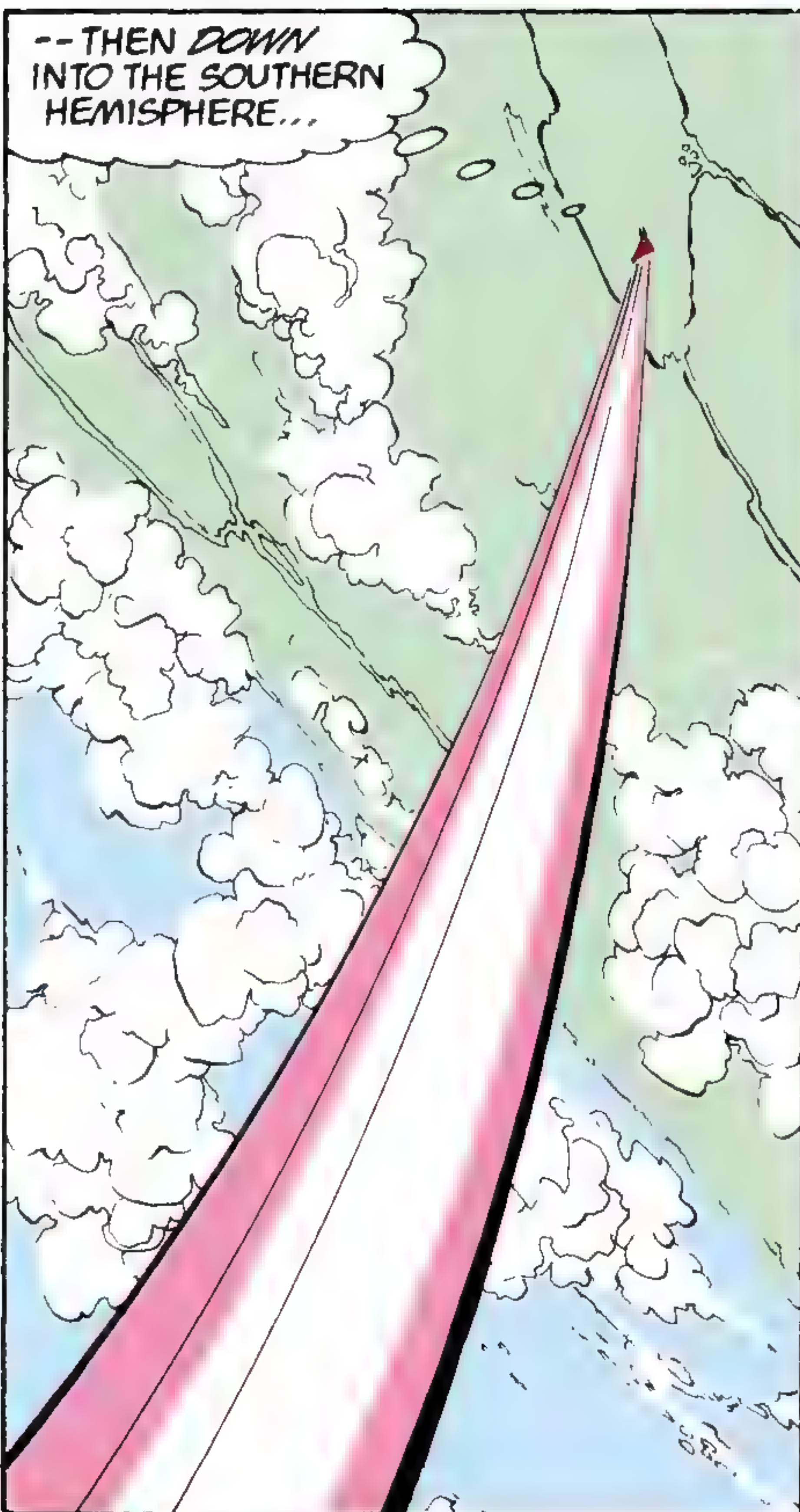
IT'S NEARLY
TWELVE THOUSAND
MILES FROM
METROPOLIS TO
COSTA DEL MARCO,
WHERE LOIS IS.



THE FASTEST WAY
I CAN GET THERE
IS TO BORROW A
PAGE FROM MISSILE
TRAJECTORY
PROGRAMMING.



A *SUBORBITAL*
PATH TAKES ME UP
OUT OF EARTH'S
ATMOSPHERE FOR
A FEW SECONDS--



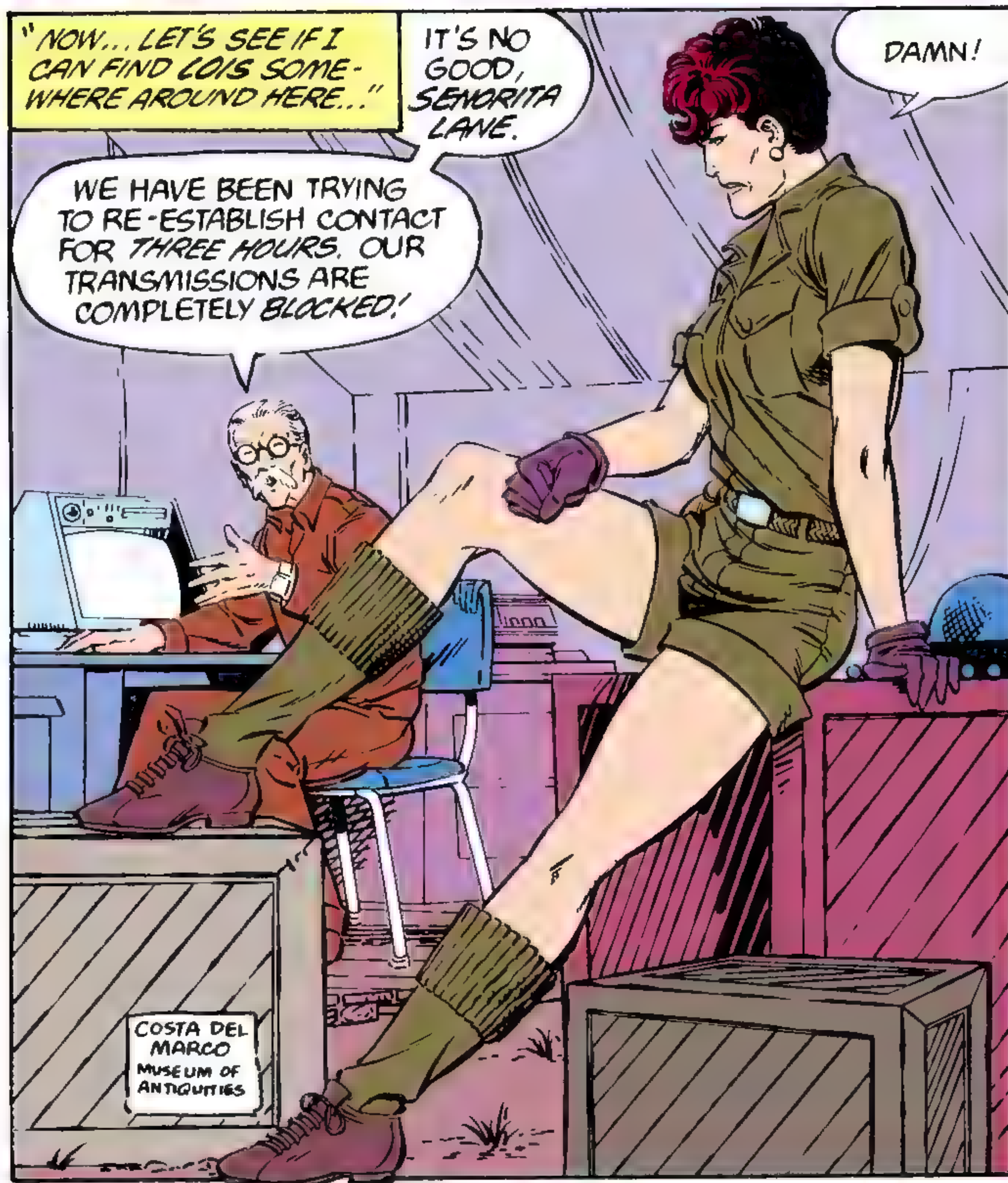
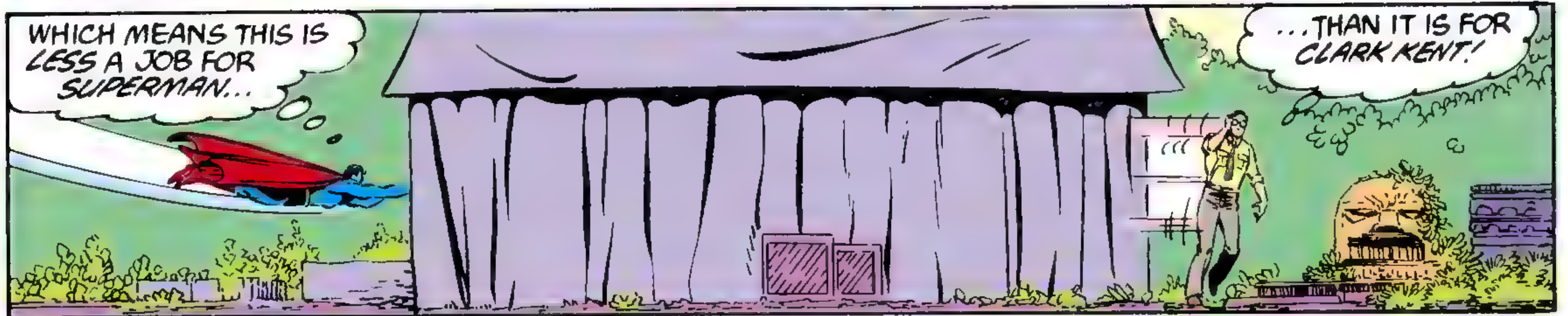
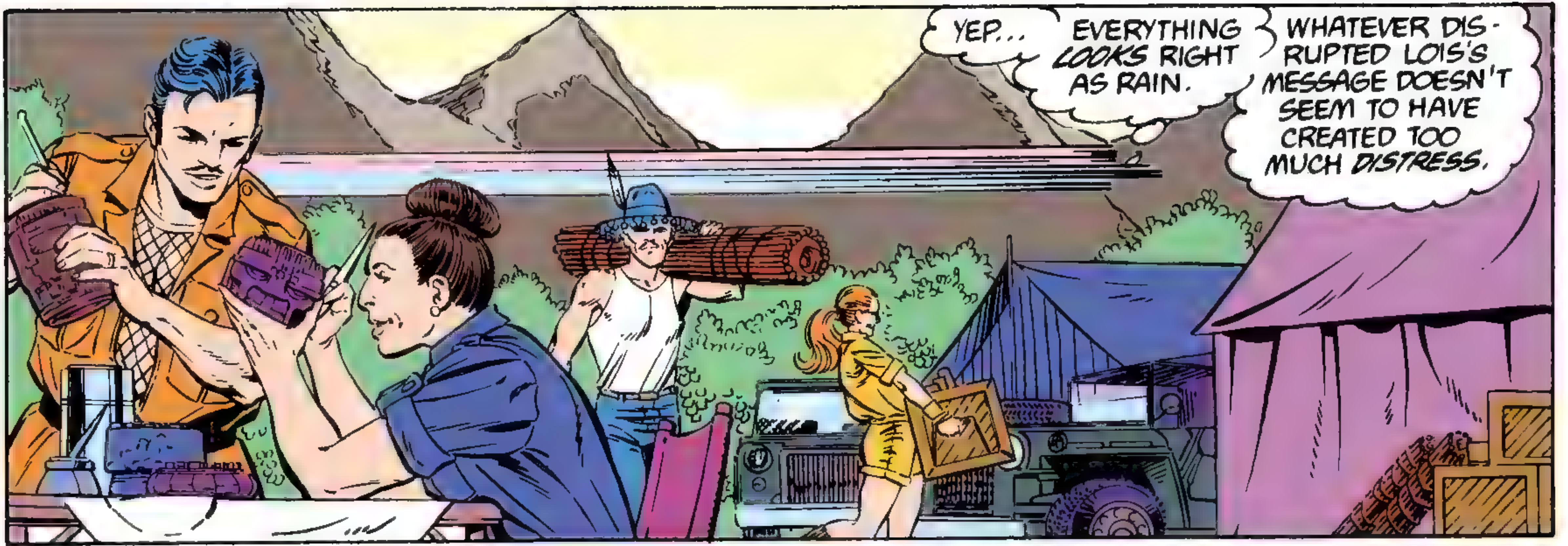
-- THEN DOWN
INTO THE SOUTHERN
HEMISPHERE...



...ALMOST ON TOP
OF LOIS'S POSITION.

HMM-- EVERYTHING
LOOKS OKAY DOWN
BELOW.

I'D BETTER DO
A *SUPER-SPEED*
RECONNOITER BEFORE
I REVEAL MYSELF.



A... "FRIEND"...??

SUPERMAN! HE BROUGHT YOU HERE? WHERE IS HE?

OH, HE'S... NEARBY, LOIS. YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH HIM. SUPERMAN DOESN'T LIKE TO HANG AROUND MUCH PAST THE TIME HE'S NEEDED.

AND GIVING YOU THE CHANCE TO HORN IN ON MY STORY CONSTITUTES A JOB FOR SUPERMAN?

JUST HOW DOES THAT WORK, KENT? WHAT HAVE YOU GOT ON HIM THAT PUTS SUPERMAN IN YOUR BACK POCKET?

NOT A THING, LOIS.

I WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU, AND HE WAS WILLING TO HELP.

WORRIED?

WORRIED I MIGHT HAVE THE STORY OF A LIFETIME HERE, AND YOU WEREN'T GOING TO GET A PIECE OF IT, RIGHT!?

GIVE ME A BREAK, LOIS. YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I... CARE ABOUT YOU.

I CAME TO SEE IF YOU NEEDED HELP, NOT TO STEAL YOUR STORY.

PLEASE BELIEVE THAT.

WELL...

OKAY, KENT. I'LL BUY THE BOY SCOUT BIT-- FOR NOW. BUT IF I START TO SMELL A RAT, YOU'RE DEAD MEAT!

SENORITA LANE...

... AS LONG AS SENOR KENT IS HERE, LET US MAKE HIM WELCOME.

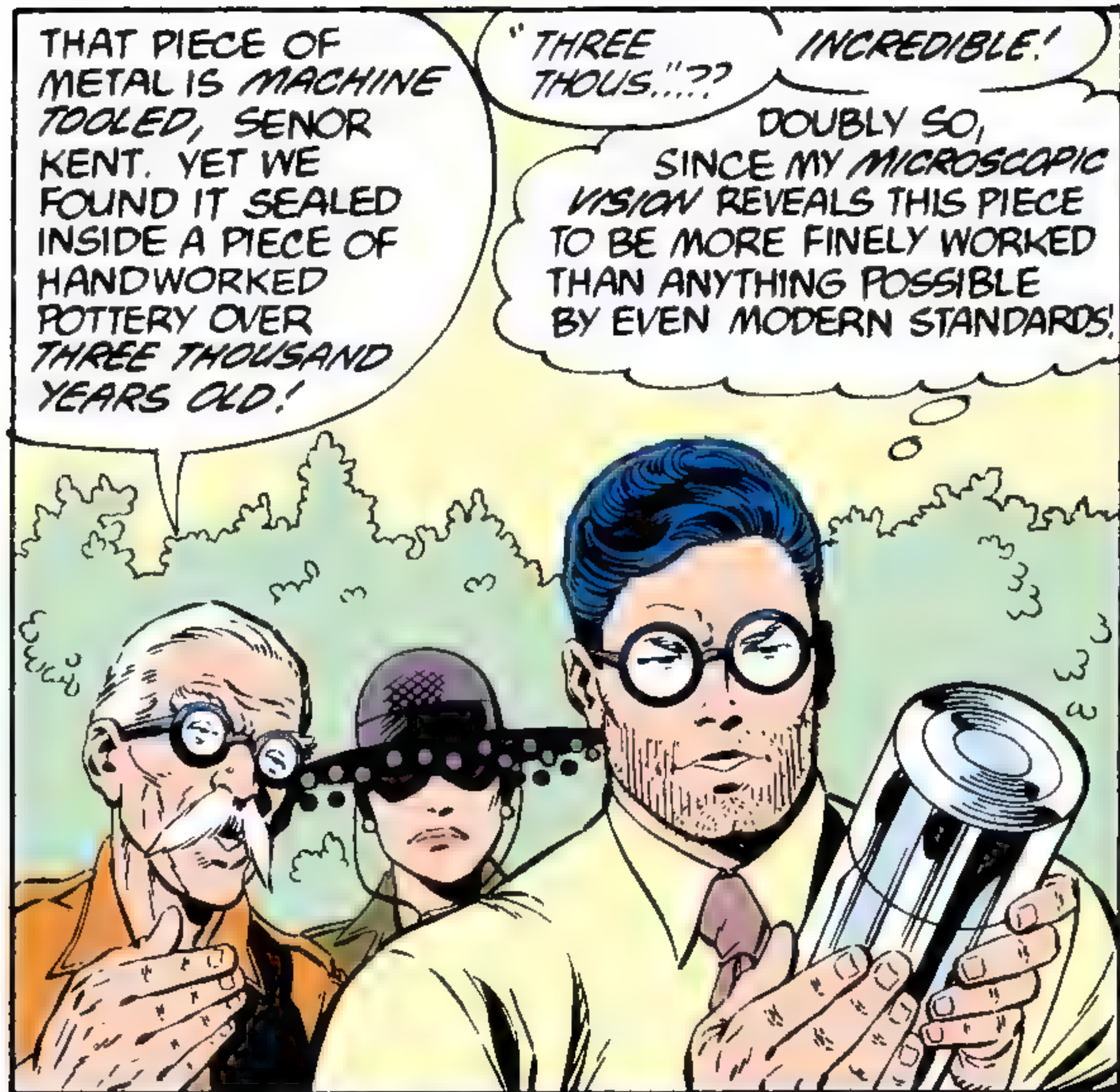
AFTER ALL, THIS IS A STORY WHICH MUST BELONG TO ALL MANKIND!

VERY MAGNANIMOUS OF YOU, DR. ESTEVEZ.

BUT I'M GOOD FOR MY WORD. I'M NOT HERE TO STEAL LOIS'S STORY.

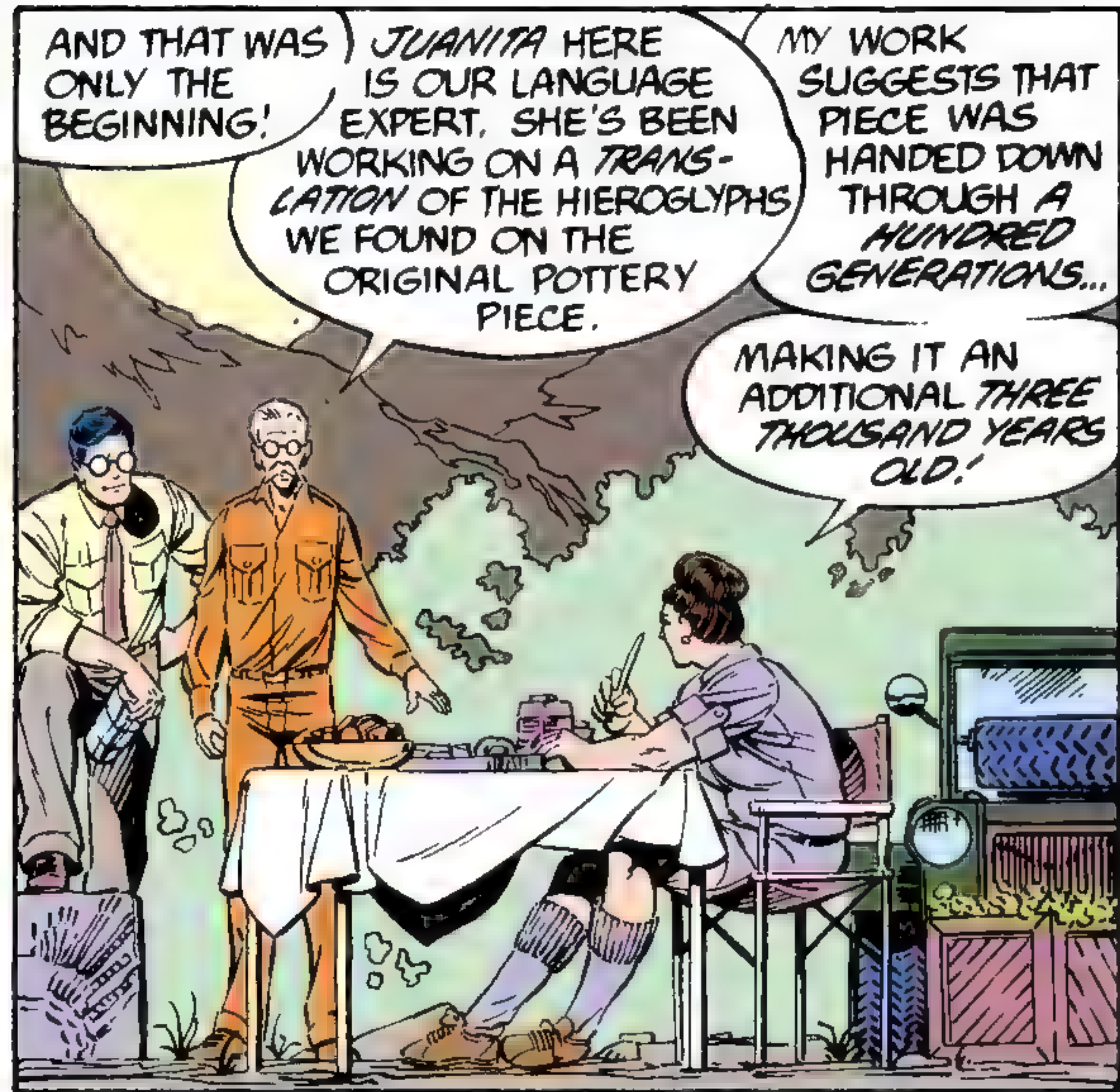
FAIR ENOUGH, SENOR. THEN IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING OF WHAT WE HAVE DISCOVERED..

BEGINNING WITH THIS!



THAT PIECE OF METAL IS MACHINE TOOLED, SENOR KENT. YET WE FOUND IT SEALED INSIDE A PIECE OF HANDWORKED POTTERY OVER THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD!

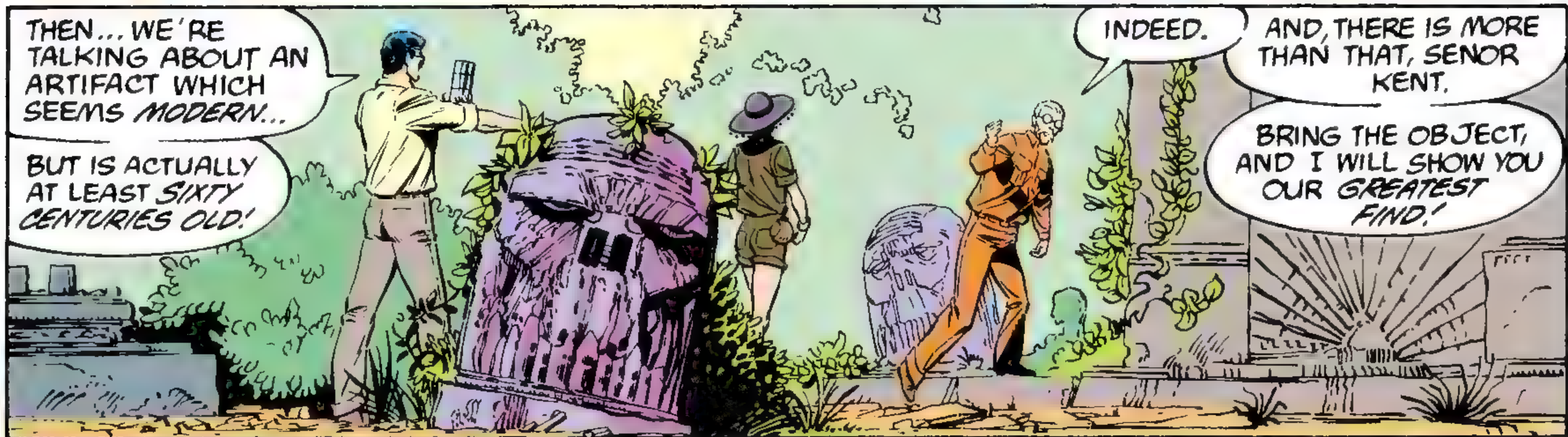
"THREE THOUSAND...?"
INCREDIBLE!
DOUBLY SO, SINCE MY MICROSCOPIC VISION REVEALS THIS PIECE TO BE MORE FINELY WORKED THAN ANYTHING POSSIBLE BY EVEN MODERN STANDARDS!



AND THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING!

JUANITA HERE IS OUR LANGUAGE EXPERT. SHE'S BEEN WORKING ON A TRANSLATION OF THE HIEROGLYPHS WE FOUND ON THE ORIGINAL POTTERY PIECE.

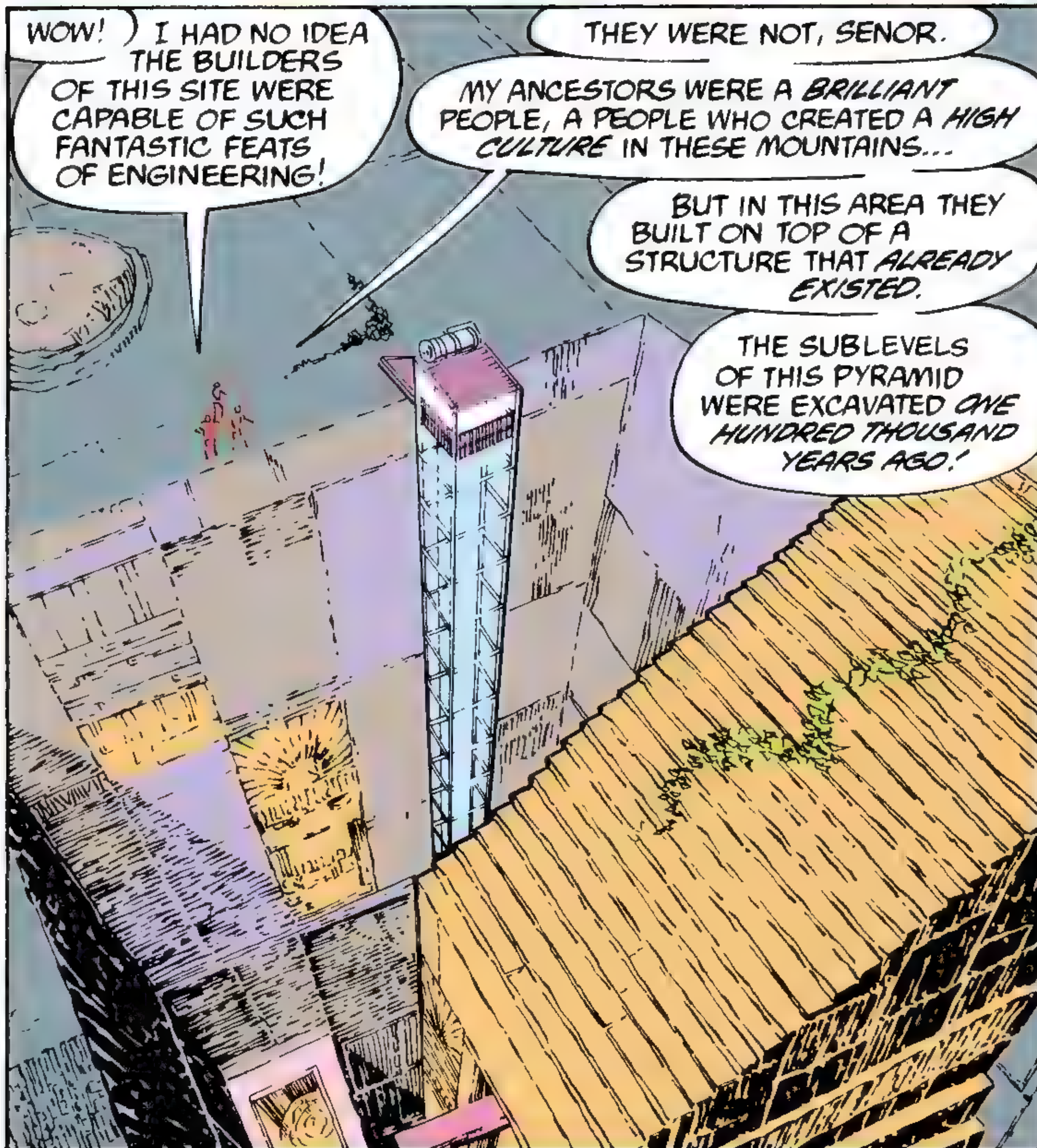
MY WORK SUGGESTS THAT PIECE WAS HANDED DOWN THROUGH A HUNDRED GENERATIONS...
MAKING IT AN ADDITIONAL THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD!



THEN... WE'RE TALKING ABOUT AN ARTIFACT WHICH SEEMS MODERN...
BUT IS ACTUALLY AT LEAST SIXTY CENTURIES OLD!

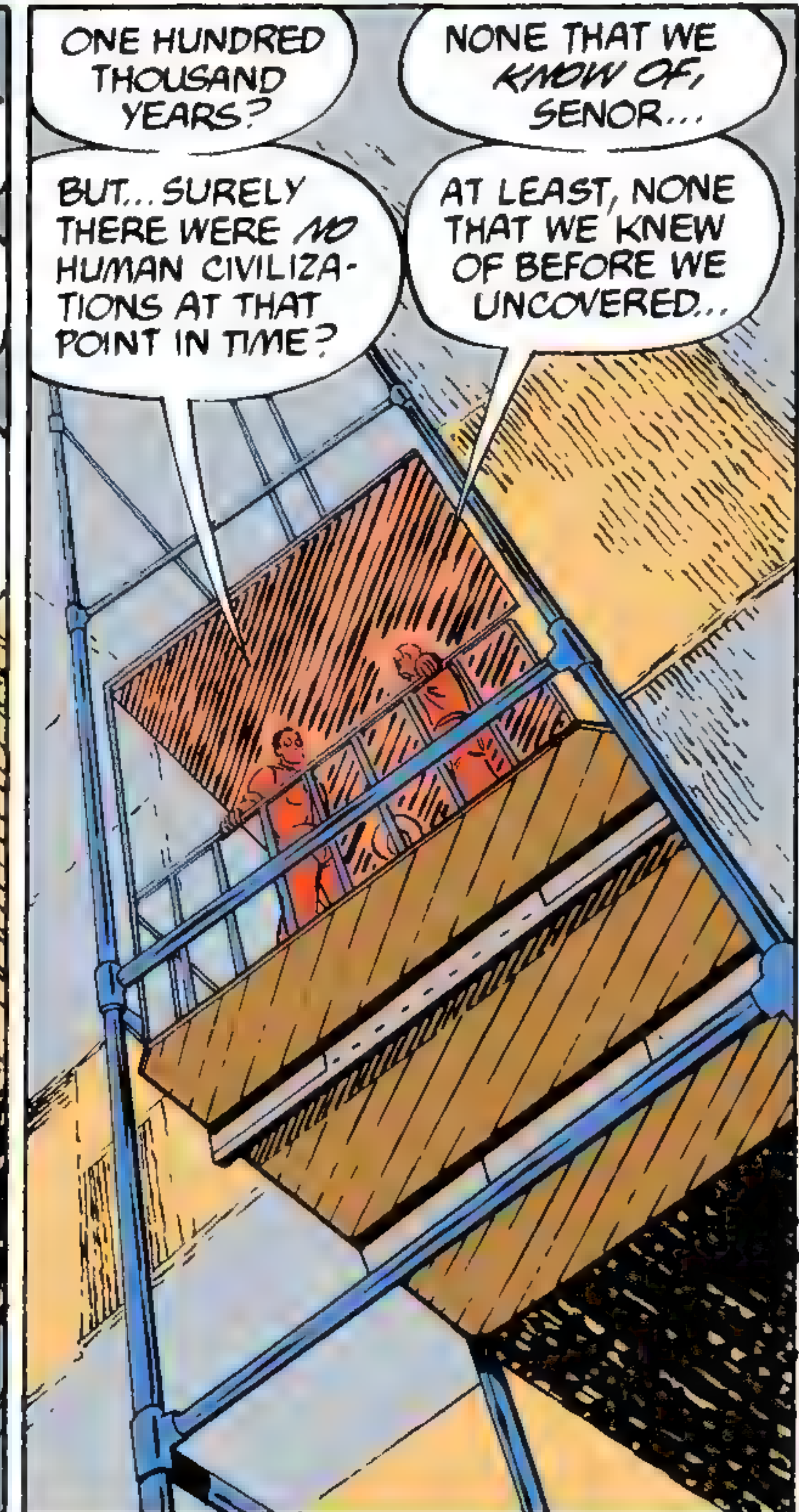
INDEED.

AND, THERE IS MORE THAN THAT, SENOR KENT.
BRING THE OBJECT, AND I WILL SHOW YOU OUR GREATEST FIND!



WOW! I HAD NO IDEA THE BUILDERS OF THIS SITE WERE CAPABLE OF SUCH FANTASTIC FEATS OF ENGINEERING!

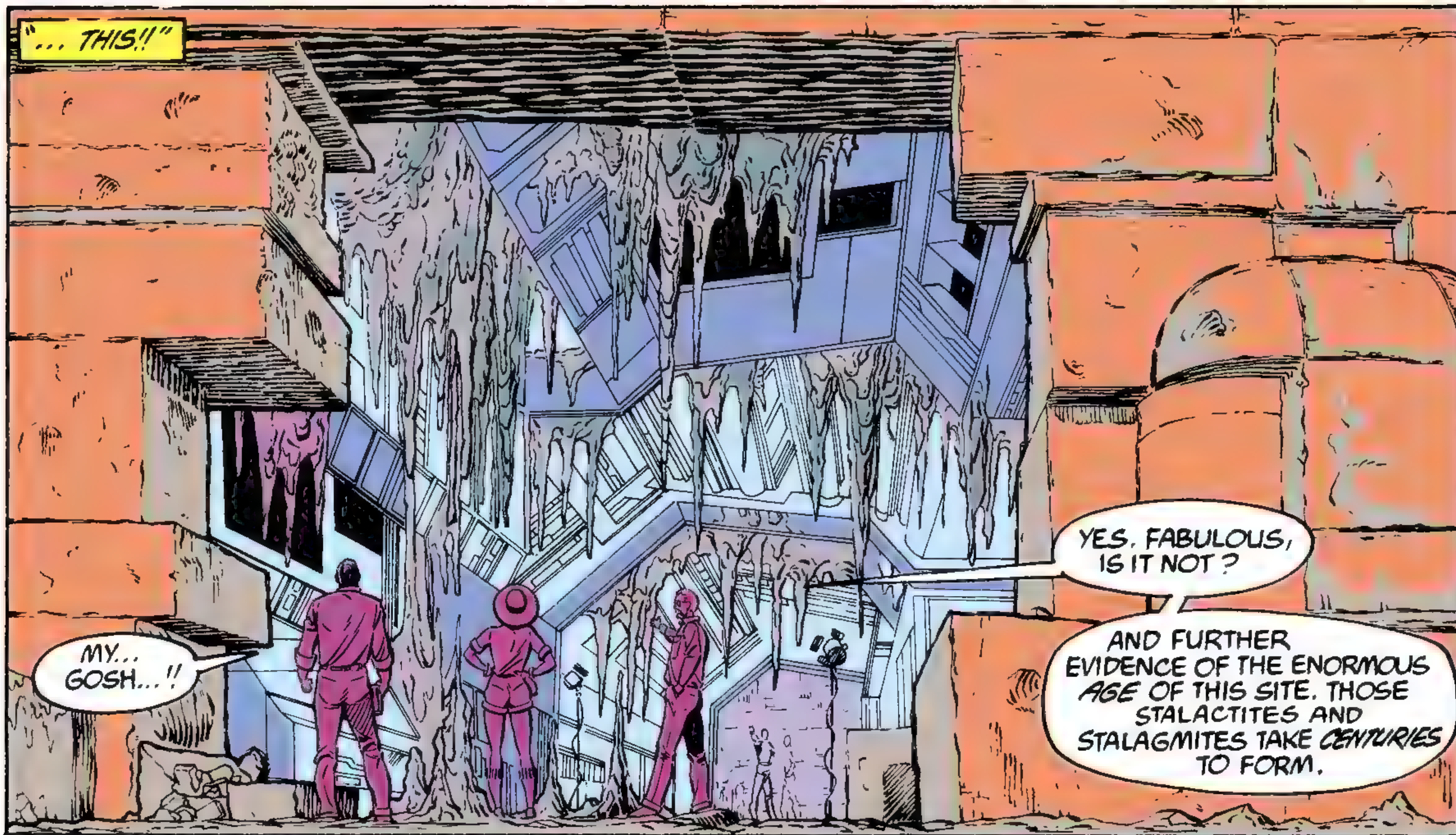
THEY WERE NOT, SENOR.
MY ANCESTORS WERE A BRILLIANT PEOPLE, A PEOPLE WHO CREATED A HIGH CULTURE IN THESE MOUNTAINS...
BUT IN THIS AREA THEY BUILT ON TOP OF A STRUCTURE THAT ALREADY EXISTED.



ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS?
BUT... SURELY THERE WERE NO HUMAN CIVILIZATIONS AT THAT POINT IN TIME?

NONE THAT WE KNOW OF, SENOR...
AT LEAST, NONE THAT WE KNEW OF BEFORE WE UNCOVERED...

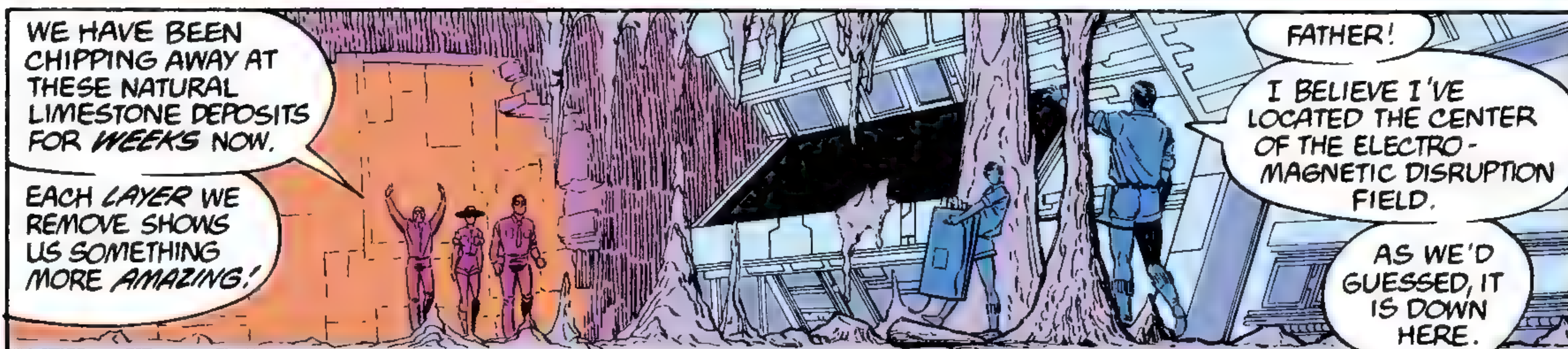
THE SUBLEVELS OF THIS PYRAMID WERE EXCAVATED ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS AGO!



MY...
GOSH...!!

YES. FABULOUS,
IS IT NOT?

AND FURTHER
EVIDENCE OF THE ENORMOUS
AGE OF THIS SITE. THOSE
STALACTITES AND
STALAGMITES TAKE CENTURIES
TO FORM.



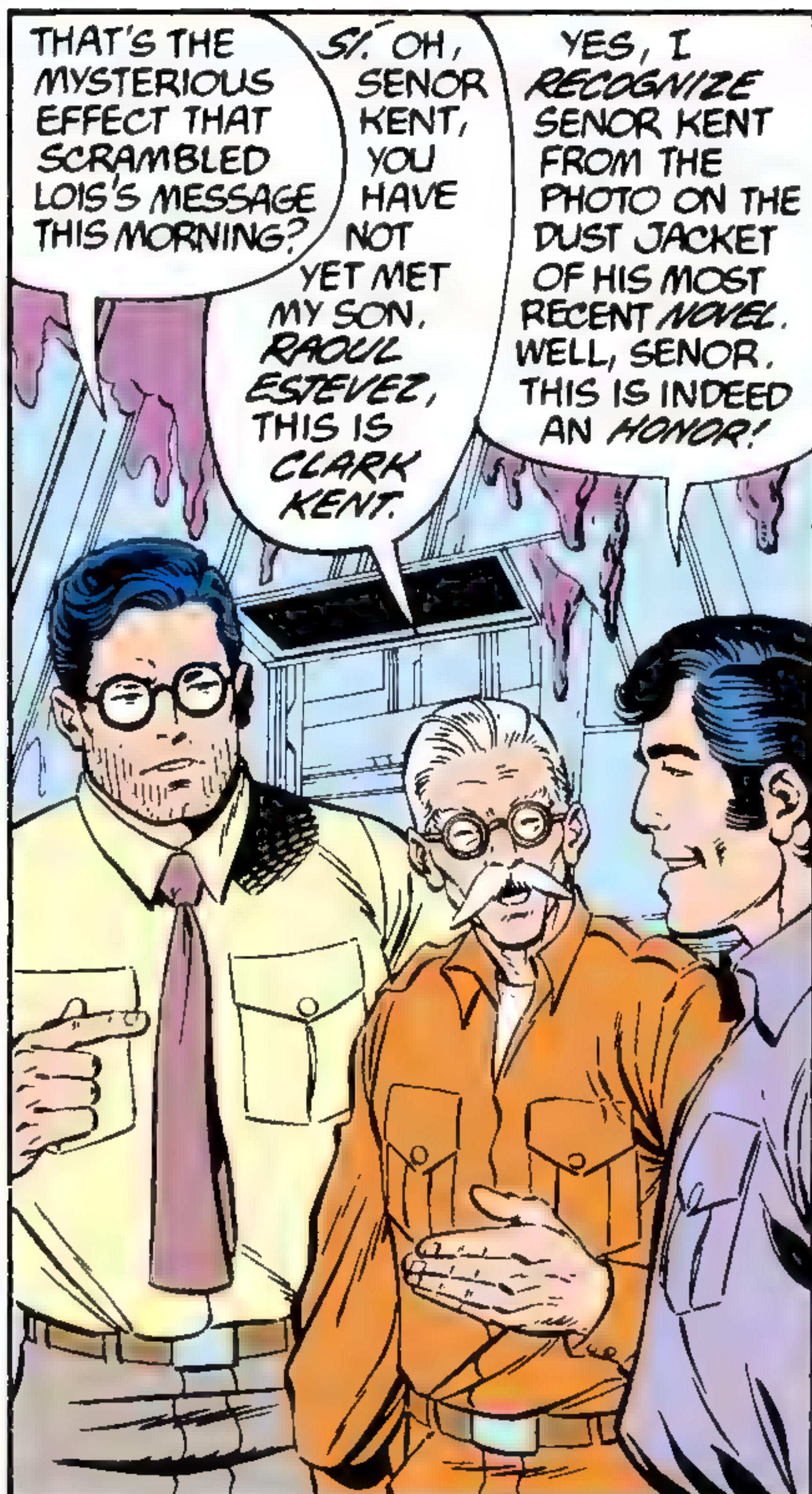
WE HAVE BEEN
CHIPPING AWAY AT
THESE NATURAL
LIMESTONE DEPOSITS
FOR WEEKS NOW.

EACH LAYER WE
REMOVE SHOWS
US SOMETHING
MORE AMAZING!

FATHER!

I BELIEVE I'VE
LOCATED THE CENTER
OF THE ELECTRO-
MAGNETIC DISRUPTION
FIELD.

AS WE'D
GUESSED, IT
IS DOWN
HERE.



THAT'S THE
MYSTERIOUS
EFFECT THAT
SCRAMBLED
LOIS'S MESSAGE
THIS MORNING?

S: OH,
SENOR
KENT,
YOU HAVE
NOT
YET MET
MY SON,
RAOUL
ESTEVEZ,
THIS IS
CLARK
KENT.

YES, I
RECOGNIZE
SENOR KENT
FROM THE
PHOTO ON THE
DUST JACKET
OF HIS MOST
RECENT NOVEL.
WELL, SENOR,
THIS IS INDEED
AN HONOR!



THE HONOR IS
MINE.

BUT, WHERE IS
THE SOURCE OF
THIS DISTURBANCE?

SO FAR AS WE
HAVE BEEN ABLE
TO ISOLATE IT,
IT SEEMS TO
BE JUST
BEHIND THIS
WALL.

MY TEAM IS
ATTEMPTING
TO DRILL
THROUGH
RIGHT NOW.



THIS STRUCTURE
DOESN'T SEEM
TO MATCH THE
TECHNOLOGICAL
LEVELS OF ALL
THIS HARDWARE,
DR. ESTEVEZ, OR
AM I WRONG?

NOT AT ALL,
SENOR KENT.

IT SEEMS
THAT MY
ANCESTORS
REBUILT
MUCH OF THIS
PLACE WHEN
THEY DISCOVERED IT.

THEY ADDED SEVERAL
MASSIVE STONE
WALLS -- SEALING
OFF AREAS IN MUCH
THE SAME FASHION
THEY SEALED THE
METAL ARTIFACT
INTO THE PIECE
OF POTTERY.

HMM. I WONDER WHY THEY'D DO THAT?

AND I WONDER WHY MY X-RAY VISION CAN'T SEEM TO TELL WHAT'S BEHIND THIS WALL?

MY EYES ARE NATURALLY SENSITIVE TO THE X-RAY RADIATION THAT CONSTANTLY BOMBARDS THE EARTH FROM ALL DIRECTIONS.

BUT THE IMAGE I'M RECEIVING SUGGESTS THERE'S SOMETHING BEYOND THIS STONE THAT WARPS ALL RADIATION AROUND ITSELF.

ALL I'M GETTING IS A BIG, FORMLESS BLUR.

WE CANNOT YET BEGIN TO GUESS WHY MY ANCESTORS SEALED OFF THIS PLACE, SENOR KENT.

BUT WE HAVE MADE ONE DISCOVERY WHICH MAY HELP UNLOCK-- PERHAPS LITERALLY -- SOME OF THE MYSTERIES OF THIS SITE.

LOOK HERE. THIS CIRCULAR OPENING IS THE SAME SIZE AS THE ARTIFACT YOU'RE HOLDING.

MAY I HAVE IT NOW, PLEASE?

AND... THERE! YOU SEE? IT FITS LIKE A KEY IN A LOCK!

BUT--HMM-- NOTHING SEEMS TO BE OPENING OR ACTIVATING.

PERHAPS THE ANCIENT MECHANISMS ARE CORRODED, OR BLOCKED WITH LIMESTONE.

I--

HEY... WAIT A MINUTE.

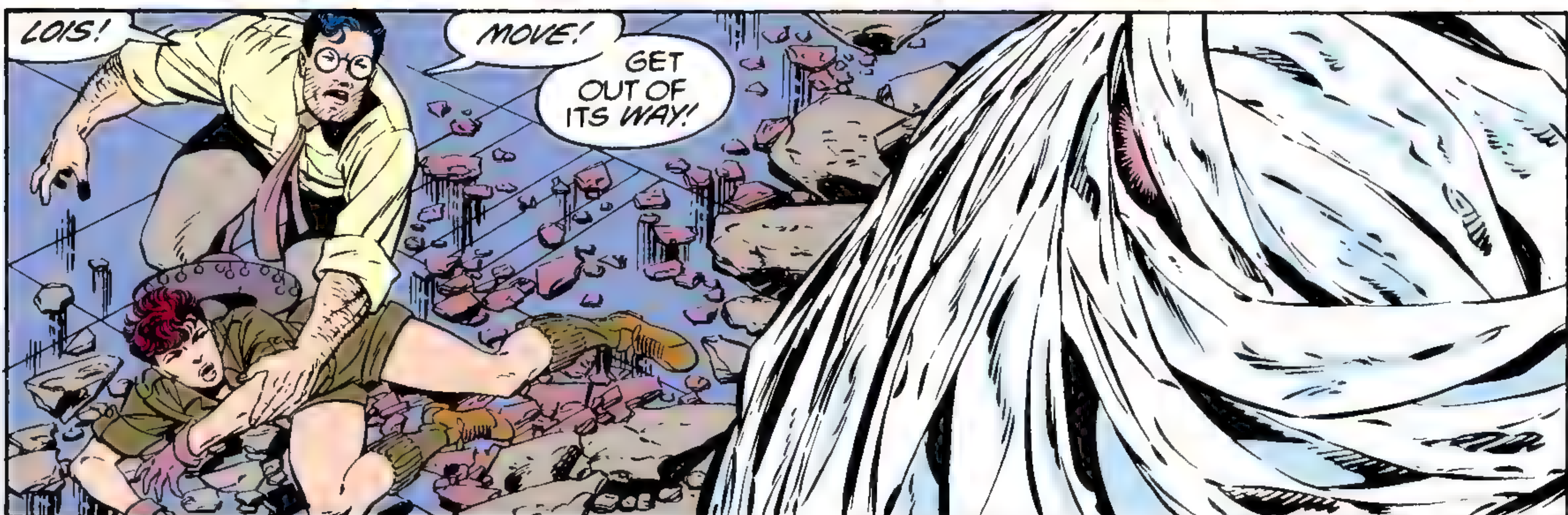
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

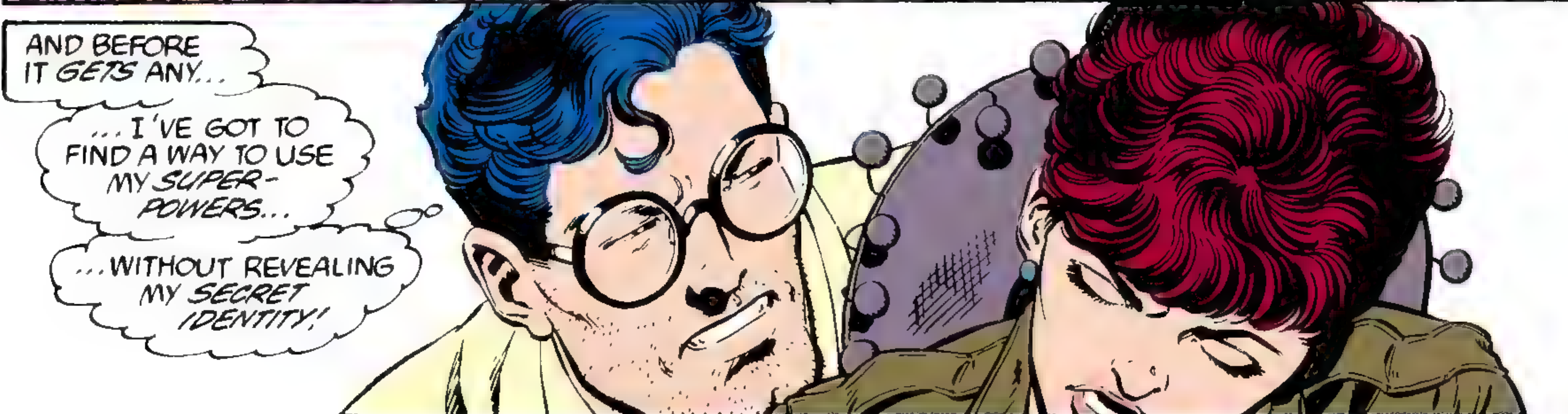
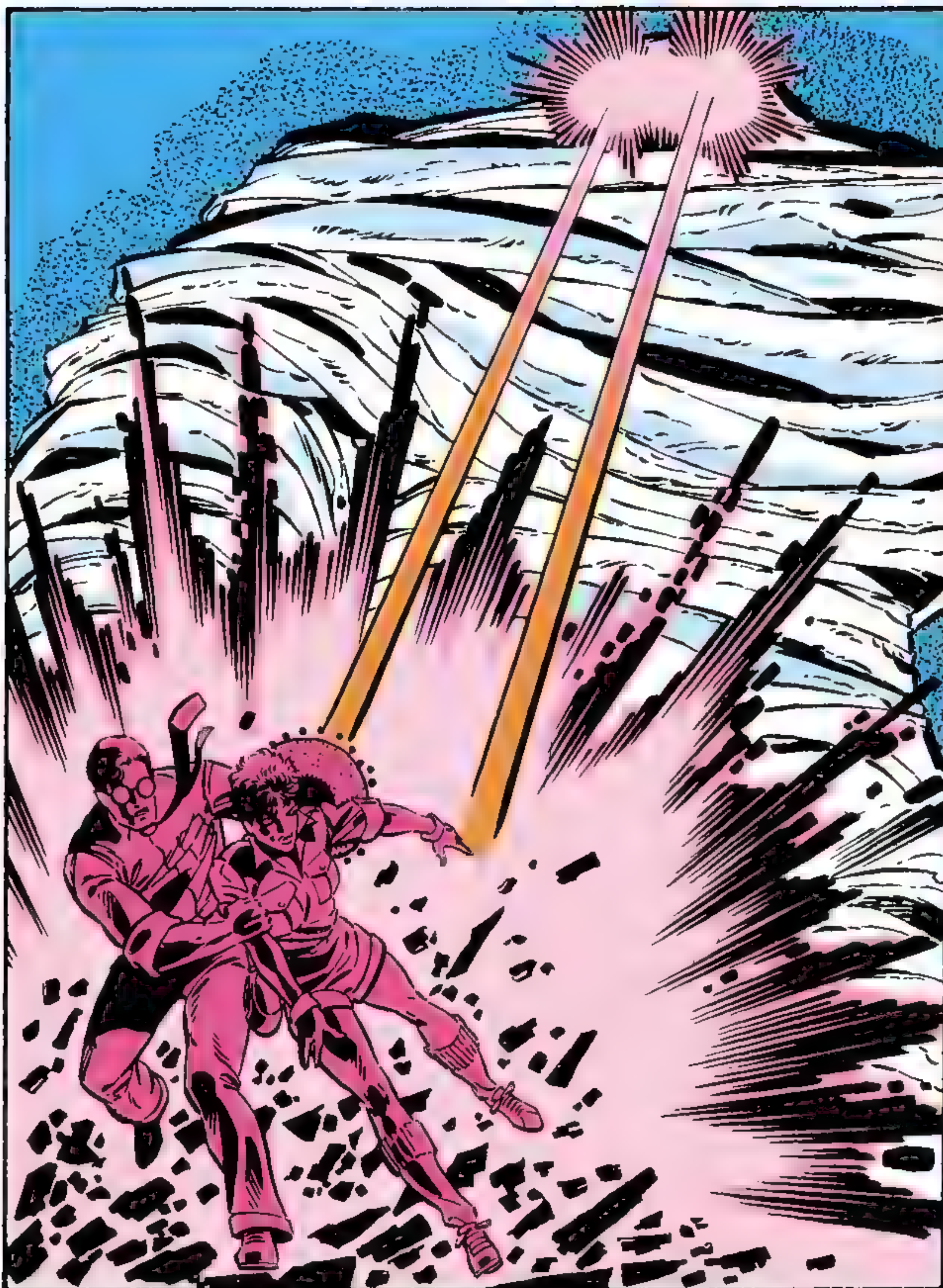
KKTKKKKKLLK

KKKK

THE WALL!!

IT'S CRUMBLING!







SO THE FIRST THING I'VE GOT TO DO IS *SEPARATE* MYSELF FROM LOIS AND THE OTHERS.

AND A BIT OF *HEAT VISION* "CARVING" SHOULD EFFECTIVELY...



...BRING DOWN THE ROOF!

LOIS! LOOK OUT!

WHAT...?!

KENT!!



CLARK!!!



NOW... LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT TALL, WRAPPED AND LUMPY HERE.



MY INFRARED AND MICROSCOPIC ANALYSIS CONFIRMS THOSE EYE-BEAMS OF HIS ARE CONVENTIONAL *PULSED LASERS*.

HE MAY BE ABLE TO GIVE ME A HECKUVA *HOT FOOT*, BUT HE WON'T BE ABLE TO DO ME ANY *PERMANENT DAMAGE*!



UH-OH. LOOKS LIKE *FLYING* WASN'T SUCH A BRIGHT IDEA.

OUR BOY *LEARNS BY EXAMPLE*!

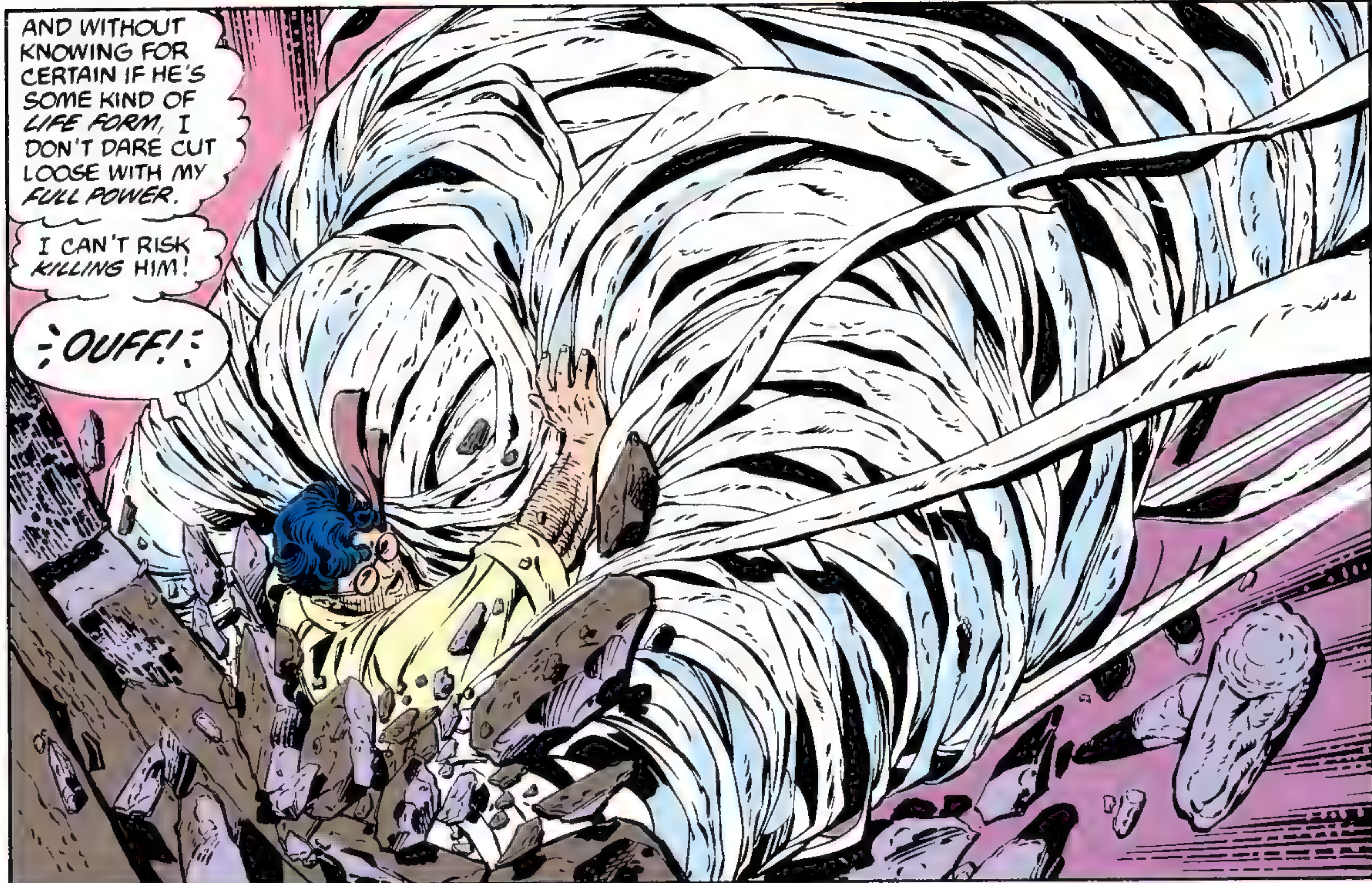


BUT HE'S NOT FLYING BY *DEFYING GRAVITY* AS I DO.

THOSE ARE SOME KIND OF *ROCKET ENGINES* BLASTING OUT OF THE SOLES OF HIS FEET.

I SURE WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY I COULD SEE HIS *INSIDES*, DISCOVER HIS *COMPOSITION*.

BUT THE *WARPING FIELD* THAT BLOCKED MY X-RAY VISION IS STILL IN OPERATION.



AND WITHOUT KNOWING FOR CERTAIN IF HE'S SOME KIND OF *LIFE FORM*, I DON'T DARE CUT LOOSE WITH MY *FULL POWER*.

I CAN'T RISK *KILLING HIM*!

OUFF!



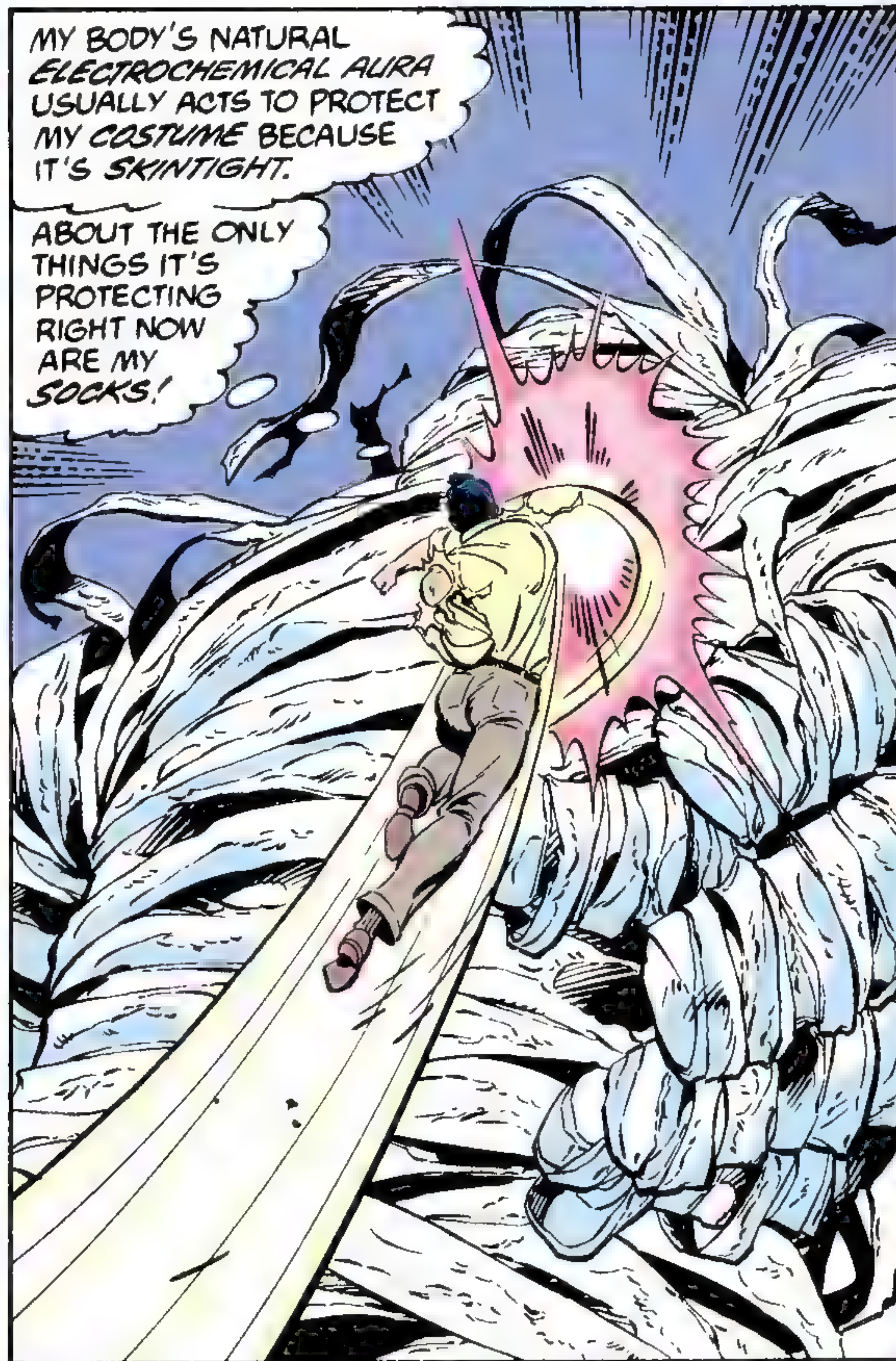
UNFORTUNATELY HE DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE THE SAME *COMPUNCTIONS*.

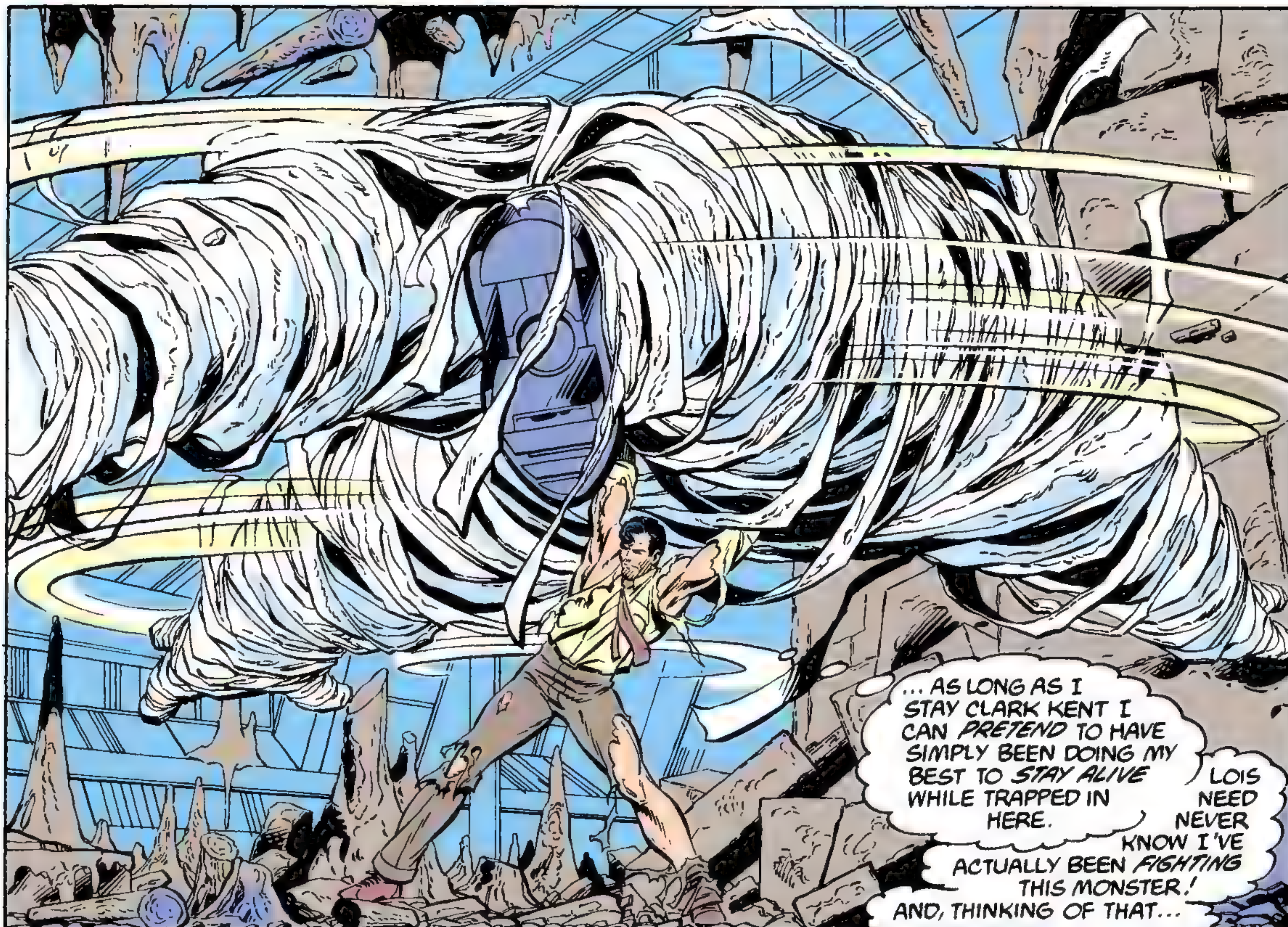
WELL, THERE'S A BIG DIFFERENCE BETWEEN NOT WANTING TO *KILL*--



--AND SIMPLY BEING A *PUNCHING BAG*!

BACK OFF, *UGLY!!*





... AS LONG AS I
STAY CLARK KENT I
CAN *PRETEND* TO HAVE
SIMPLY BEEN DOING MY
BEST TO *STAY ALIVE*
WHILE TRAPPED IN
HERE.

LOIS
NEED
NEVER
KNOW I'VE
ACTUALLY BEEN *FIGHTING*
THIS MONSTER!
AND, THINKING OF THAT...



WE COULD GO ON
FOR *WEEKS*, POUNDING
AWAY AT EACH OTHER
LIKE THIS.

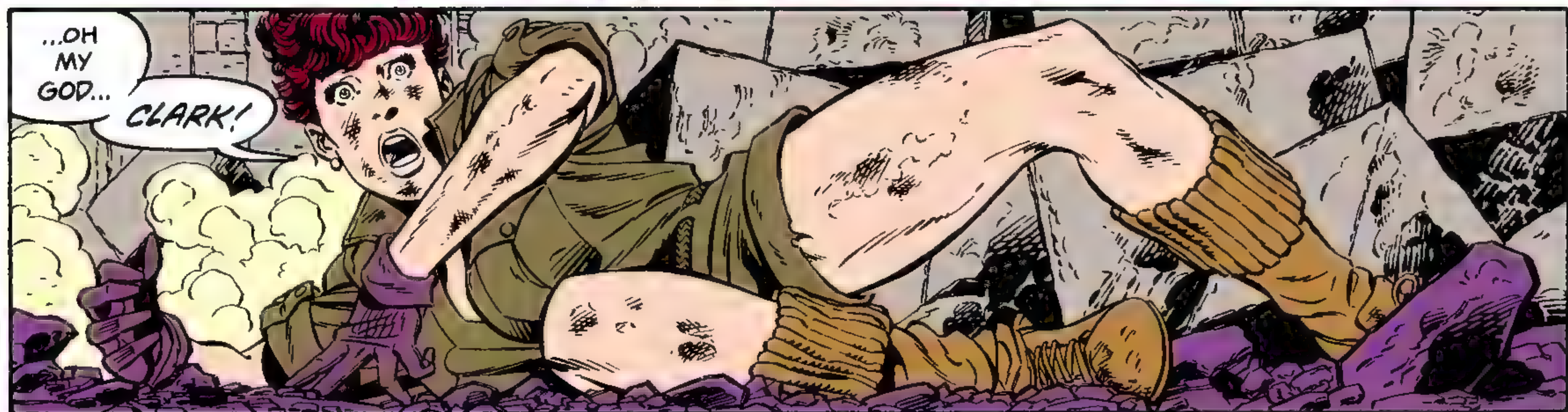
I'VE GOT TO FIND
A WAY TO *KNOCK*
OUT OUR HYPER-
THYROID FRIEND.

AND I THINK
I KNOW JUST
HOW TO DO IT!



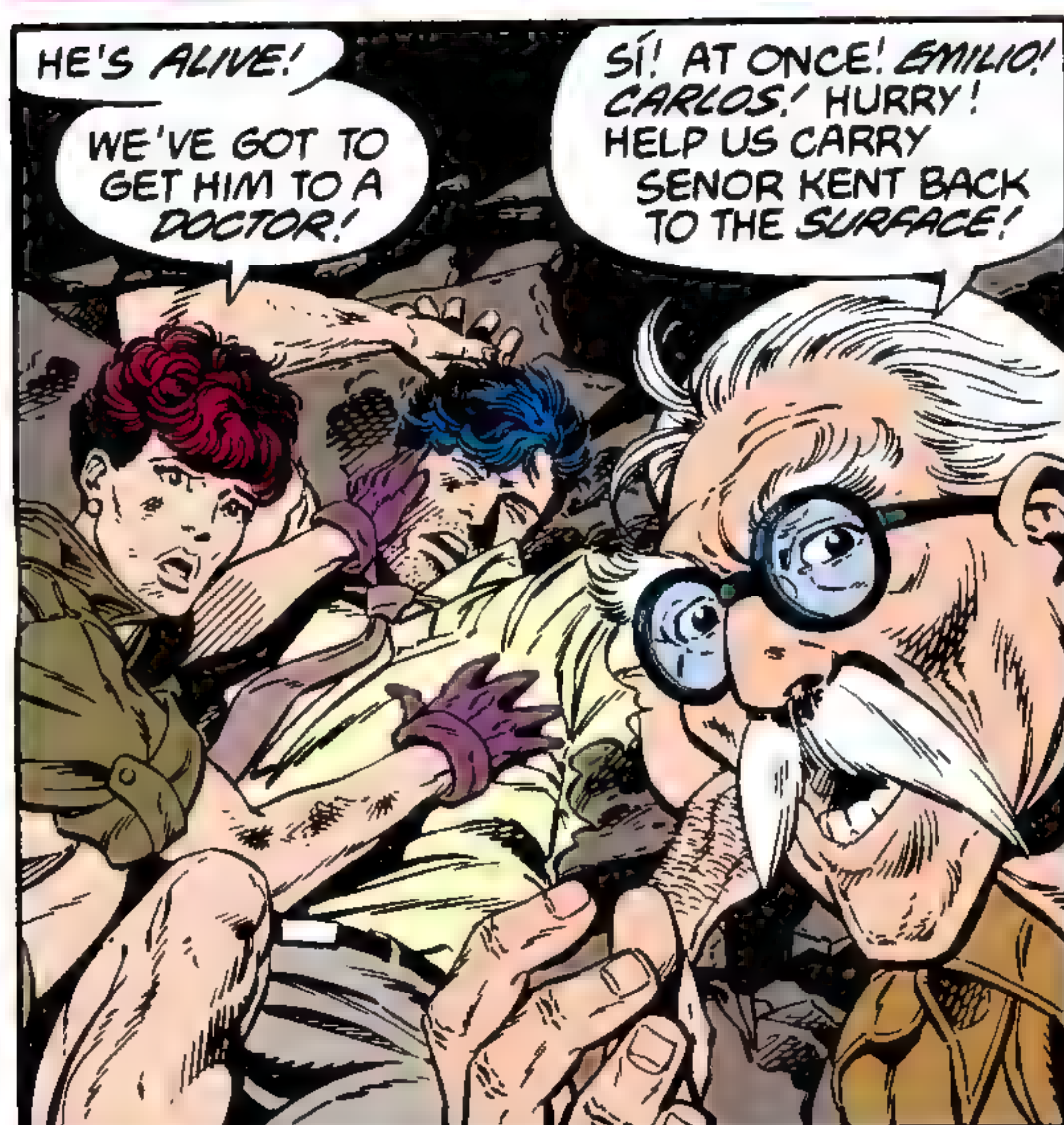
ALL THIS STARTED WHEN
DR. ESTEVEZ INSERTED
HIS SO-CALLED "KEY"
INTO THAT CONSOLE.

IT'S A
GOOD BET
ALL I NEED
DO IS
REMOVE
IT AND...





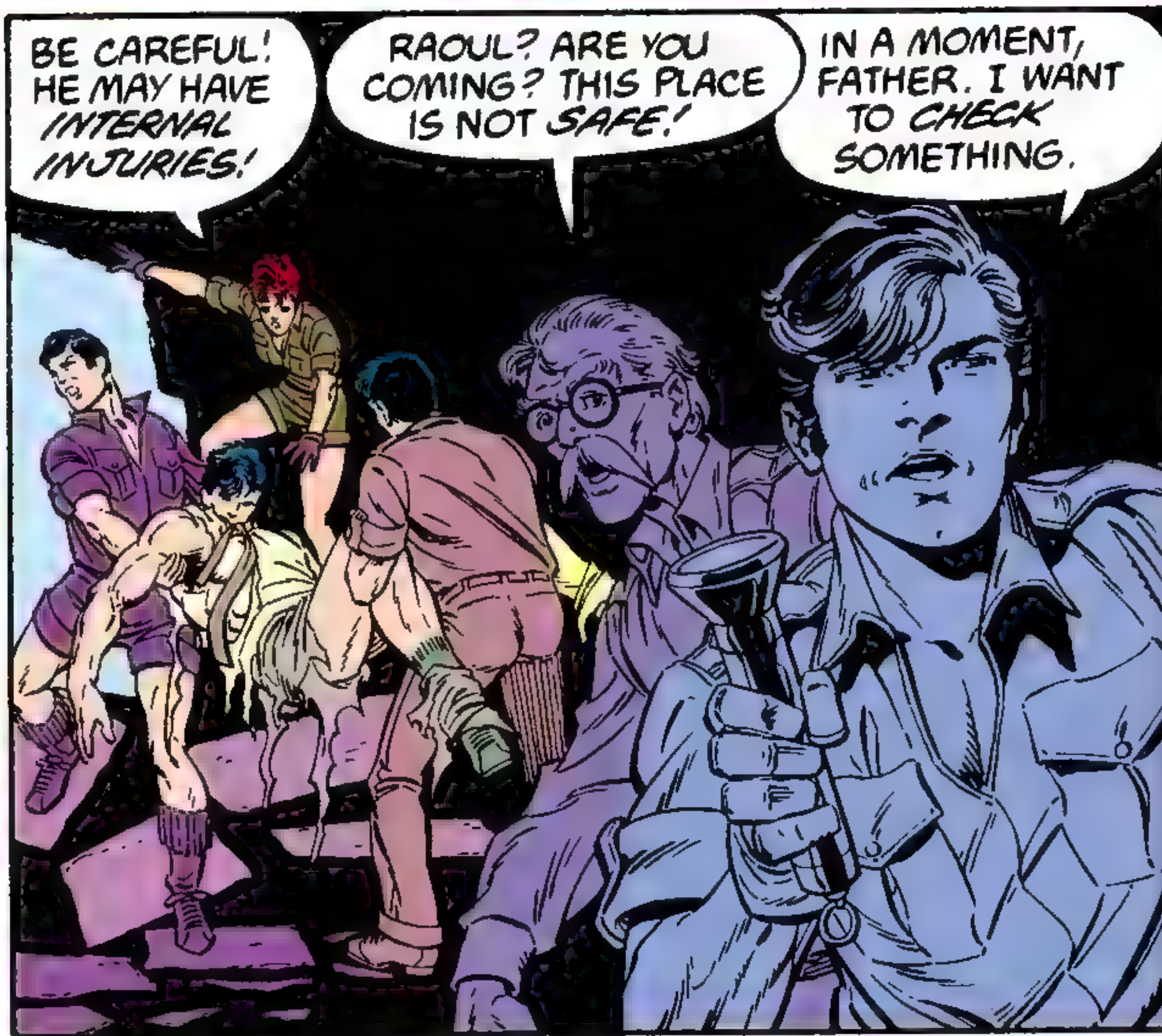
CLARK!!



HE'S ALIVE!

WE'VE GOT TO
GET HIM TO A
DOCTOR!

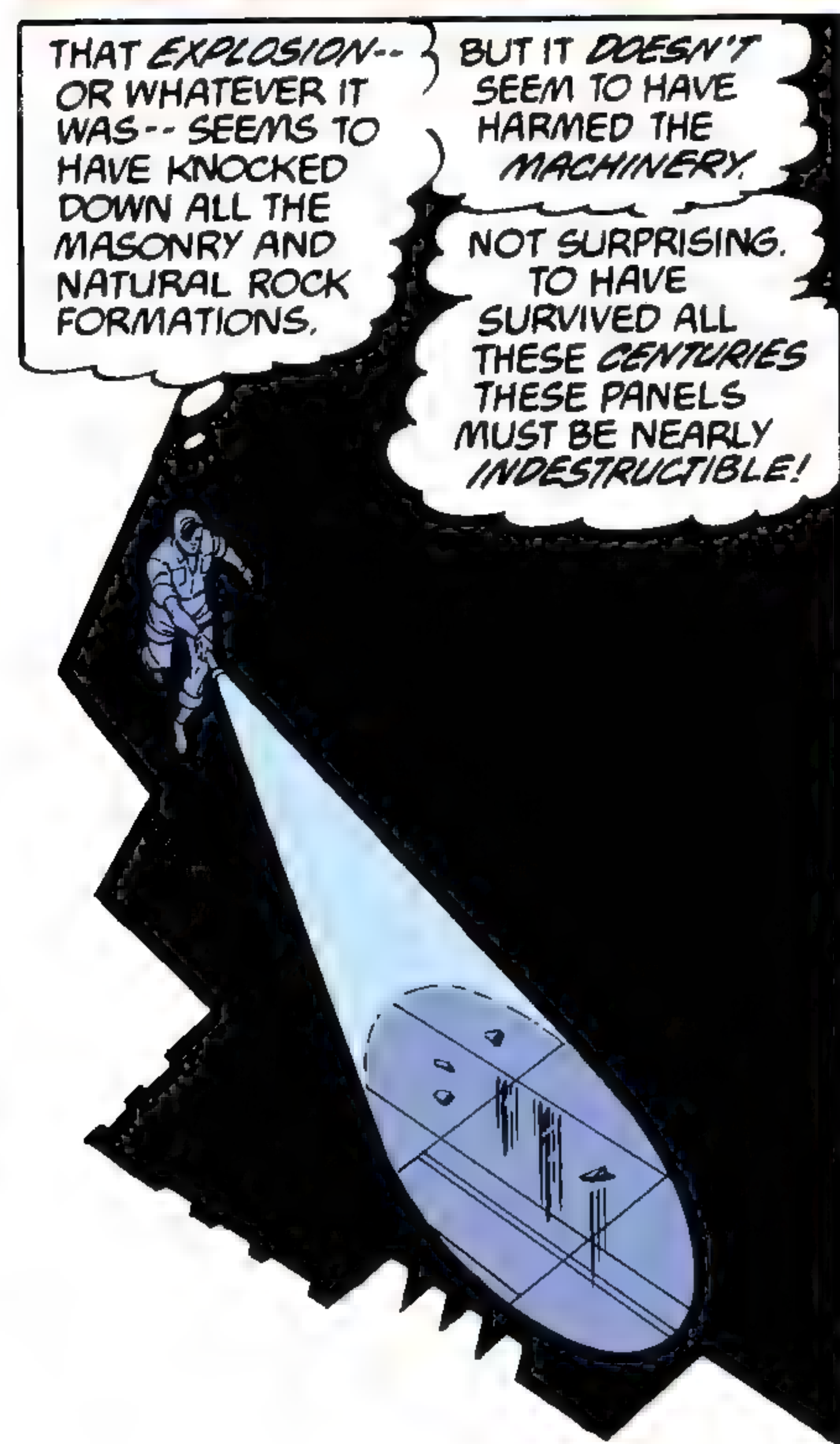
¡SÍ! AT ONCE! *EMILIO!*
CARLOS! HURRY!
HELP US CARRY
SENOR KENT BACK
TO THE SURFACE!



BE CAREFUL!
HE MAY HAVE
INTERNAL
INJURIES!

RAOUL? ARE YOU
COMING? THIS PLACE
IS NOT *SAFE!*

IN A MOMENT,
FATHER. I WANT
TO *CHECK*
SOMETHING.



THAT *EXPLOSION--*
OR WHATEVER IT
WAS-- SEEMS TO
HAVE KNOCKED
DOWN ALL THE
MASONRY AND
NATURAL ROCK
FORMATIONS.

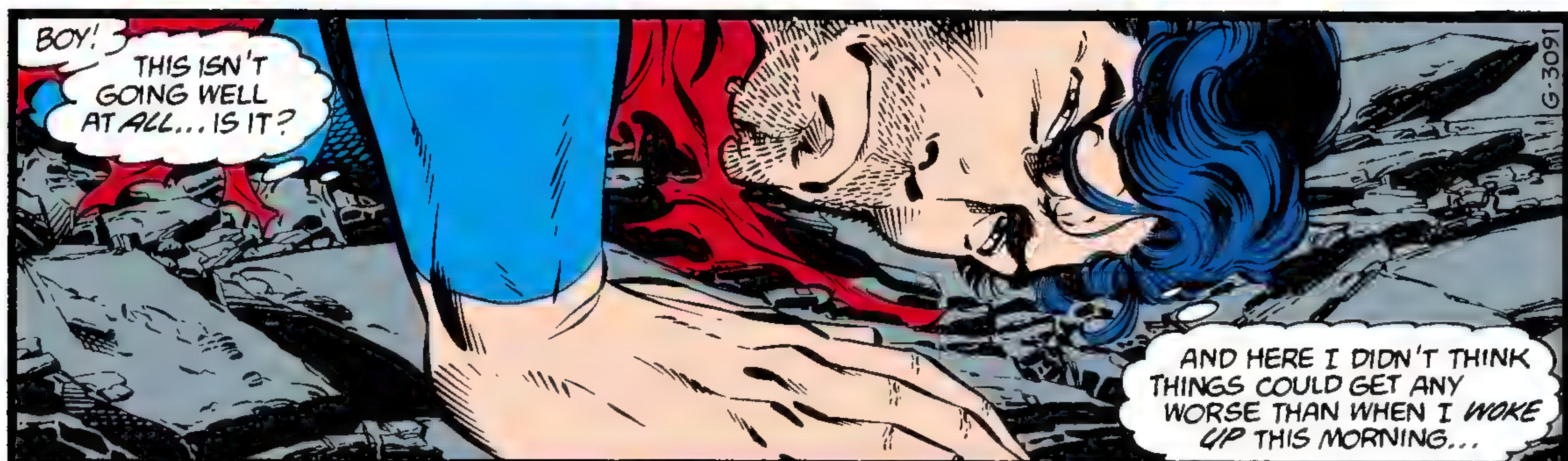
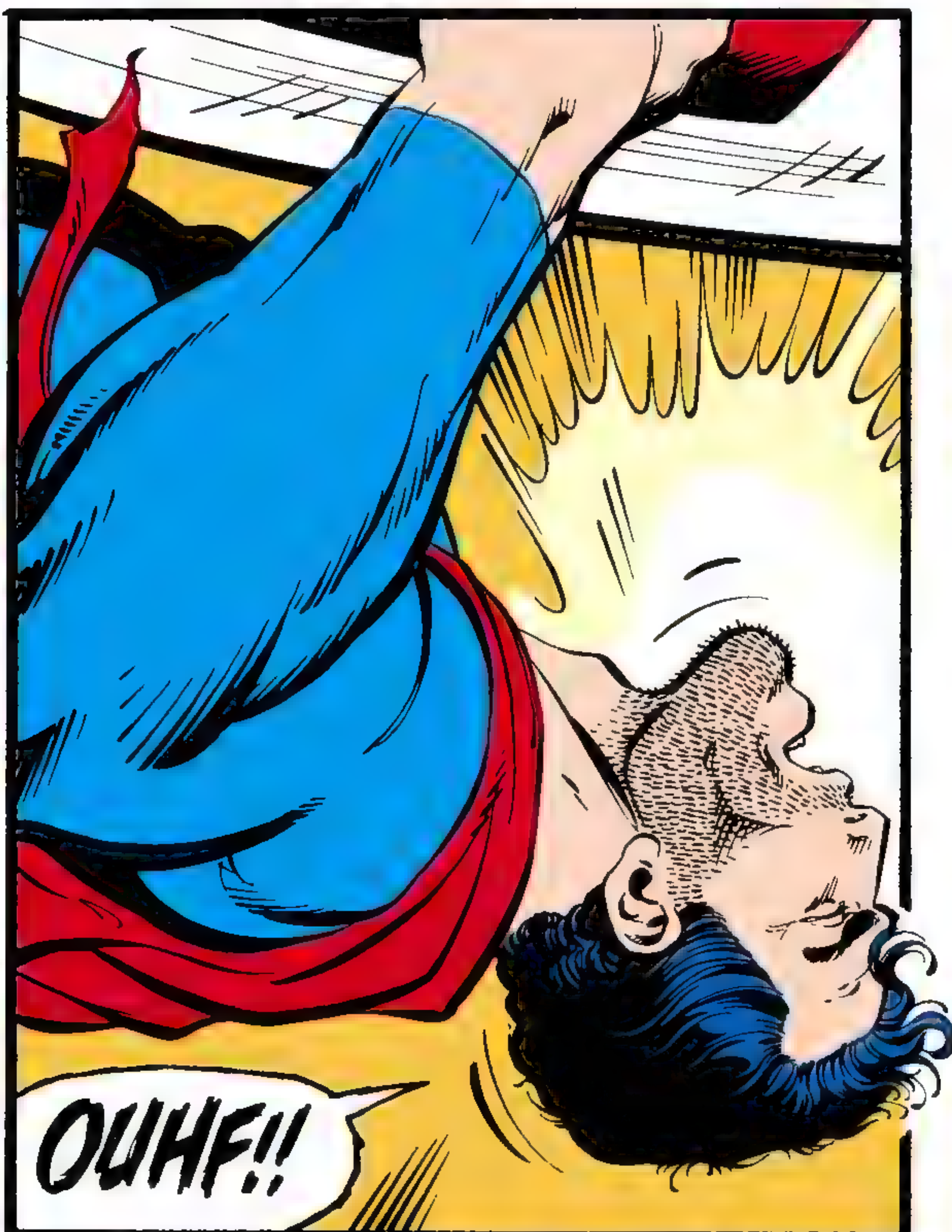
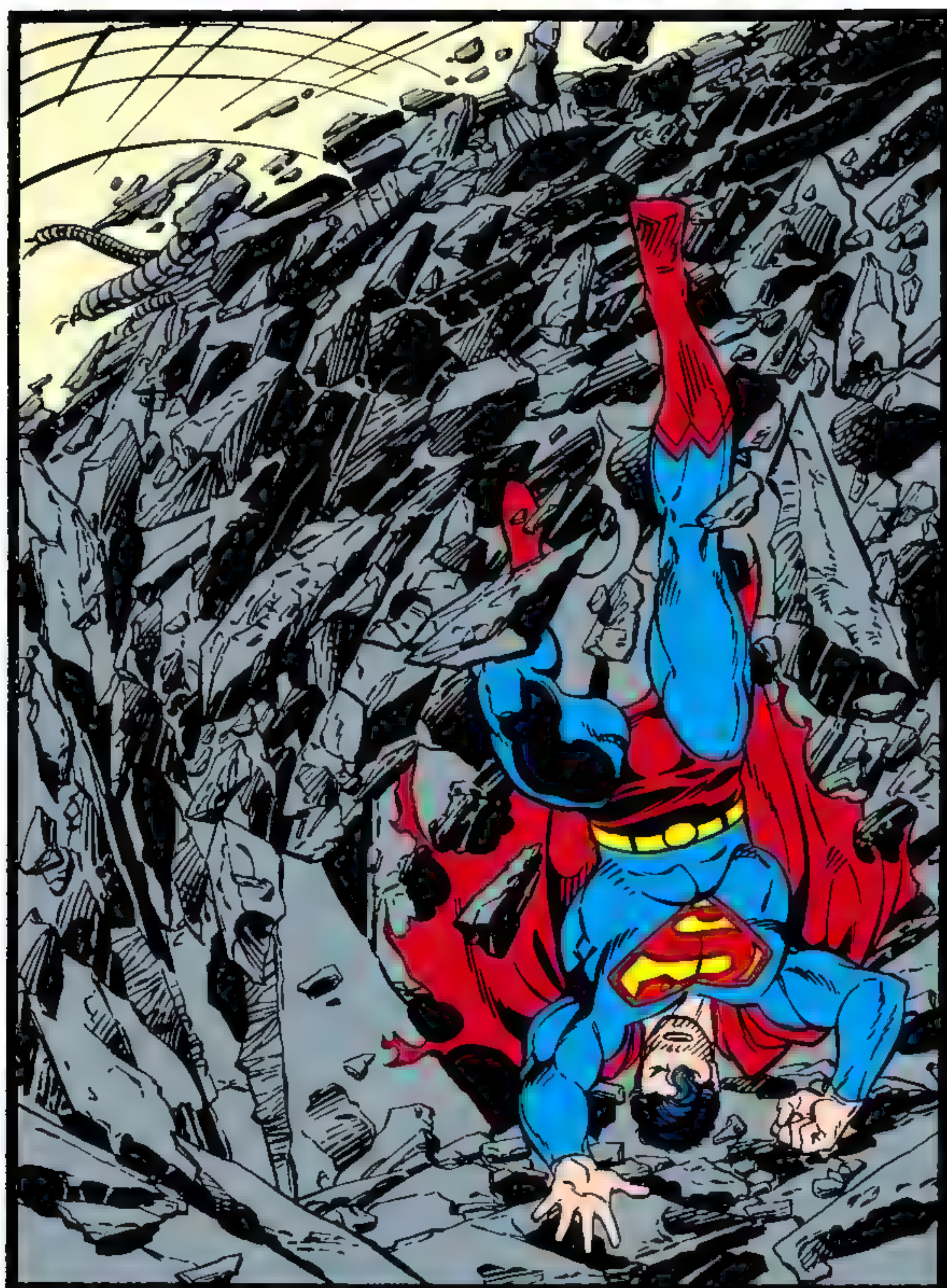
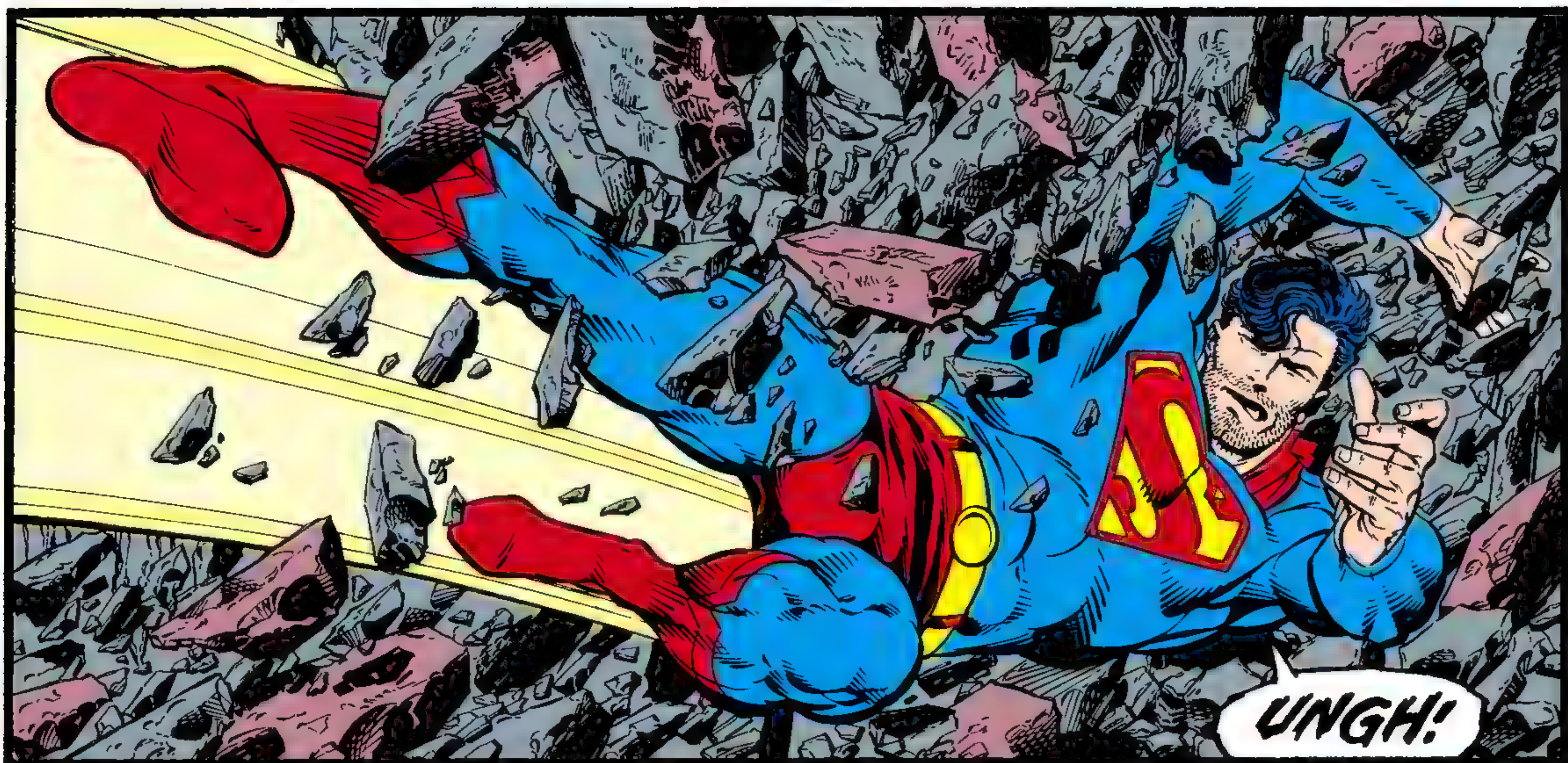
BUT IT *DOESN'T*
SEEM TO HAVE
HARMED THE
MACHINERY.

NOT SURPRISING.
TO HAVE
SURVIVED ALL
THESE *CENTURIES*
THESE PANELS
MUST BE NEARLY
INDESTRUCTIBLE!



BUT...
WHERE IS
THAT MUMMY
CREA--





SUPERMAN[®]

Created by
JERRY SIEGEL &
JOE SHUSTER

THE LAST FIVE HUNDRED

John Byrne

STORY AND PENCILS

Tom Ziuko

COLORS

Michael Carlin & Andrew Helfer

•

Karl Kesel

INKS

John Costanza

LETTERS

EDITORS

...AND LOOK
AT THIS! HE WAS
CARRYING IT IN A POUCH
IN HIS LEGGINGS,
FOLDED TO THE SIZE
OF A MAN'S HAND.

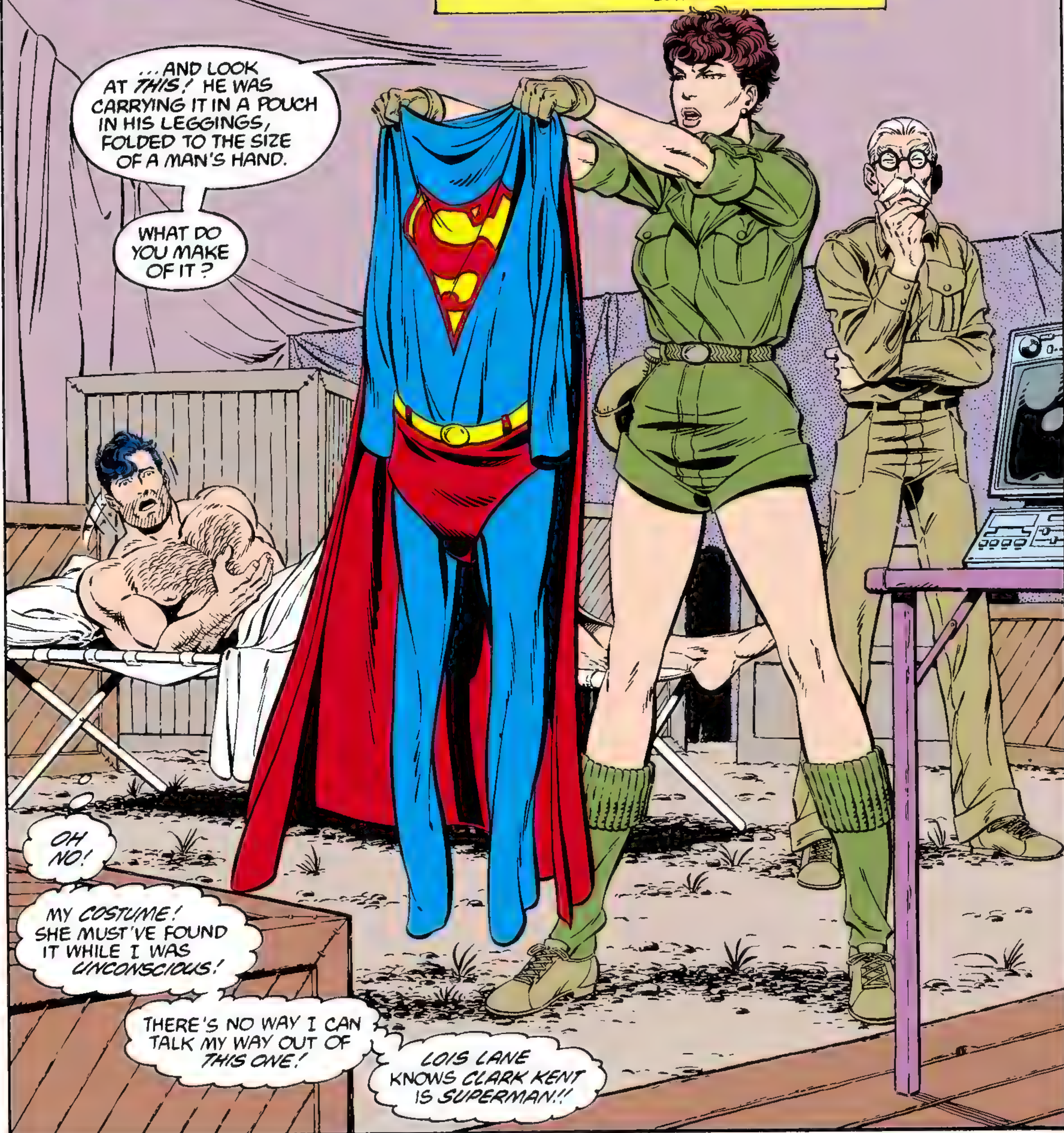
WHAT DO
YOU MAKE
OF IT?

OH
NO!

MY COSTUME!
SHE MUST'VE FOUND
IT WHILE I WAS
UNCONSCIOUS!

THERE'S NO WAY I CAN
TALK MY WAY OUT OF
THIS ONE!

LOIS LANE
KNOWS CLARK KENT
IS SUPERMAN!!





HOW...

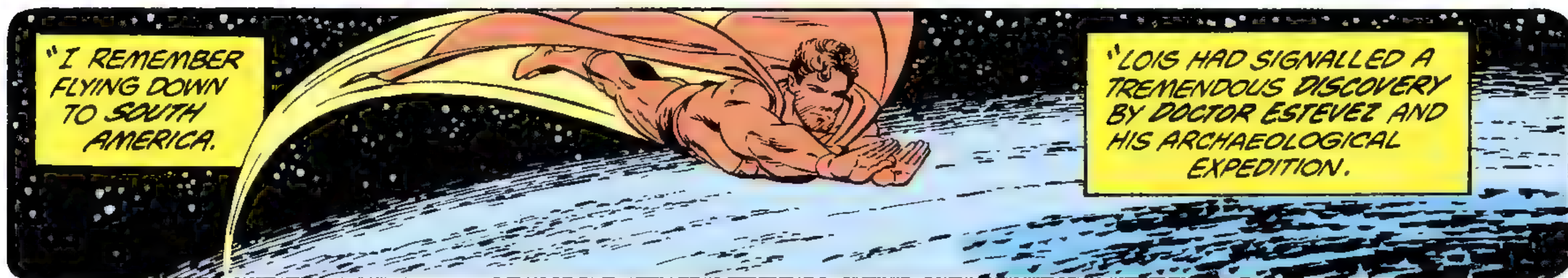
HOW CAN THIS HAVE HAPPENED?

IF ONLY I COULD CLEAR MY HEAD!

MY BRAIN'S SO FUZZY I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN FED THROUGH A BLENDER!

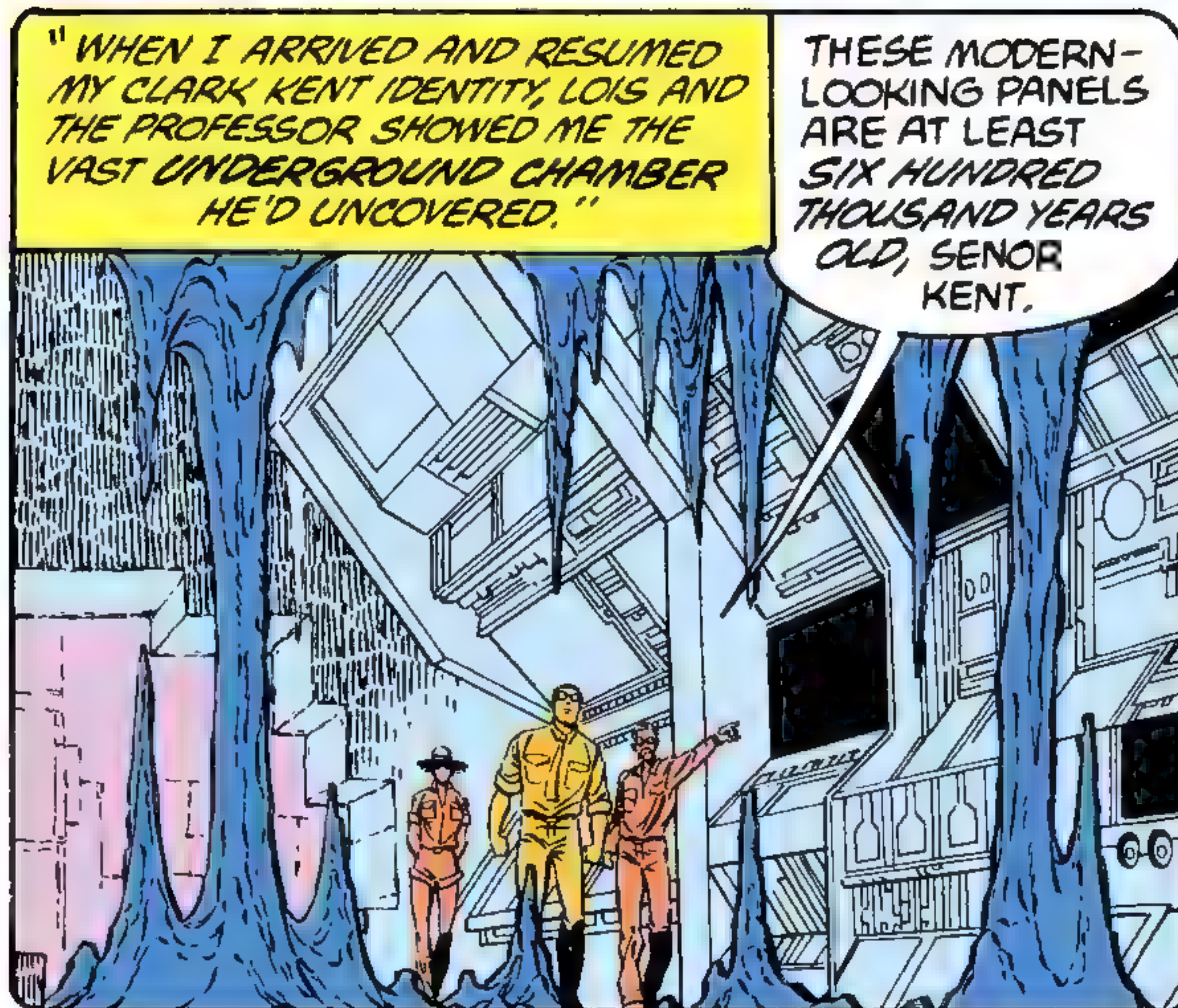
GOT TO GET MY THOUGHTS IN ORDER! FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENED...

FIND SOME WAY OUT OF THIS MESS!!



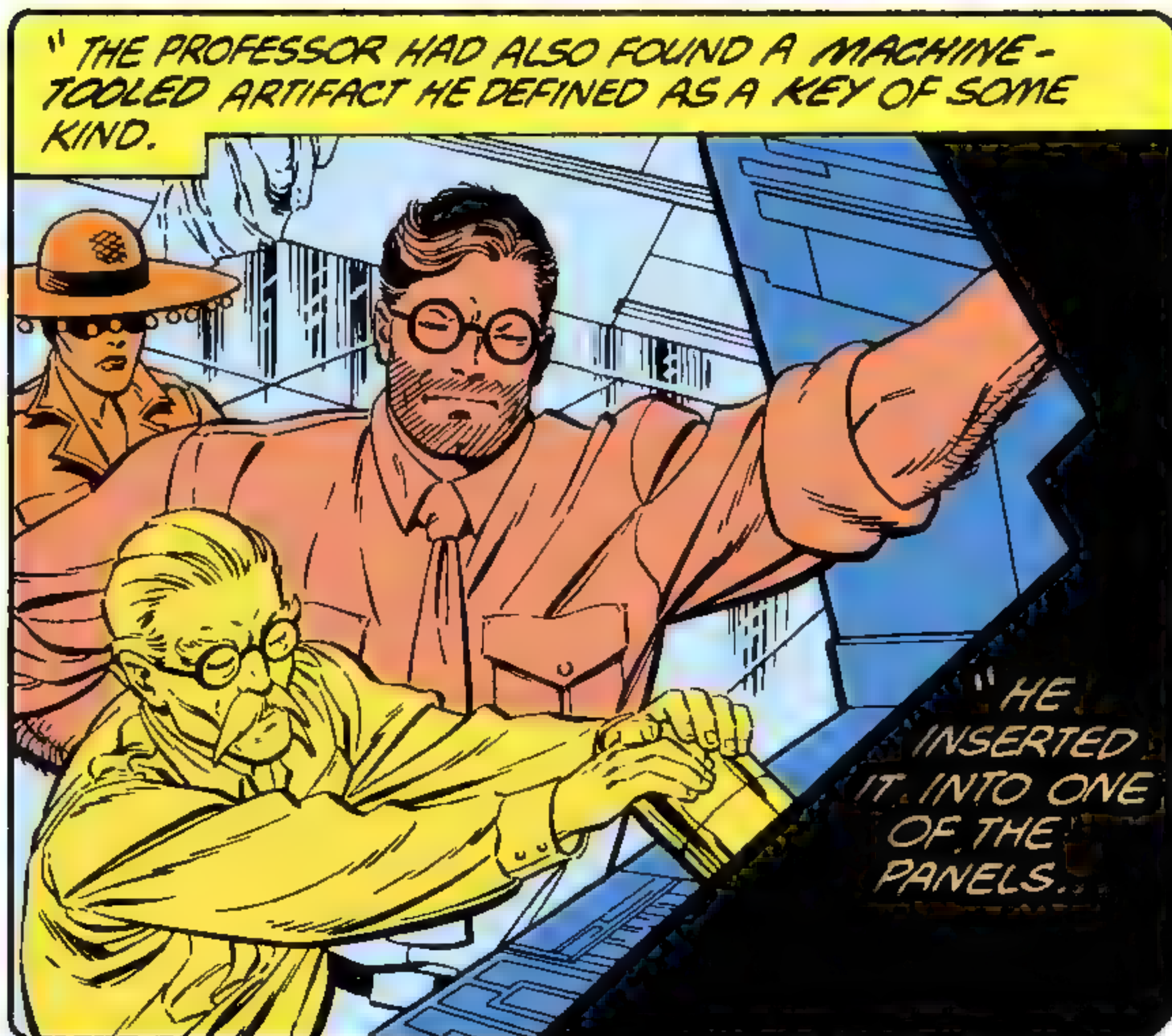
"I REMEMBER FLYING DOWN TO SOUTH AMERICA.

"LOIS HAD SIGNALLED A TREMENDOUS DISCOVERY BY DOCTOR ESTEVEZ AND HIS ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION.



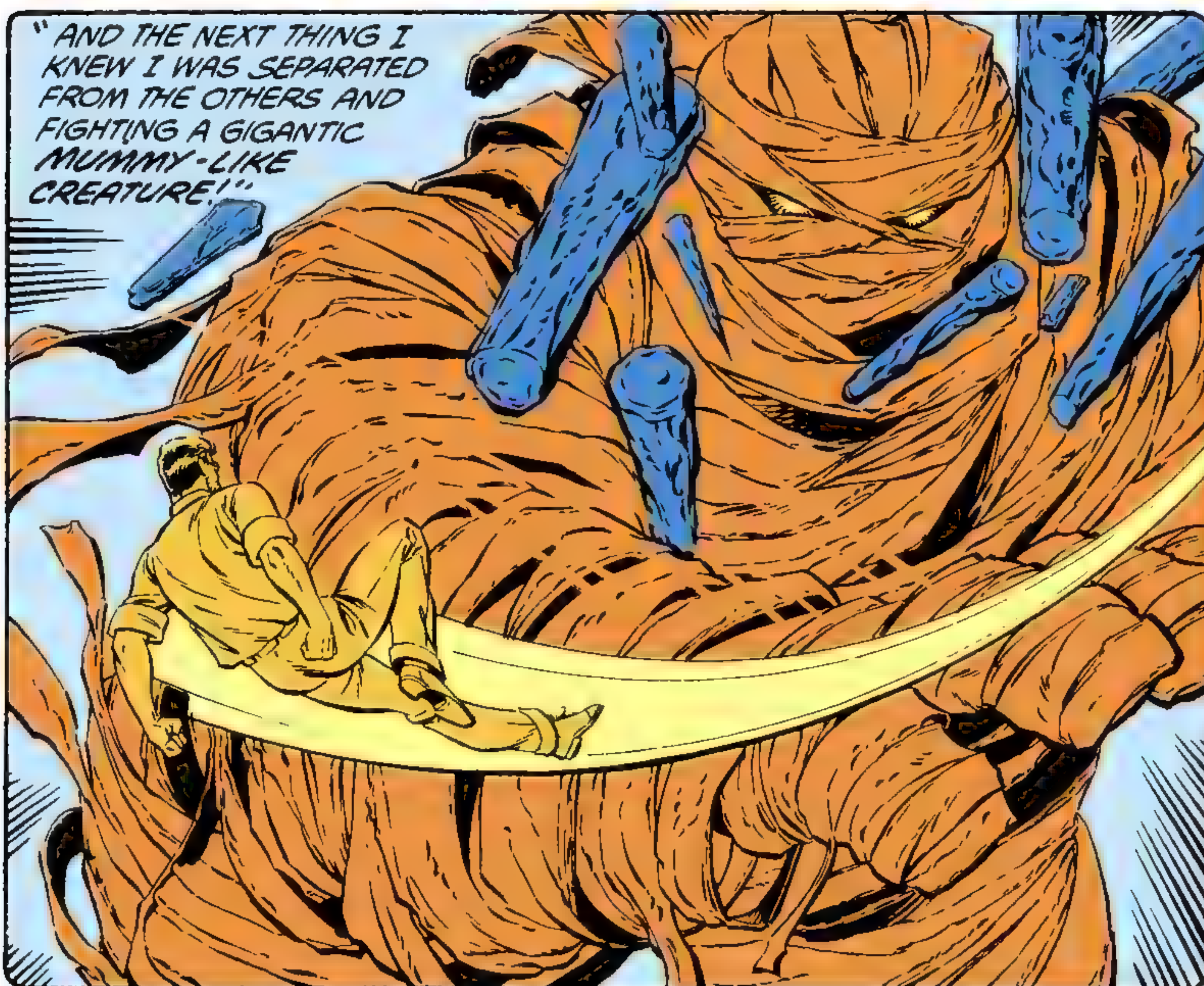
"WHEN I ARRIVED AND RESUMED MY CLARK KENT IDENTITY, LOIS AND THE PROFESSOR SHOWED ME THE VAST UNDERGROUND CHAMBER HE'D UNCOVERED."

THESE MODERN-LOOKING PANELS ARE AT LEAST SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS OLD, SENOR KENT.

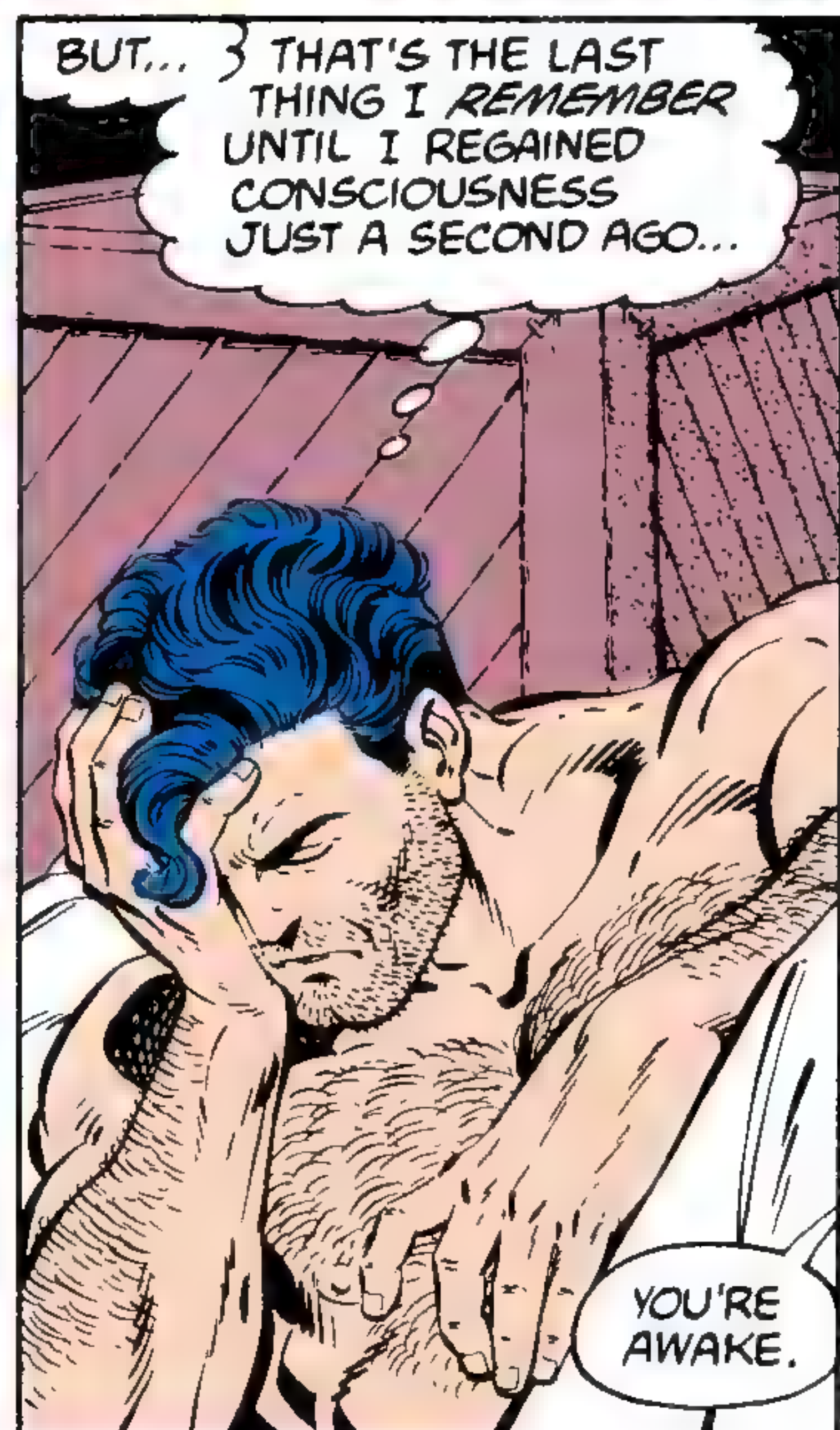


"THE PROFESSOR HAD ALSO FOUND A MACHINE-TOOLED ARTIFACT HE DEFINED AS A KEY OF SOME KIND.

"HE INSERTED IT INTO ONE OF THE PANELS.

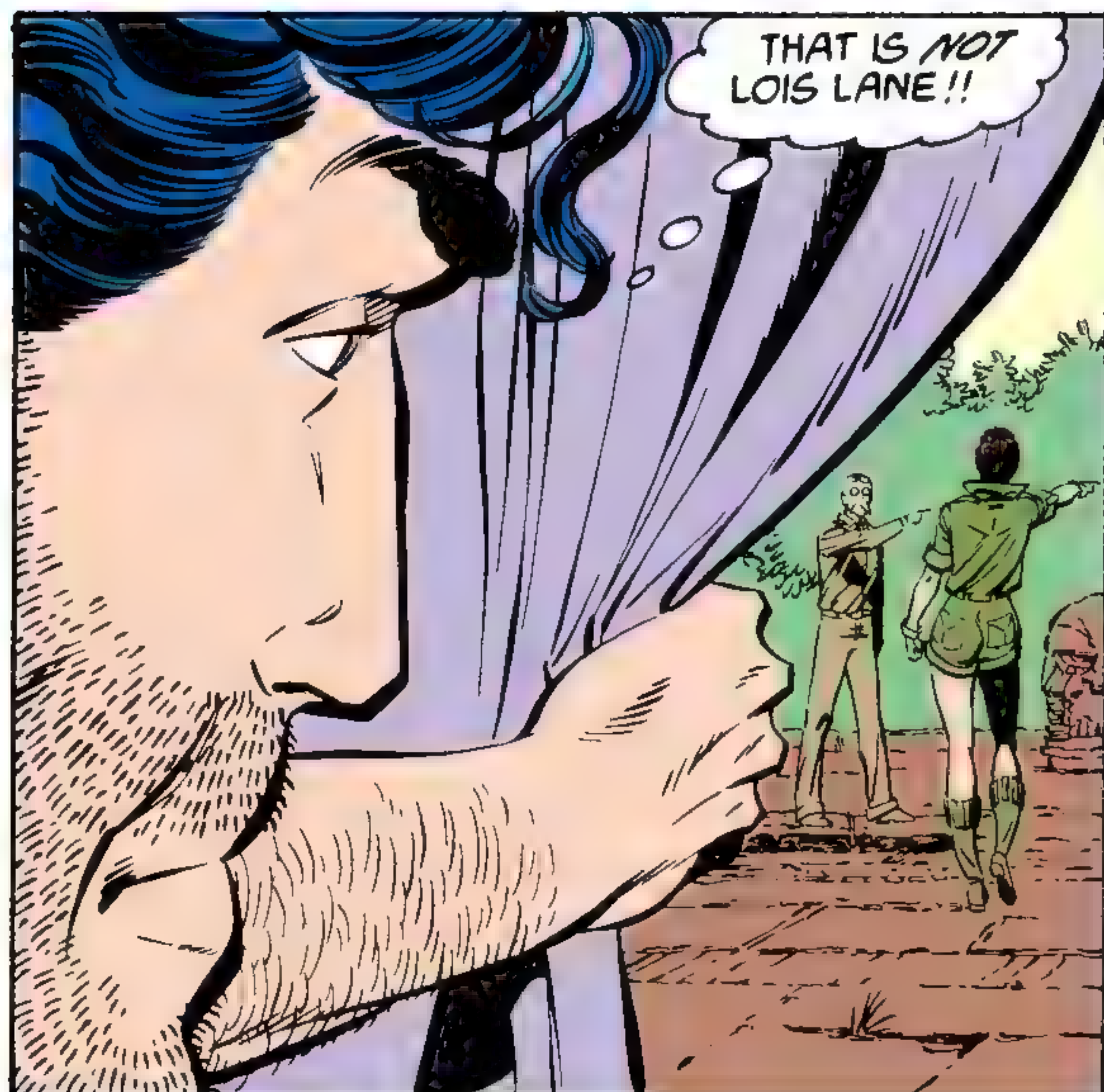
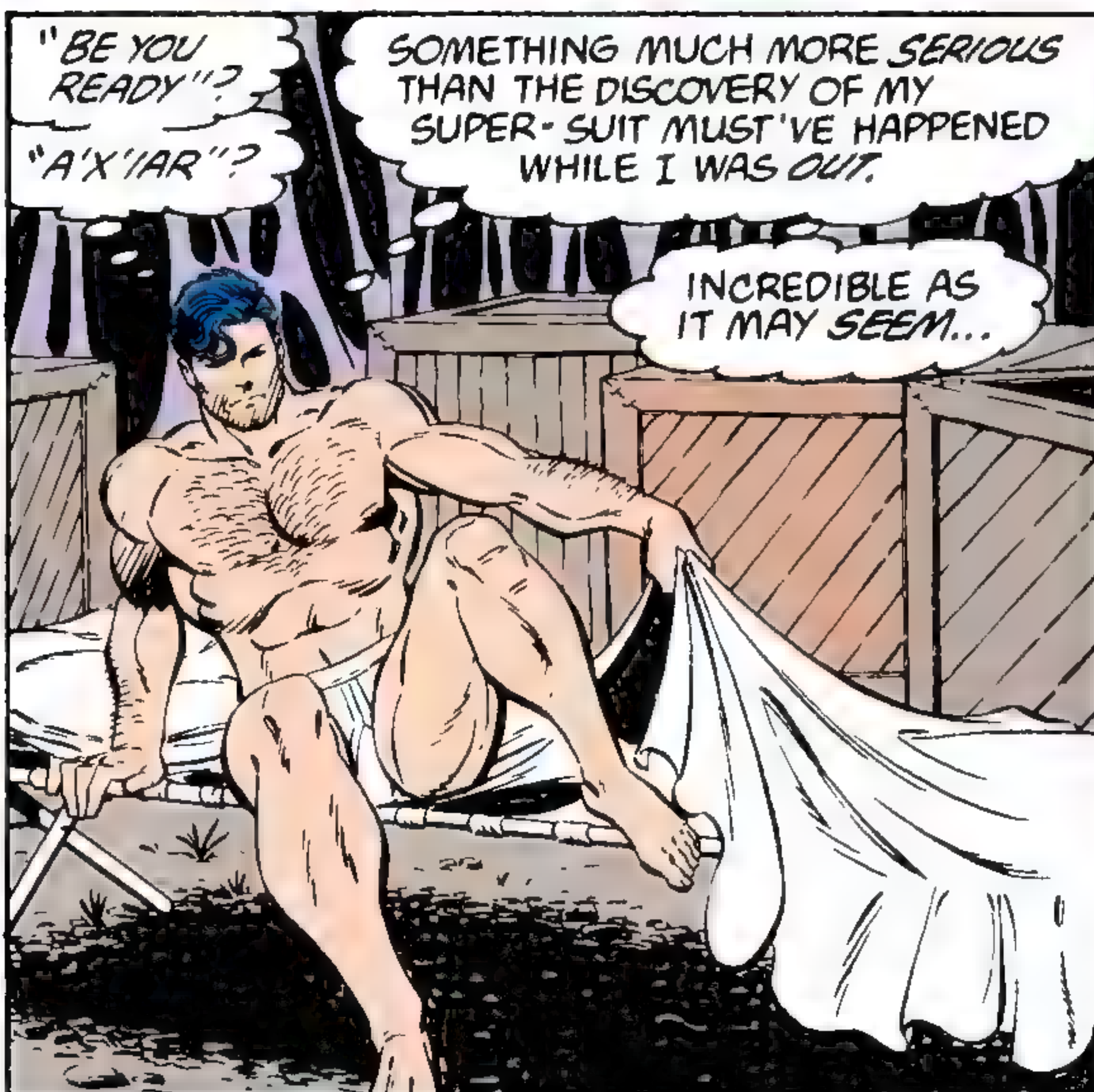


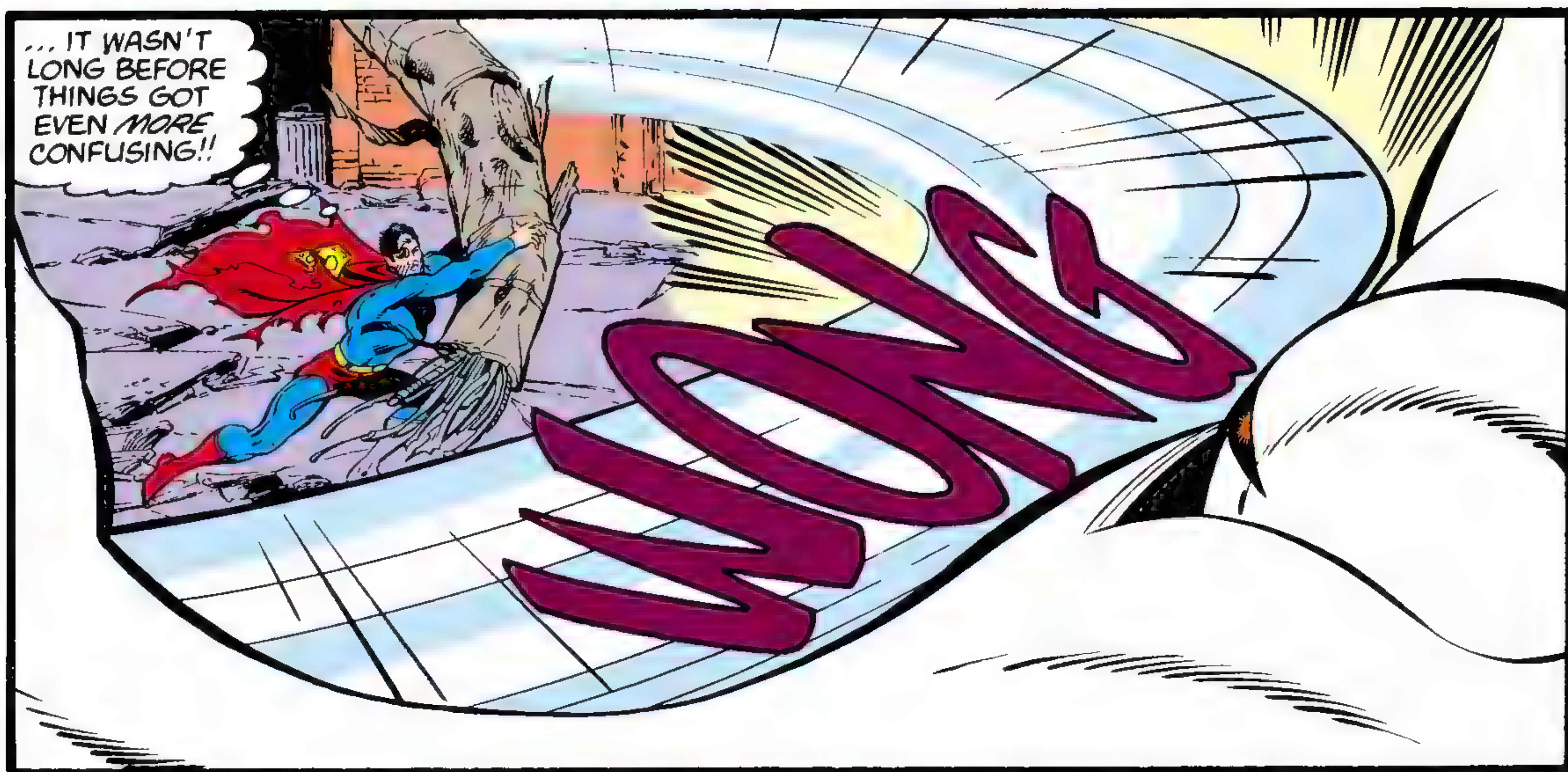
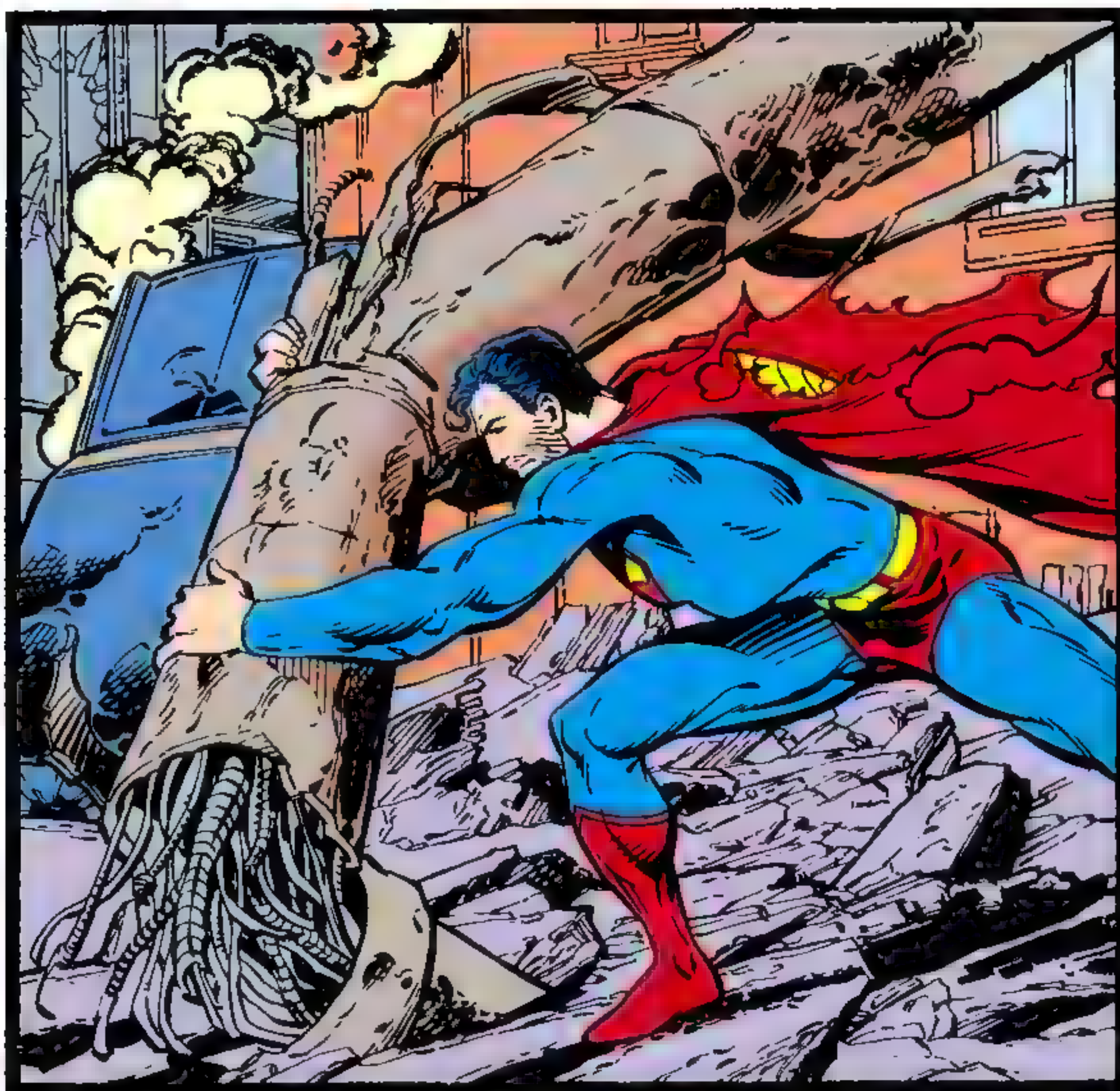
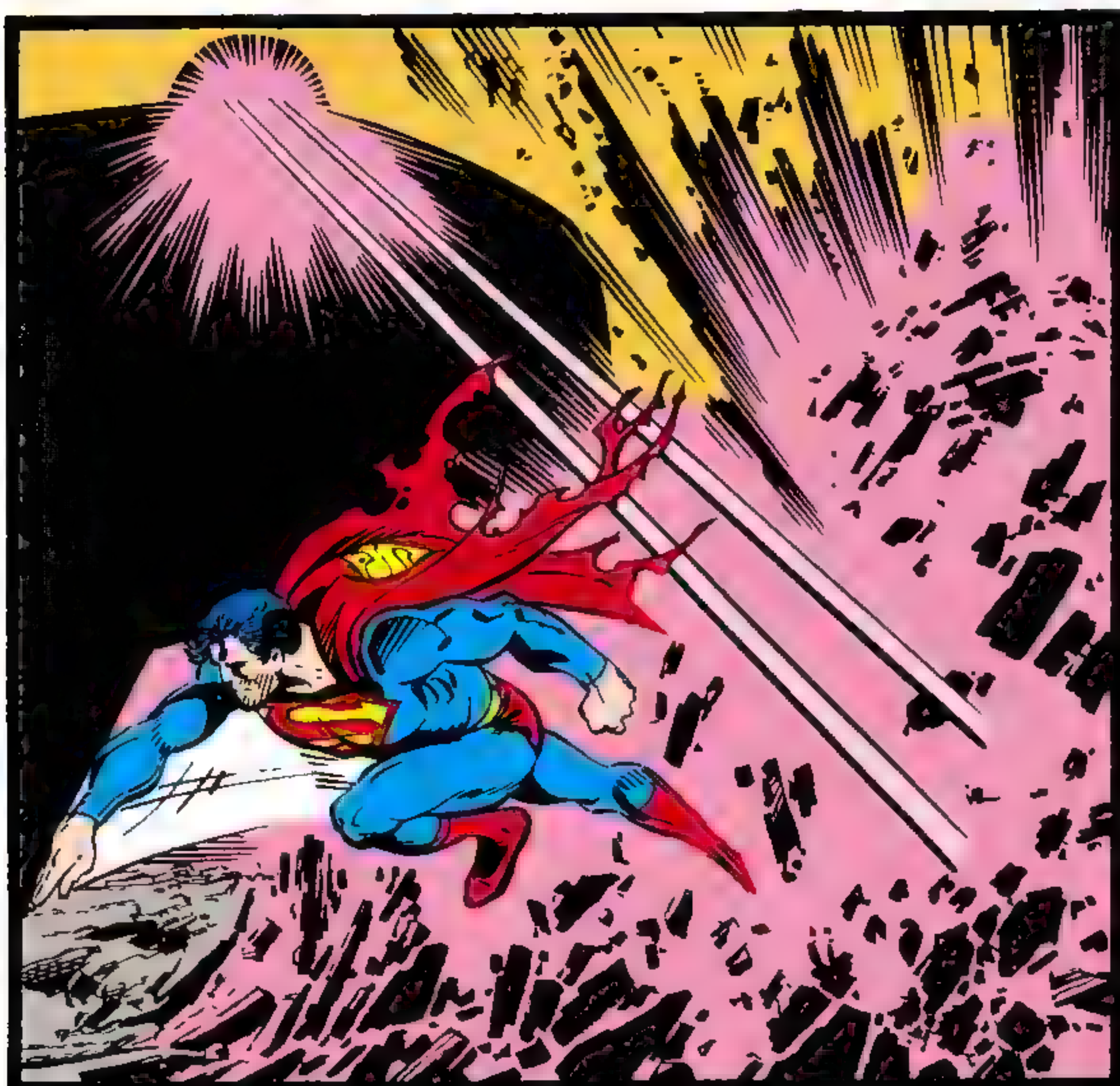
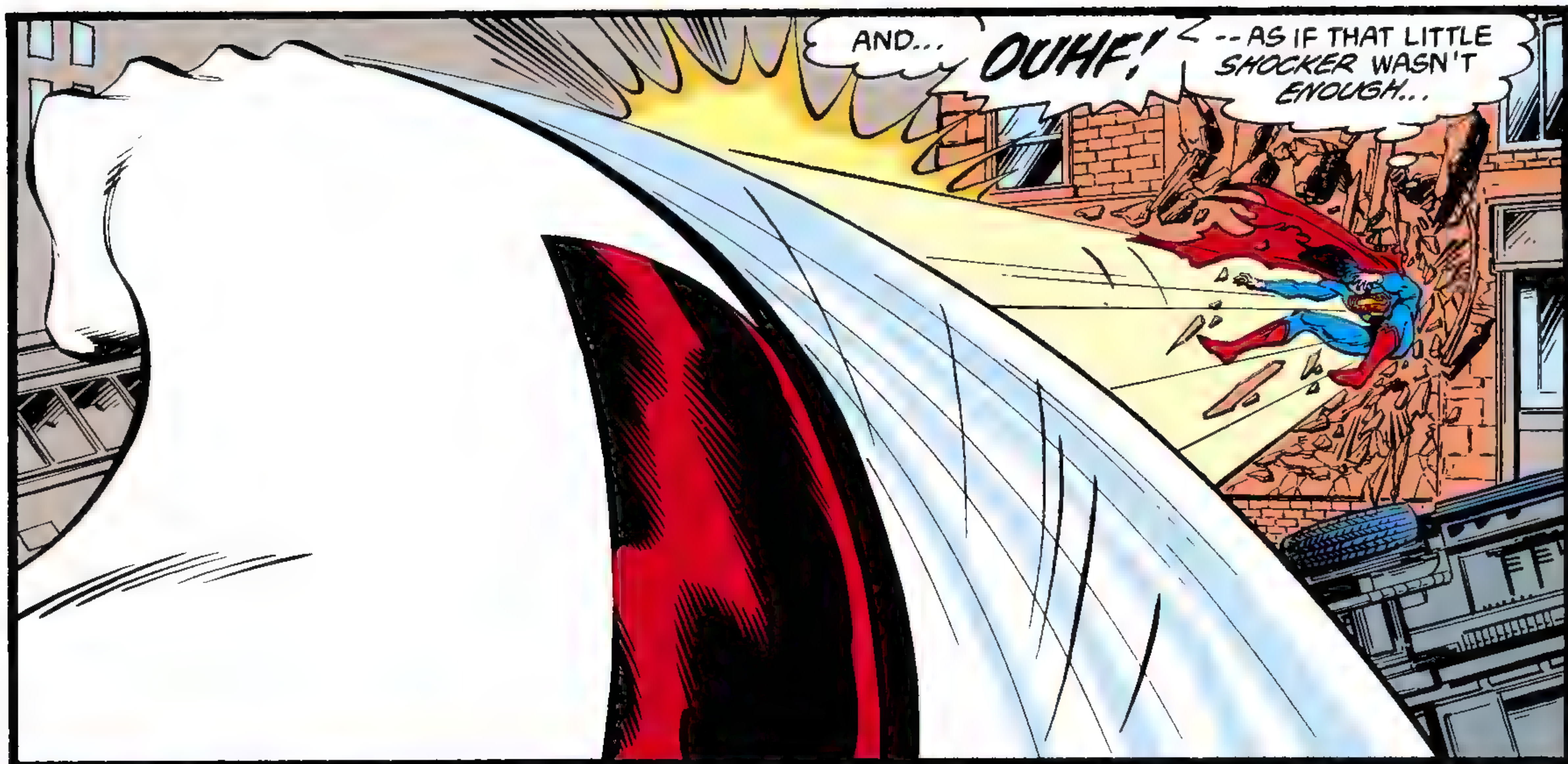
"AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS SEPARATED FROM THE OTHERS AND FIGHTING A GIGANTIC MUMMY-LIKE CREATURE!"

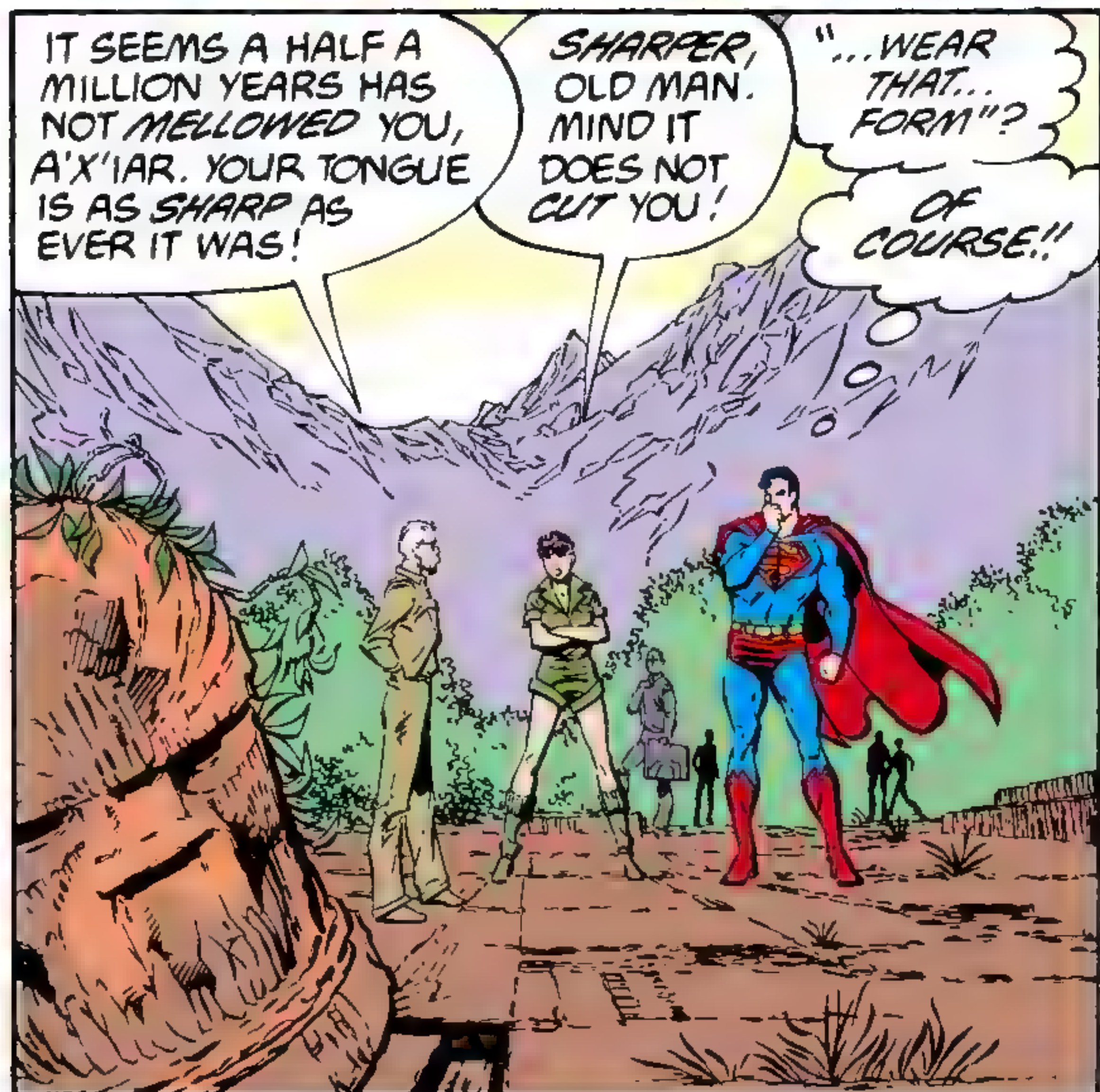
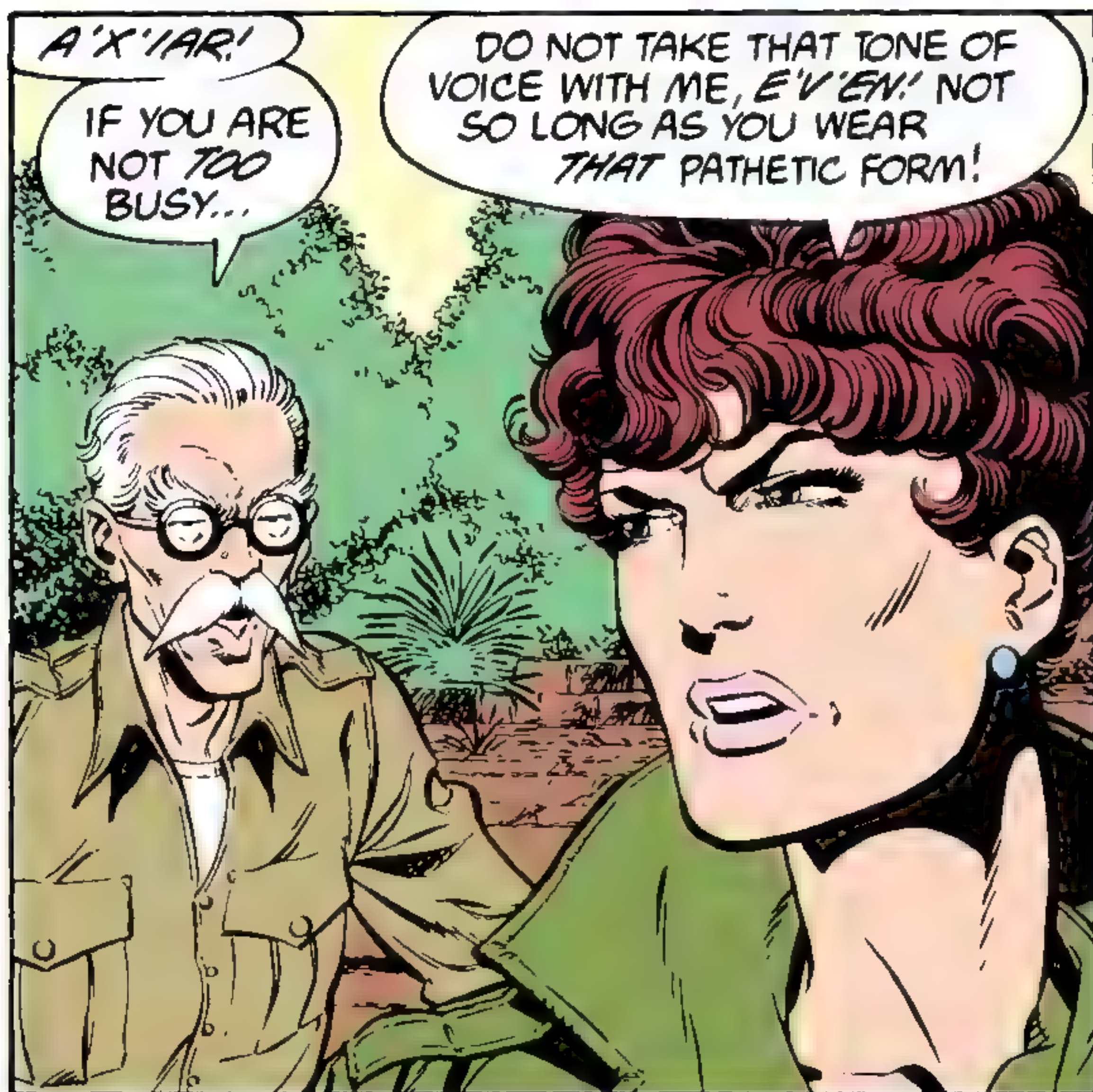
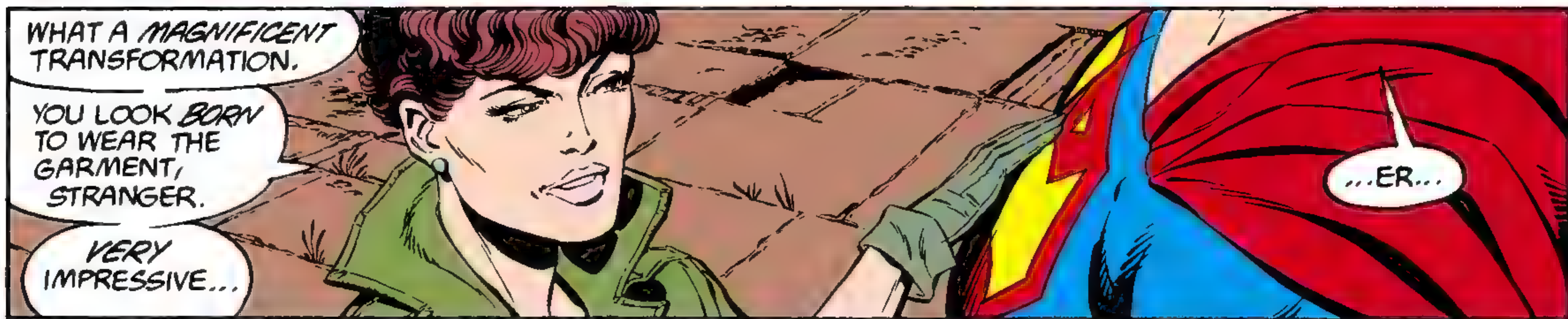


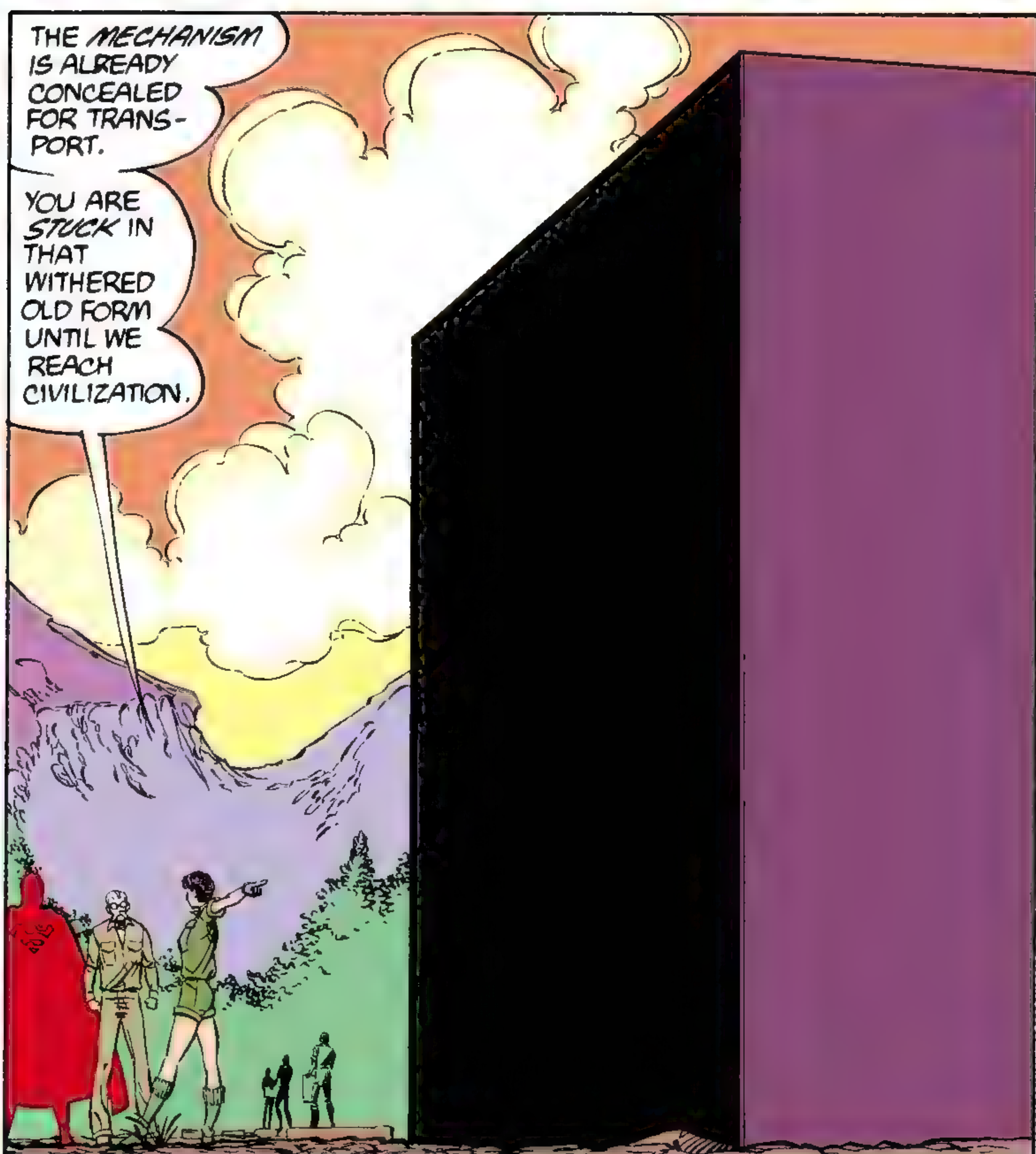
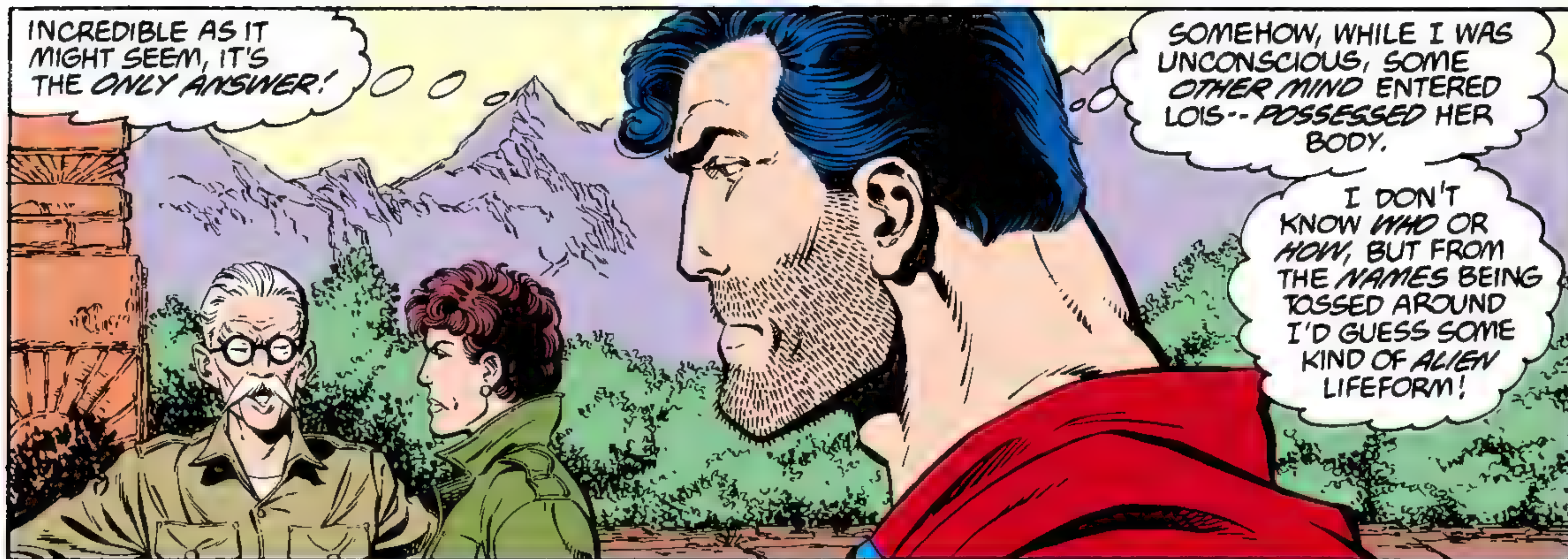
BUT... } THAT'S THE LAST THING I REMEMBER UNTIL I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS JUST A SECOND AGO...

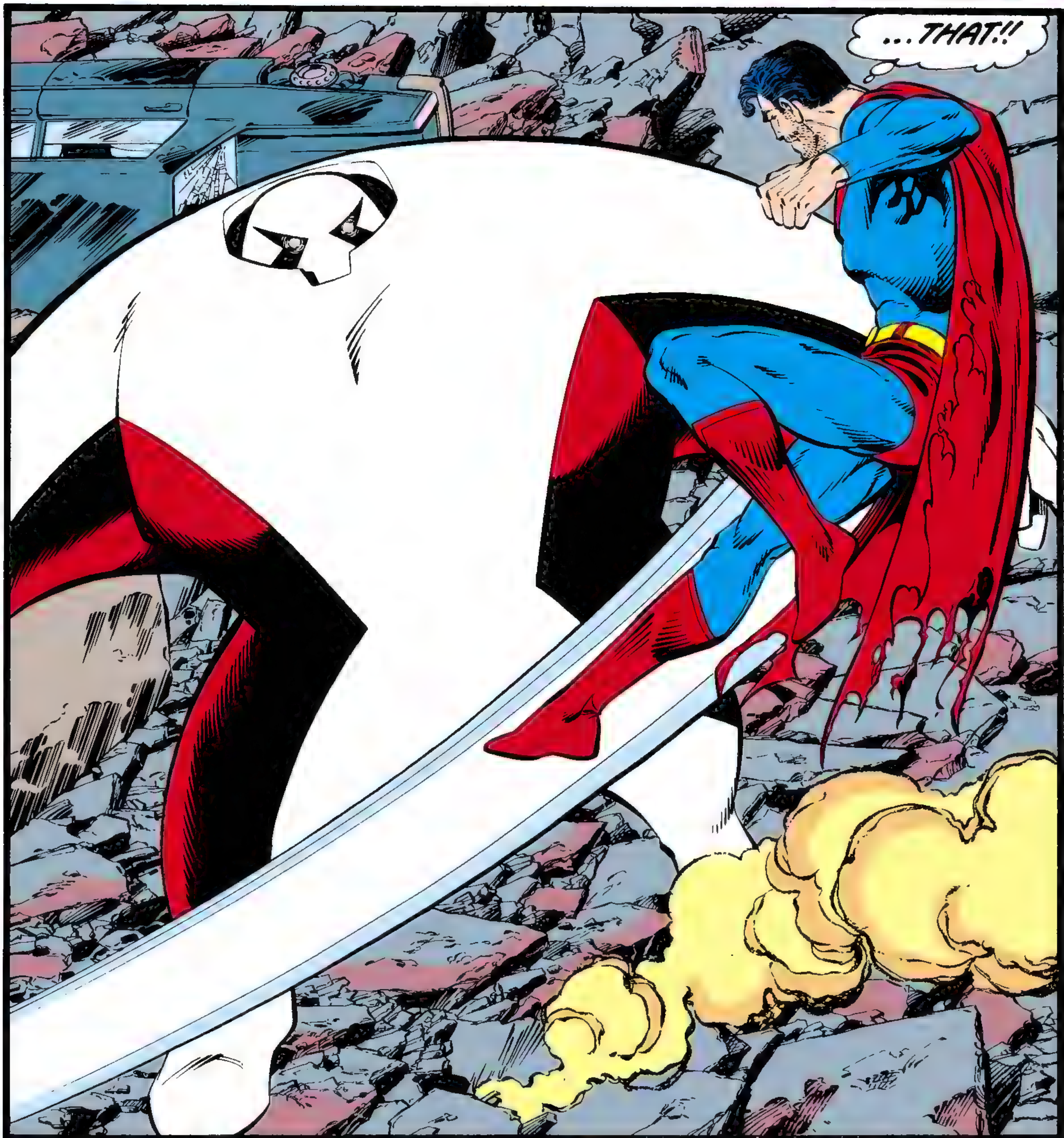
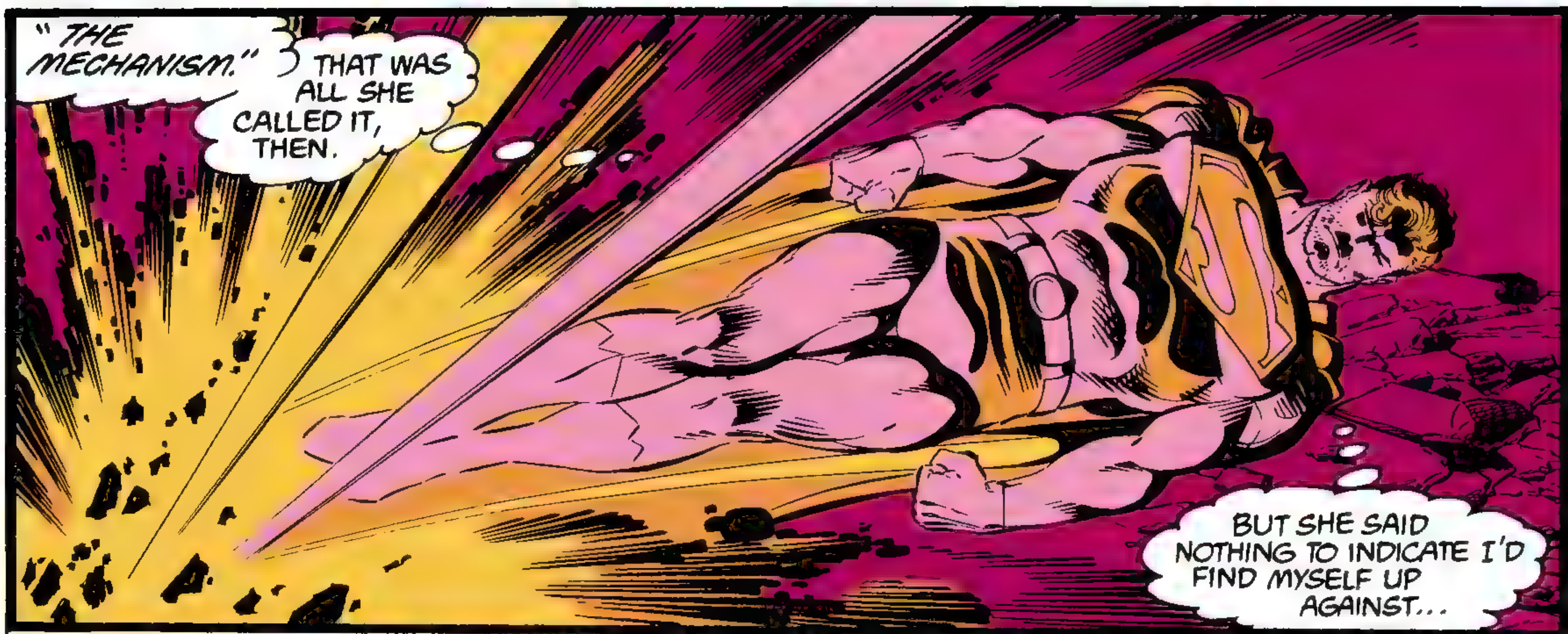
YOU'RE AWAKE.

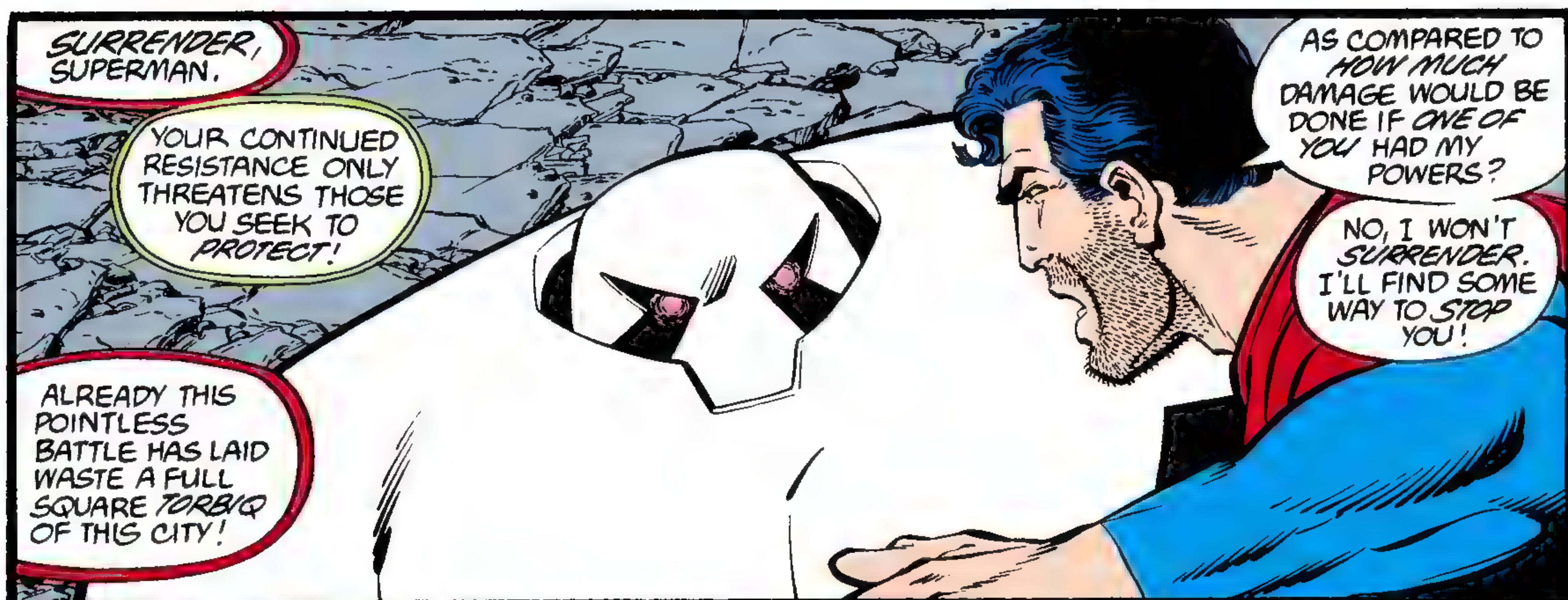












SURRENDER,
SUPERMAN.

YOUR CONTINUED
RESISTANCE ONLY
THREATENS THOSE
YOU SEEK TO
PROTECT!

ALREADY THIS
POINTLESS
BATTLE HAS LAID
WASTE A FULL
SQUARE BLOCK
OF THIS CITY!

AS COMPARED TO
HOW MUCH
DAMAGE WOULD BE
DONE IF ONE OF
YOU HAD MY
POWERS?

NO, I WON'T
SURRENDER.
I'LL FIND SOME
WAY TO STOP
YOU!



FOOLISH
ARROGANCE!

HAST!
A LESSON IS
NECESSARY!!

AT ONCE.



THEY'RE CHARGING UP
THEIR POWER BEAMS
AGAIN.

BUT THEY KNOW
I CAN DODGE...

OH
NO!!





IT'S SEVEN O'CLOCK ON SUNDAY MORNING. THERE SHOULDN'T BE ANY PEOPLE IN THOSE BUILDINGS.

I HOPE!

BUT HOST IS DOING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN DAMAGE!

WITH THAT KIND OF POWER THE H'V'LER'N/ CAN HOLD THE WHOLE CITY FOR RANSOM...
...WITH ME AS THE PAYOFF!!

WELL, SUPERMAN?

WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?

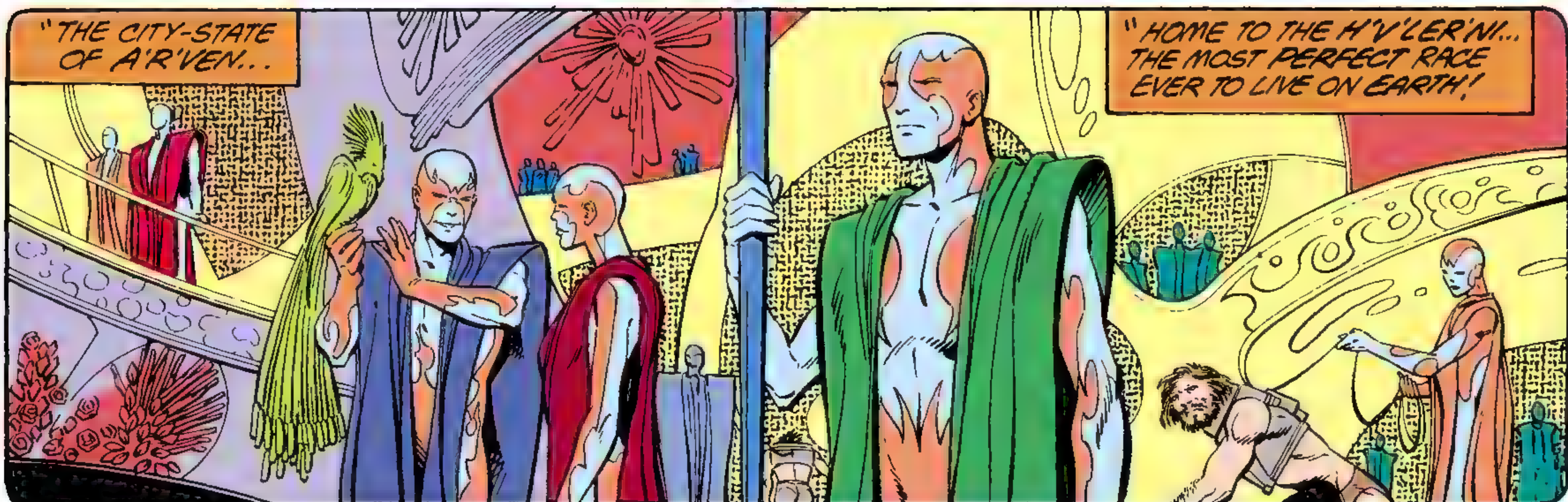
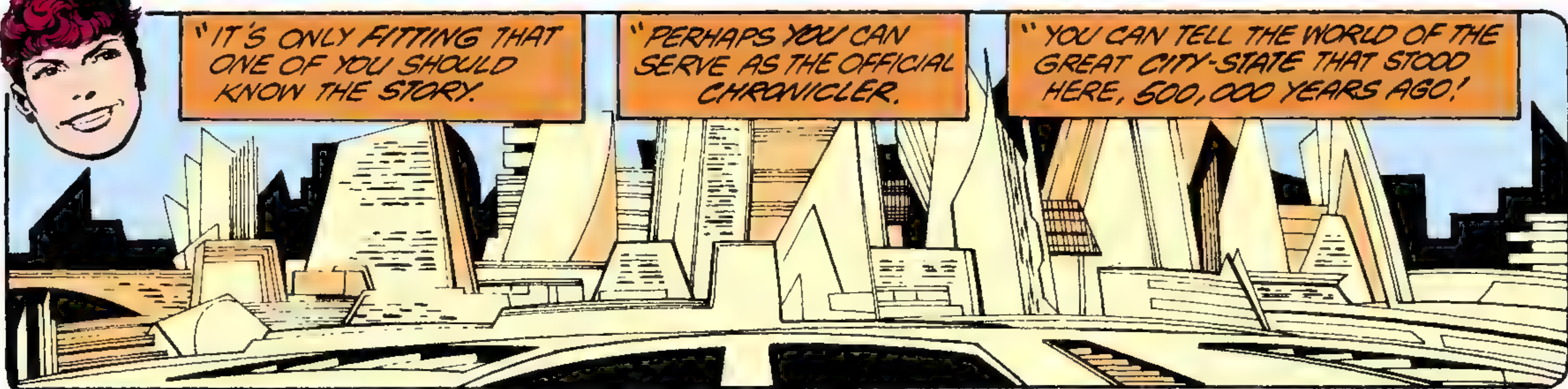
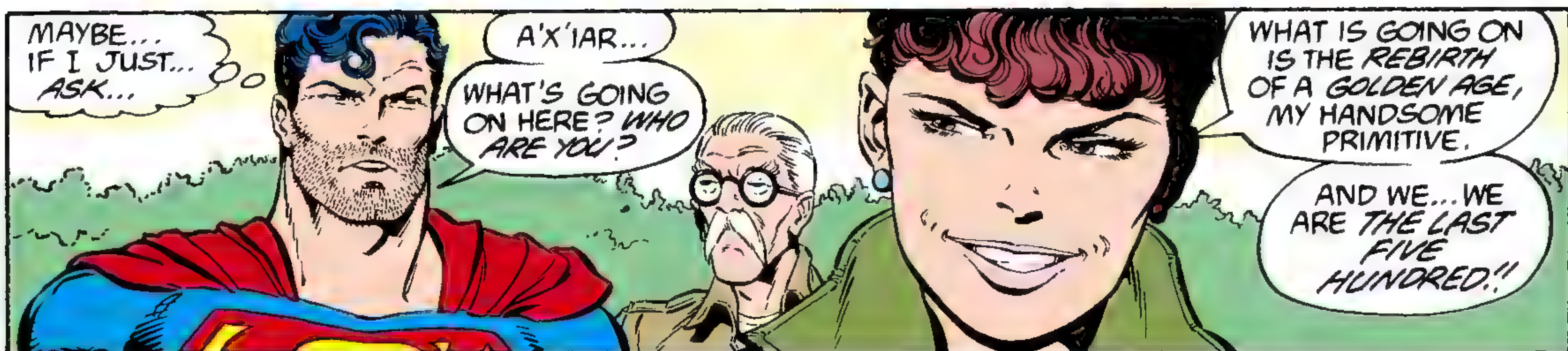
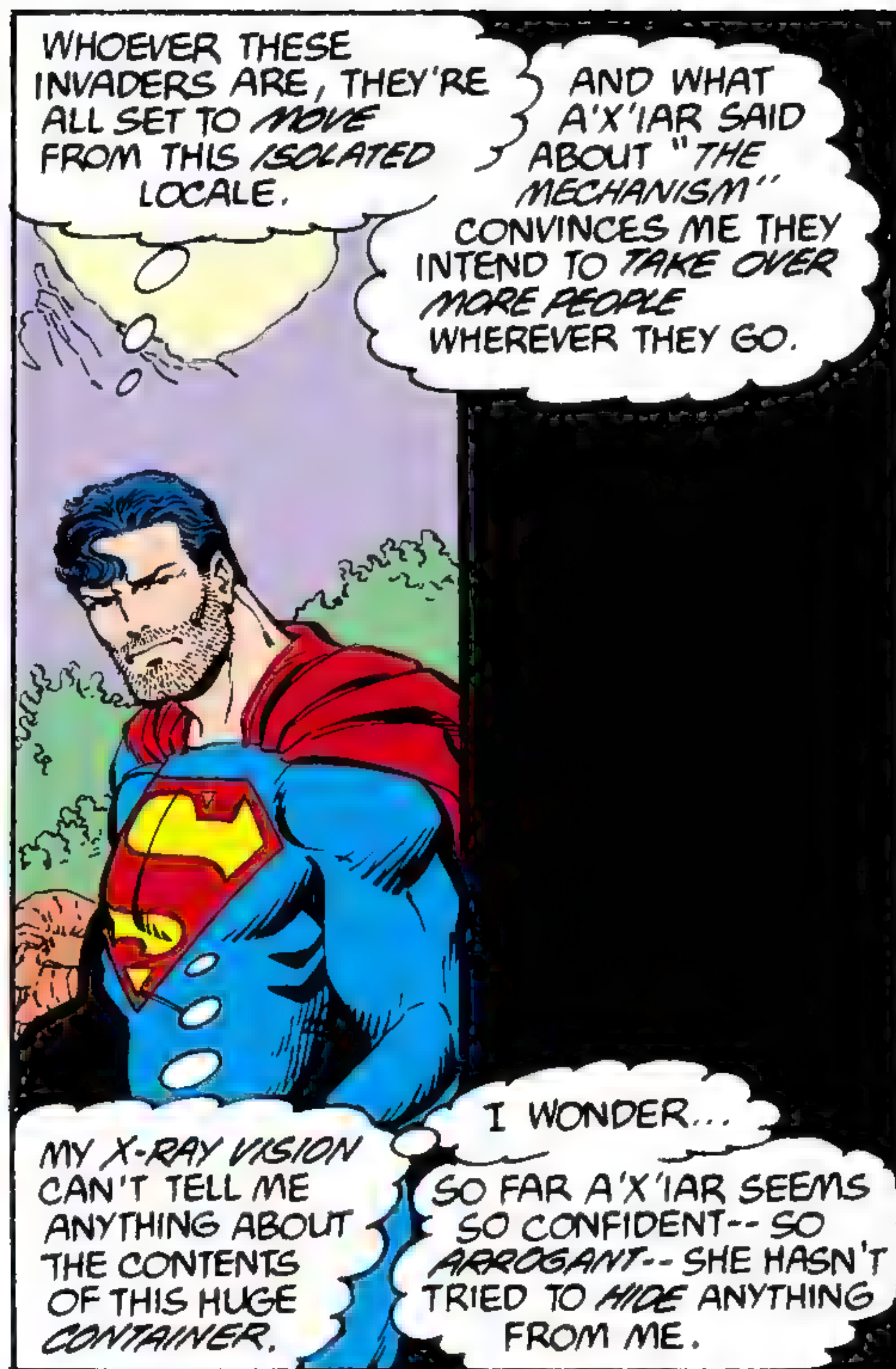
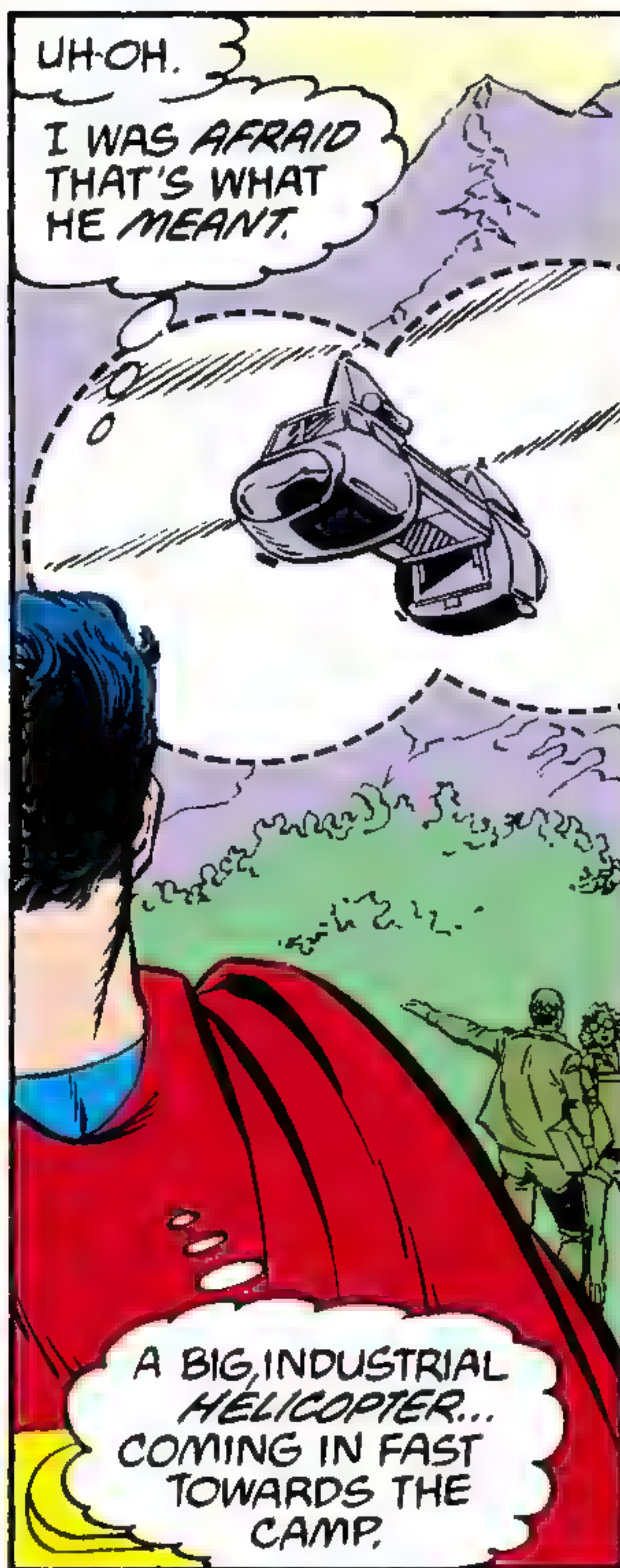
YOU WANT AN ANSWER?

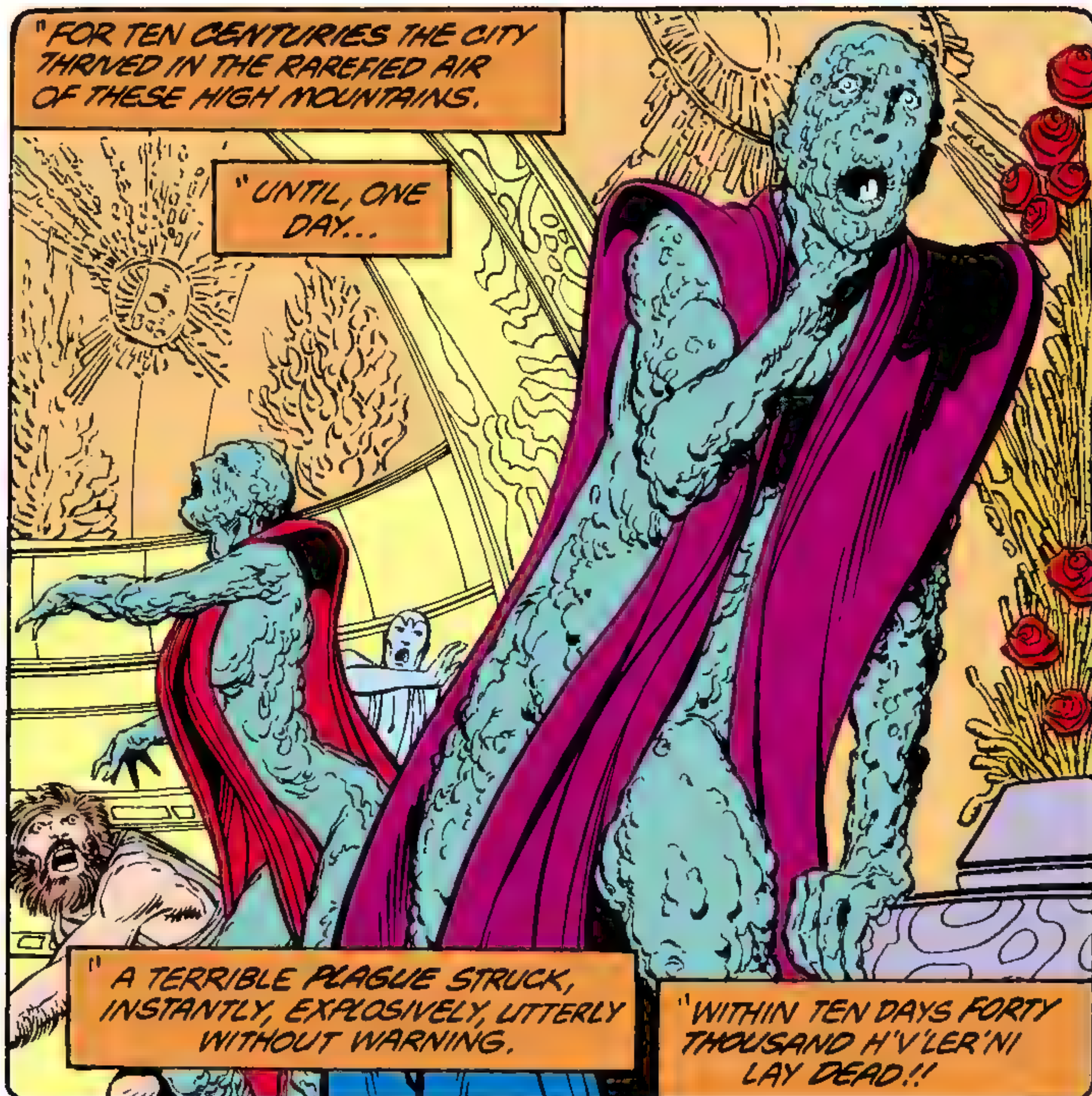
ALL RIGHT.

HERE IT IS.

BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE IT!





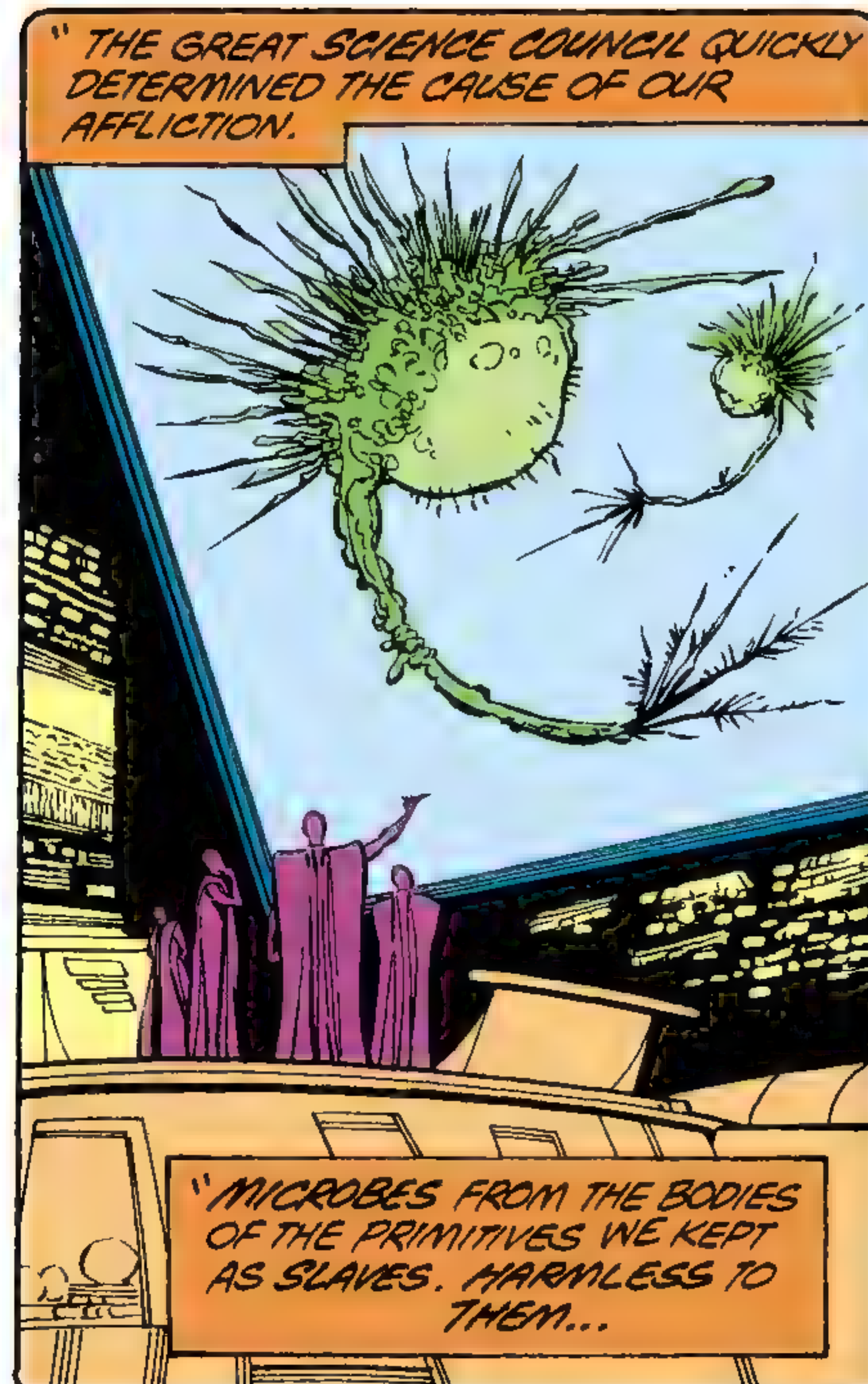


"FOR TEN CENTURIES THE CITY THRIVED IN THE RAREFIED AIR OF THESE HIGH MOUNTAINS.

"UNTIL, ONE DAY...

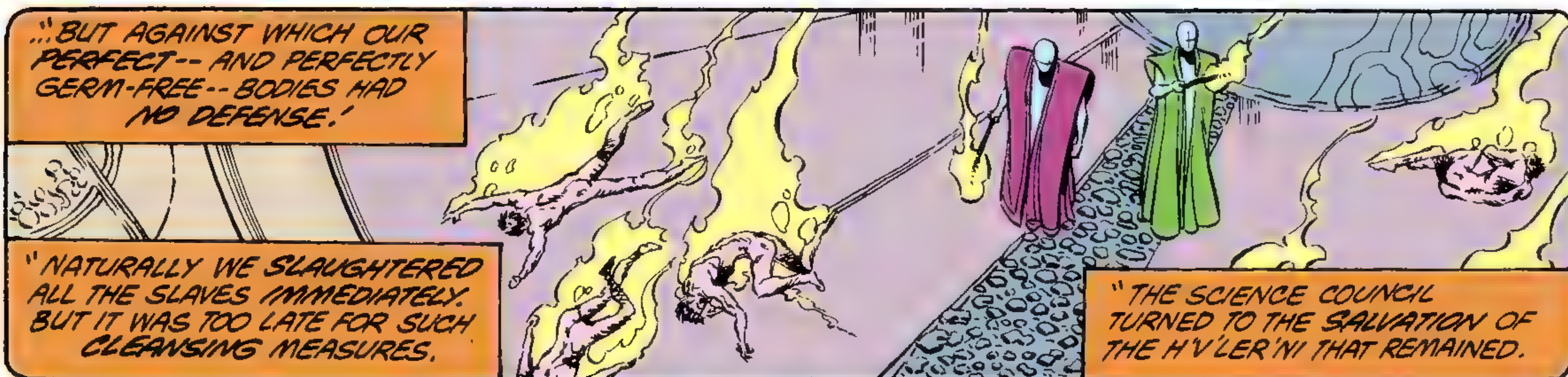
"A TERRIBLE PLAGUE STRUCK, INSTANTLY, EXPLOSIVELY, UTTERLY WITHOUT WARNING.

"WITHIN TEN DAYS FORTY THOUSAND H'V'LER'NI LAY DEAD!!



"THE GREAT SCIENCE COUNCIL QUICKLY DETERMINED THE CAUSE OF OUR AFFLICTION.

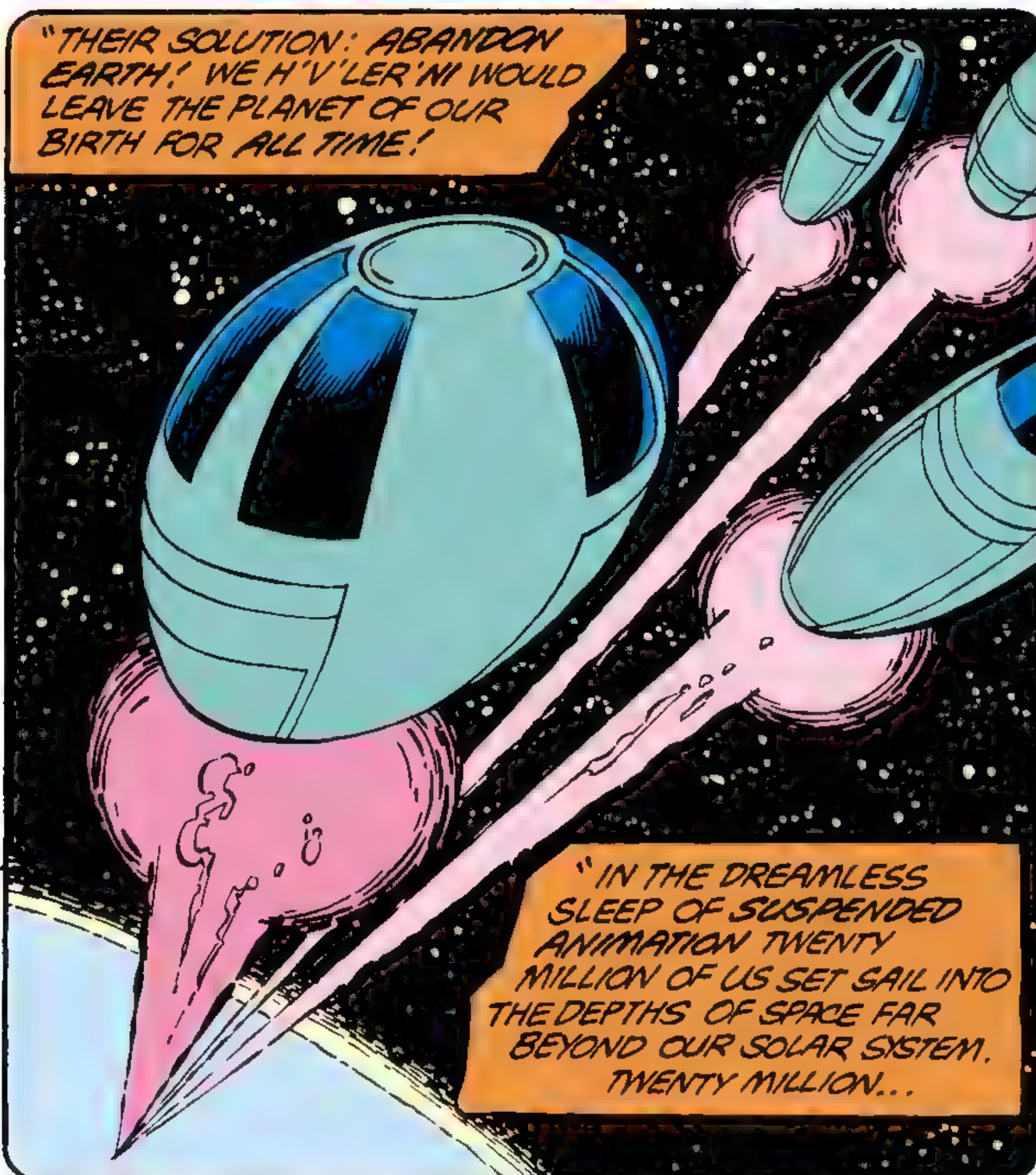
"MICROBES FROM THE BODIES OF THE PRIMITIVES WE KEPT AS SLAVES. HARMLESS TO THEM...



"...BUT AGAINST WHICH OUR PERFECT-- AND PERFECTLY GERM-FREE-- BODIES HAD NO DEFENSE."

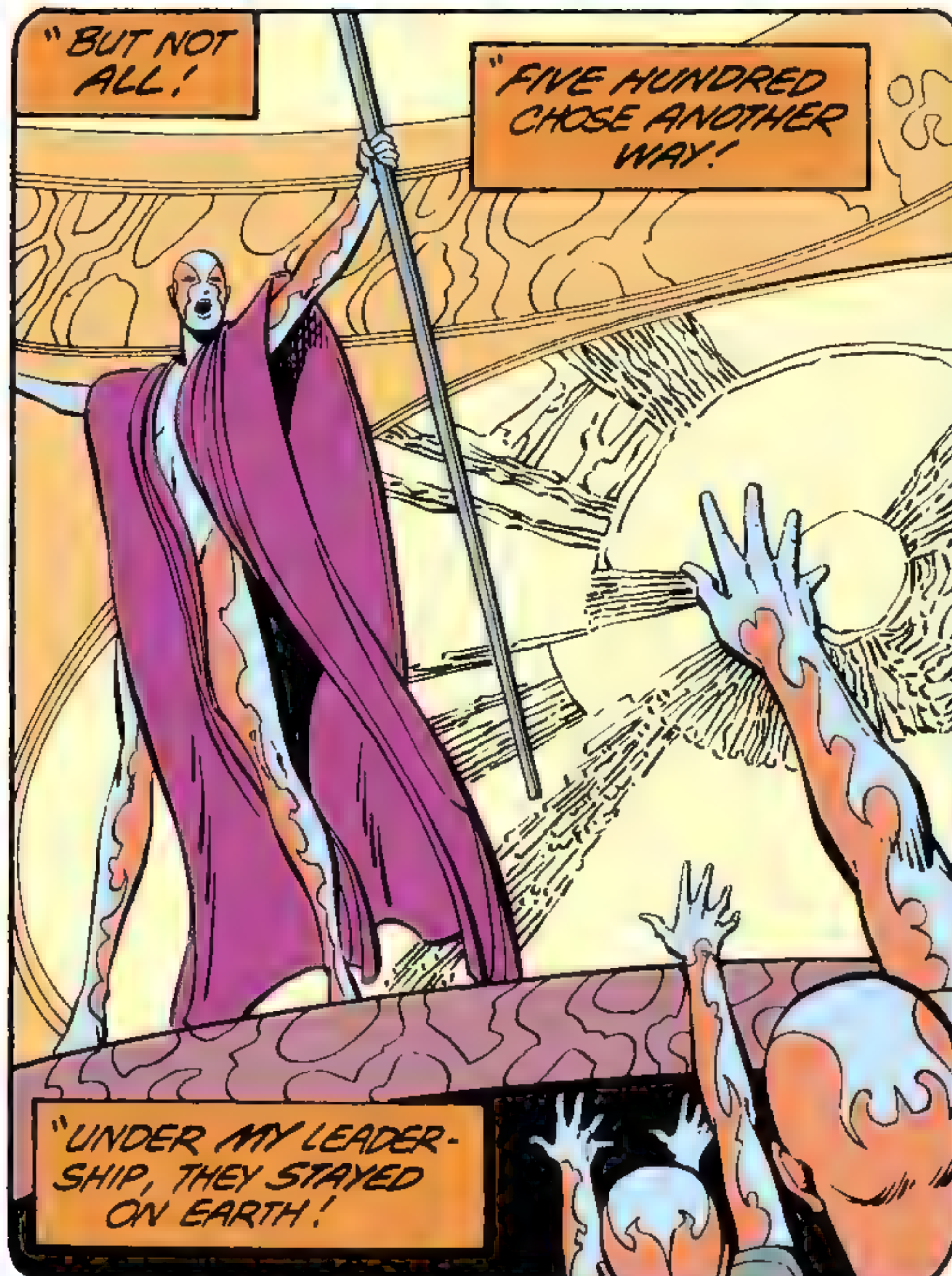
"NATURALLY WE SLAUGHTERED ALL THE SLAVES IMMEDIATELY. BUT IT WAS TOO LATE FOR SUCH CLEANSING MEASURES.

"THE SCIENCE COUNCIL TURNED TO THE SALVATION OF THE H'V'LER'NI THAT REMAINED.



"THEIR SOLUTION: ABANDON EARTH.' WE H'V'LER'NI WOULD LEAVE THE PLANET OF OUR BIRTH FOR ALL TIME!

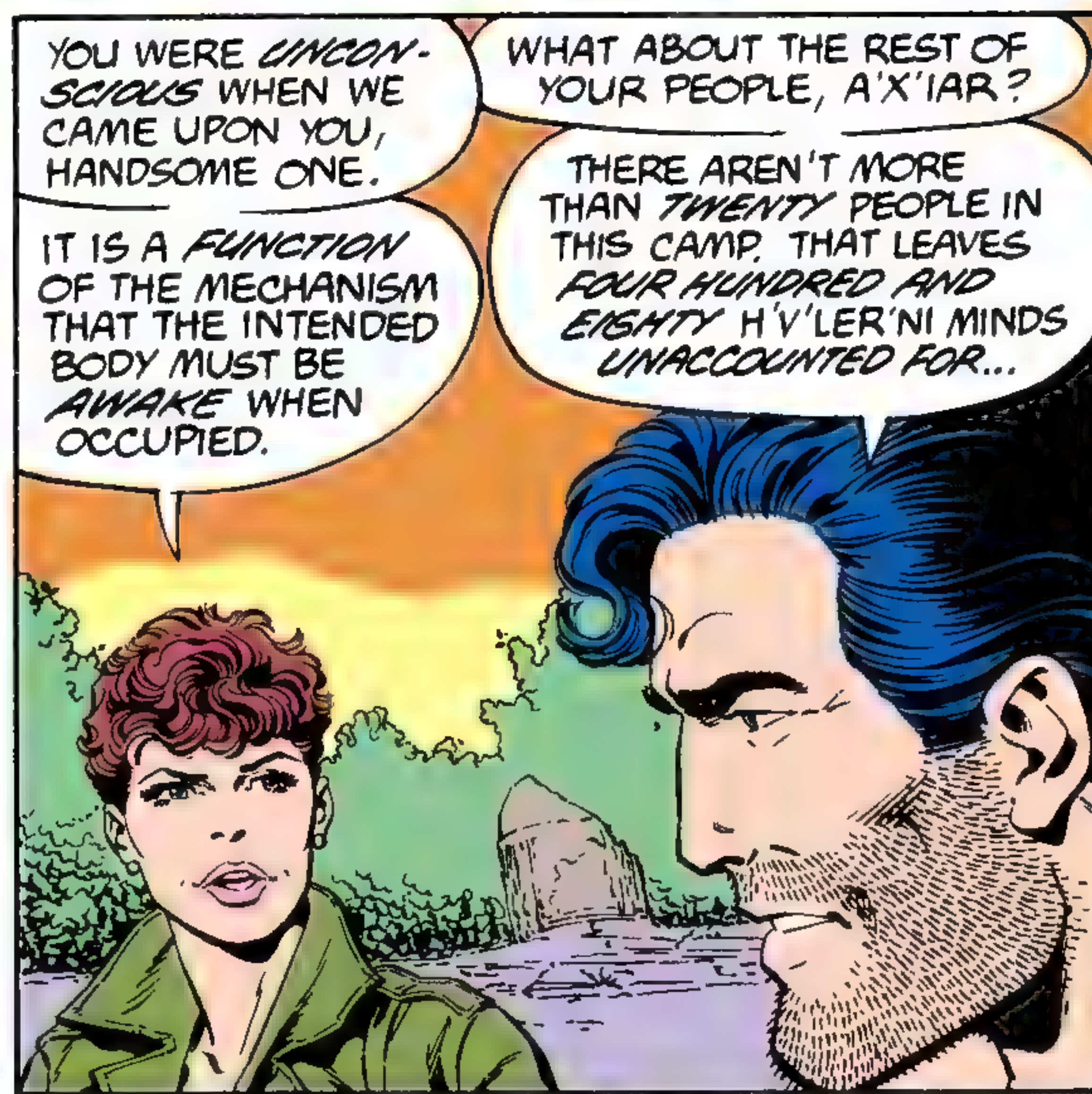
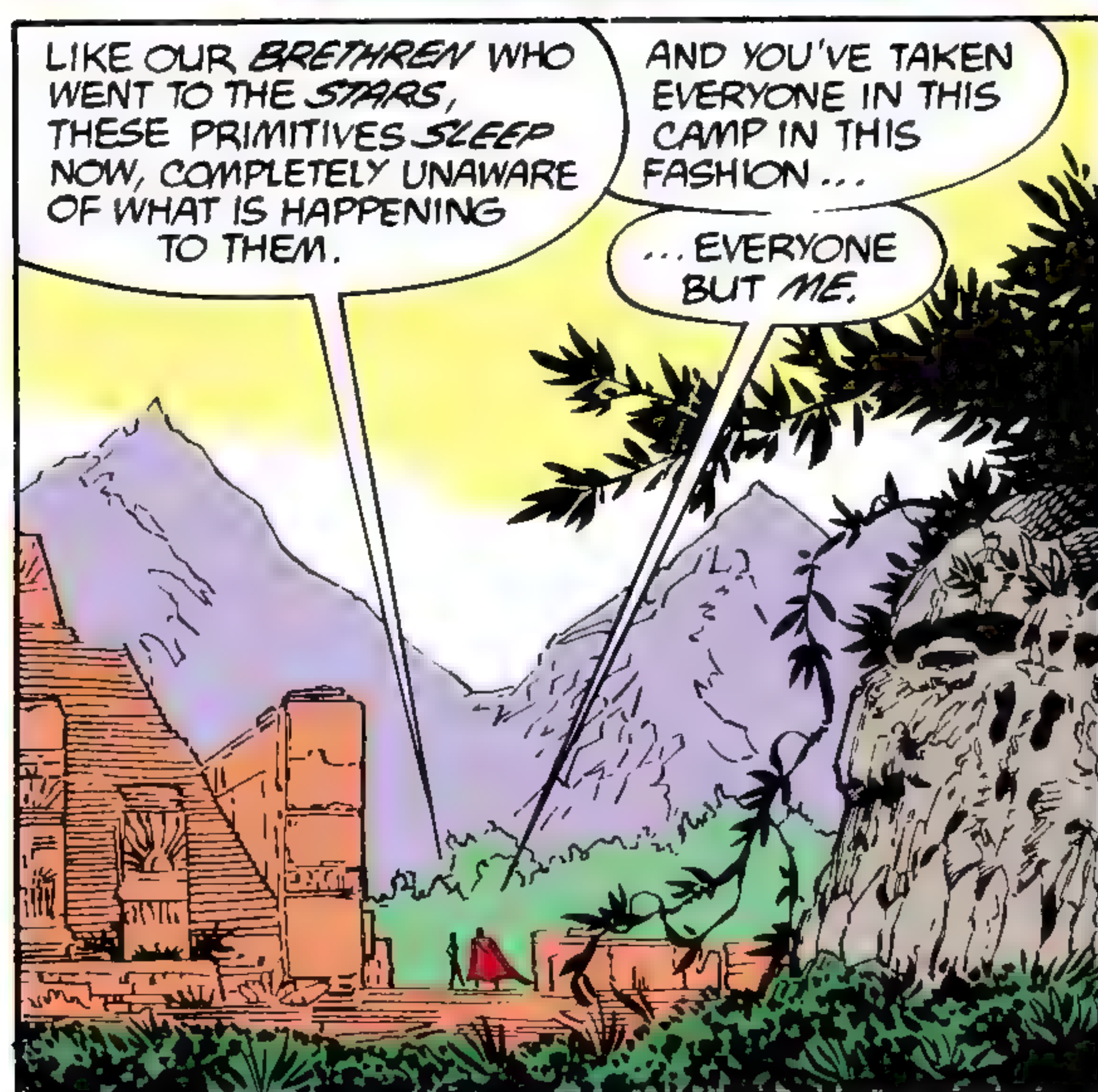
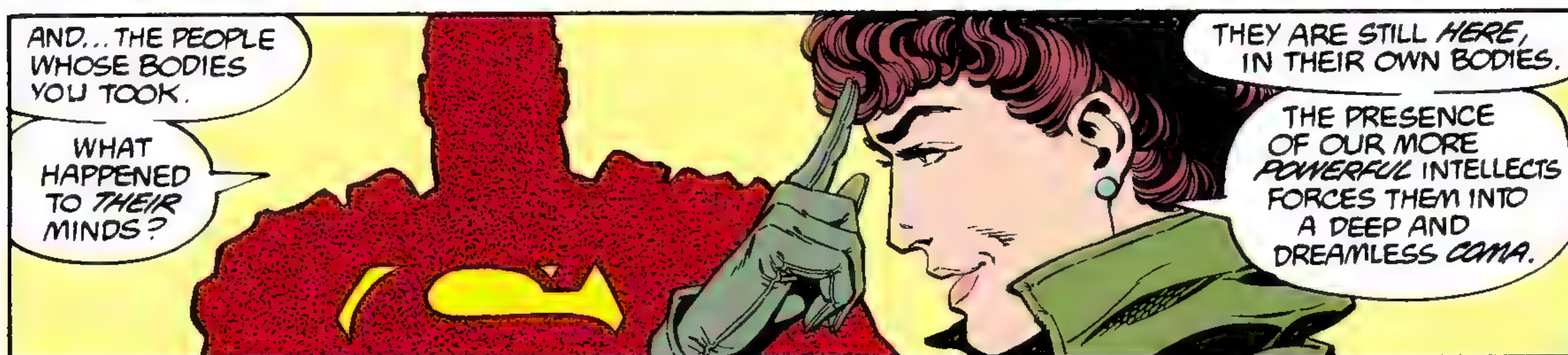
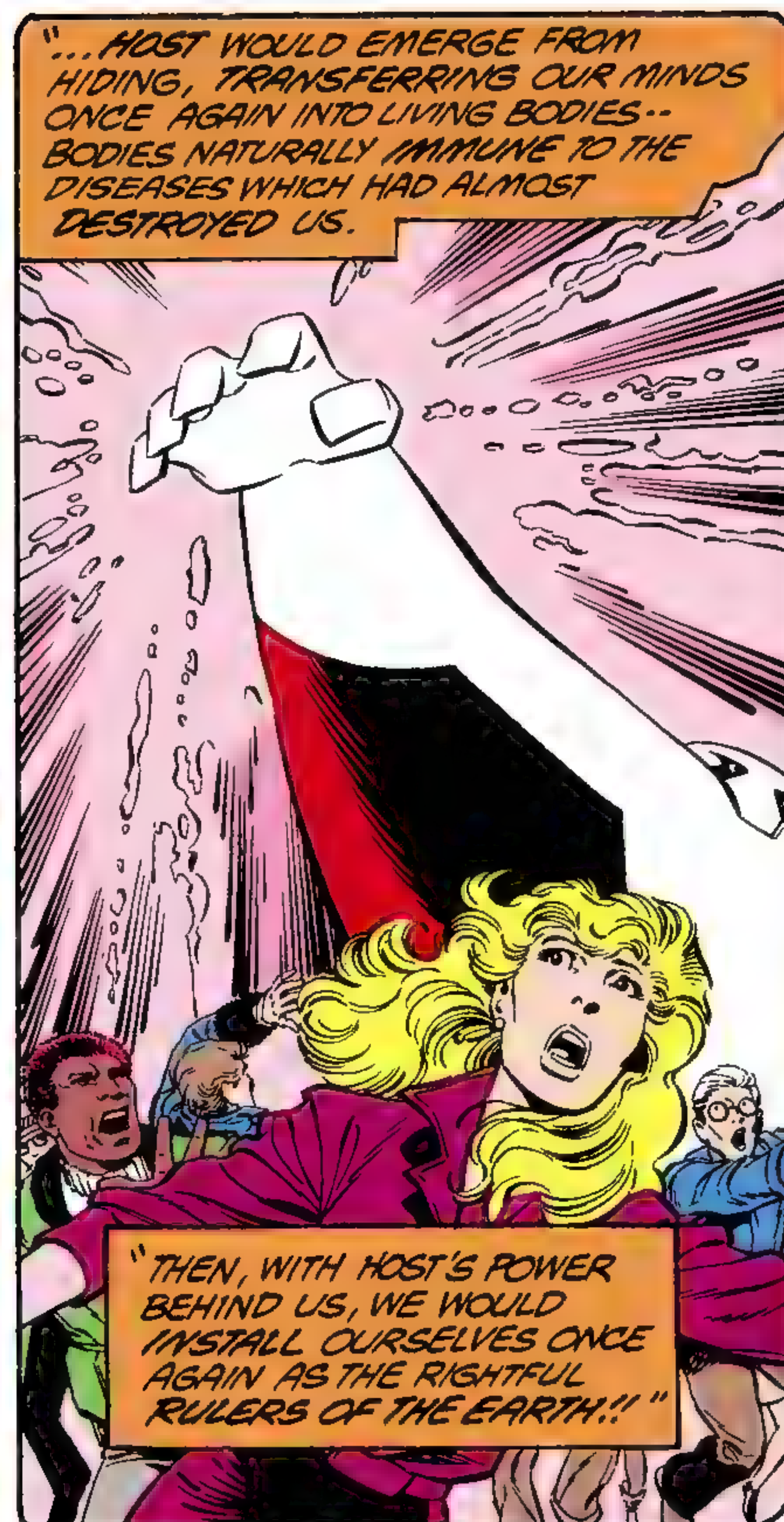
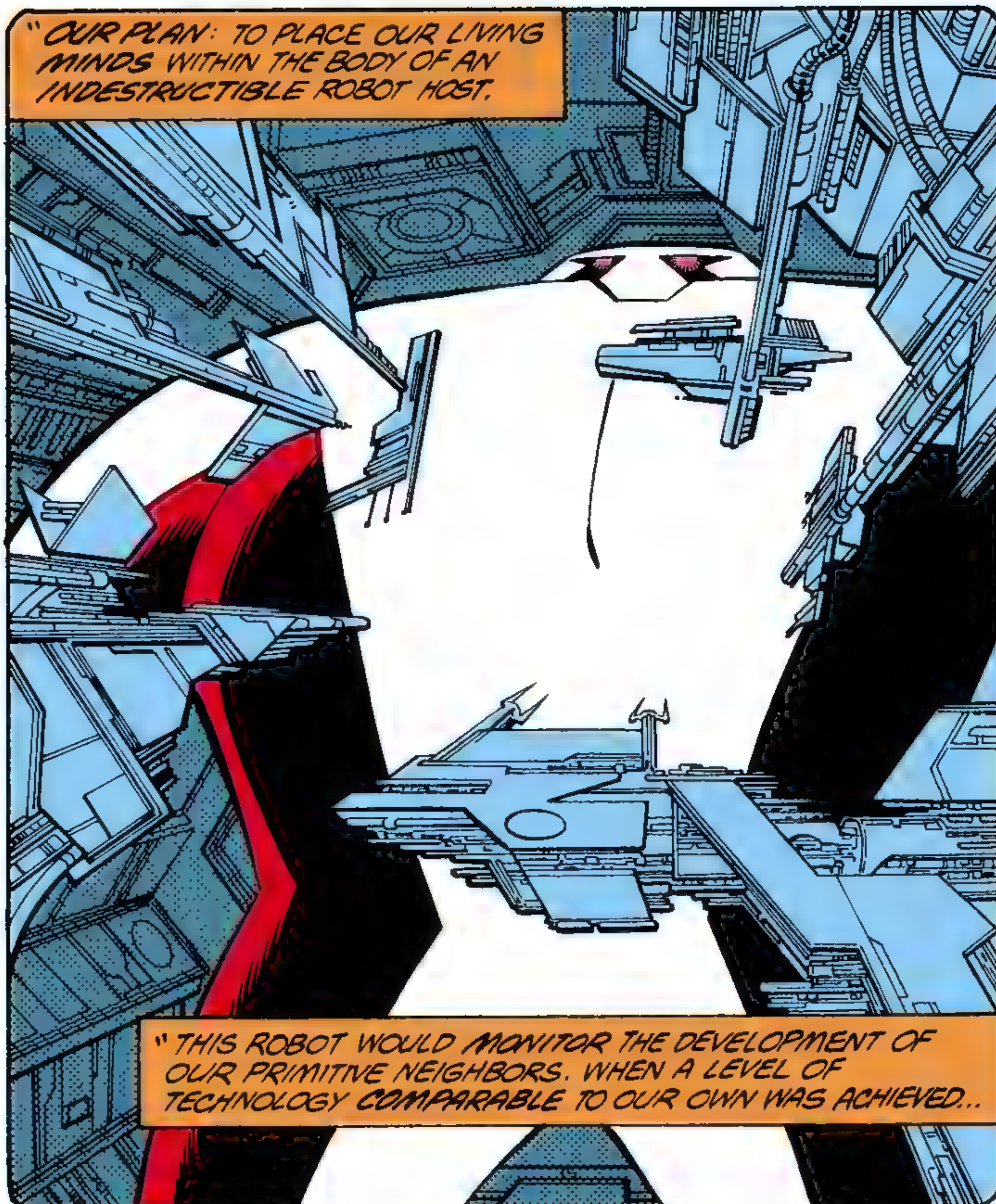
"IN THE DREAMLESS SLEEP OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION TWENTY MILLION OF US SET SAIL INTO THE DEPTHS OF SPACE FAR BEYOND OUR SOLAR SYSTEM. TWENTY MILLION...

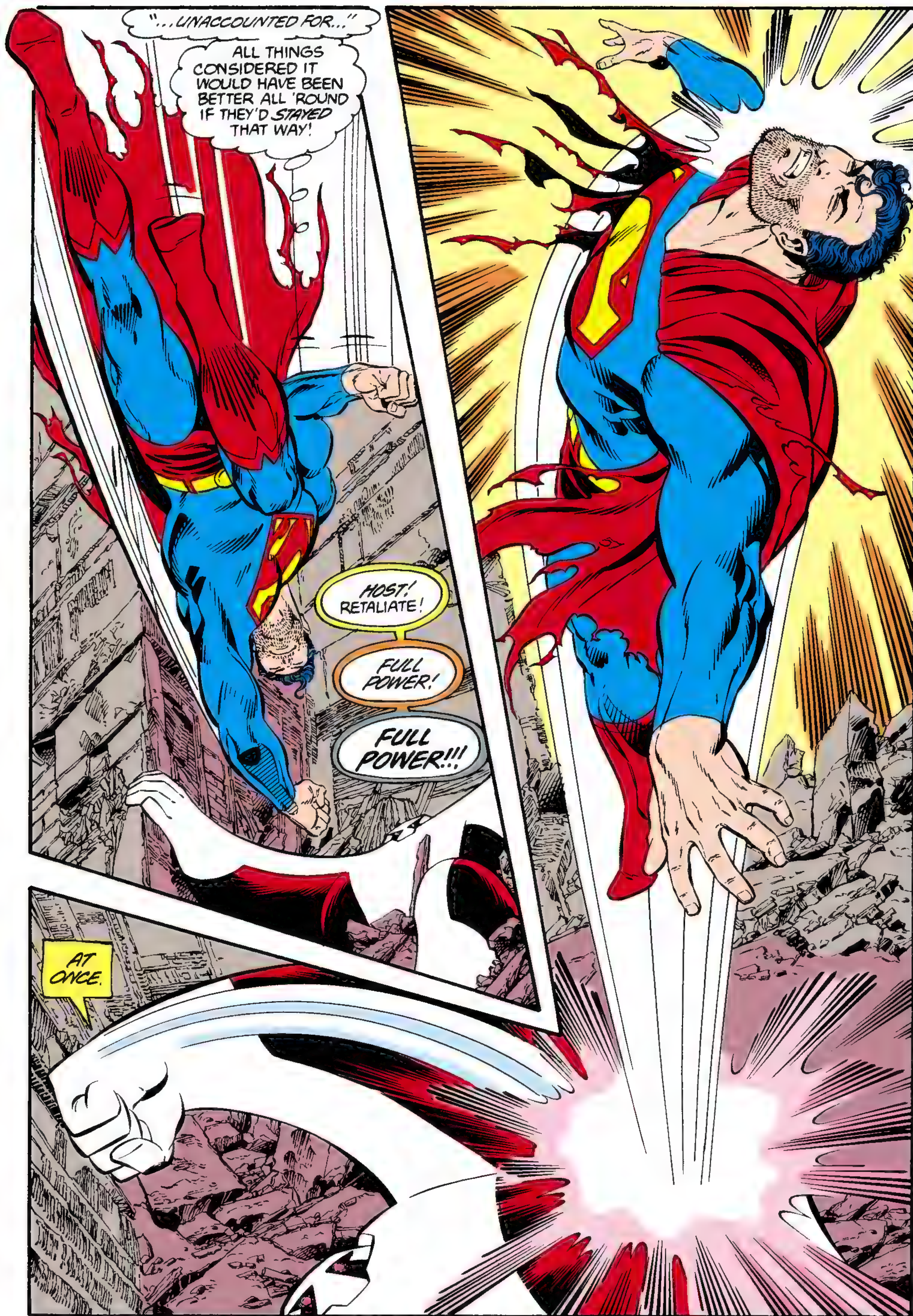


"BUT NOT ALL!"

"FIVE HUNDRED CHOSE ANOTHER WAY!"

"UNDER MY LEADERSHIP, THEY STAYED ON EARTH!"





"...UNACCOUNTED FOR..."

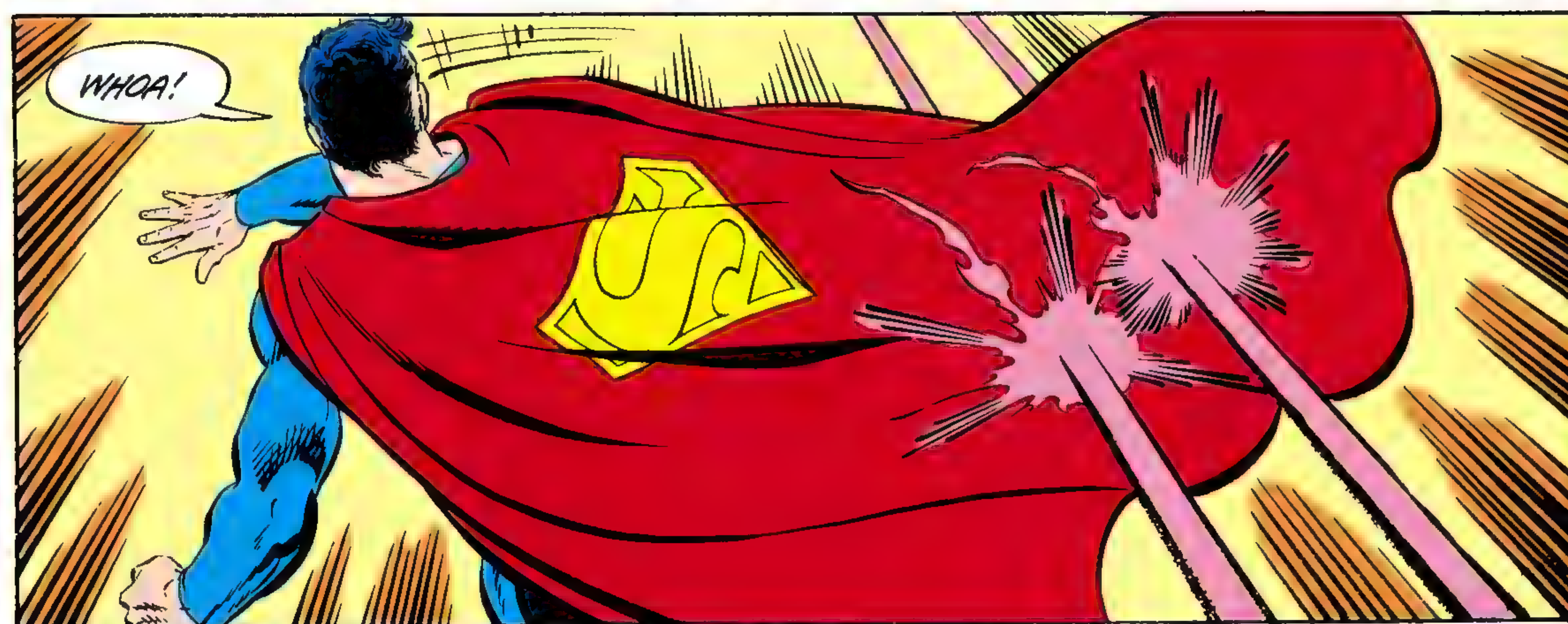
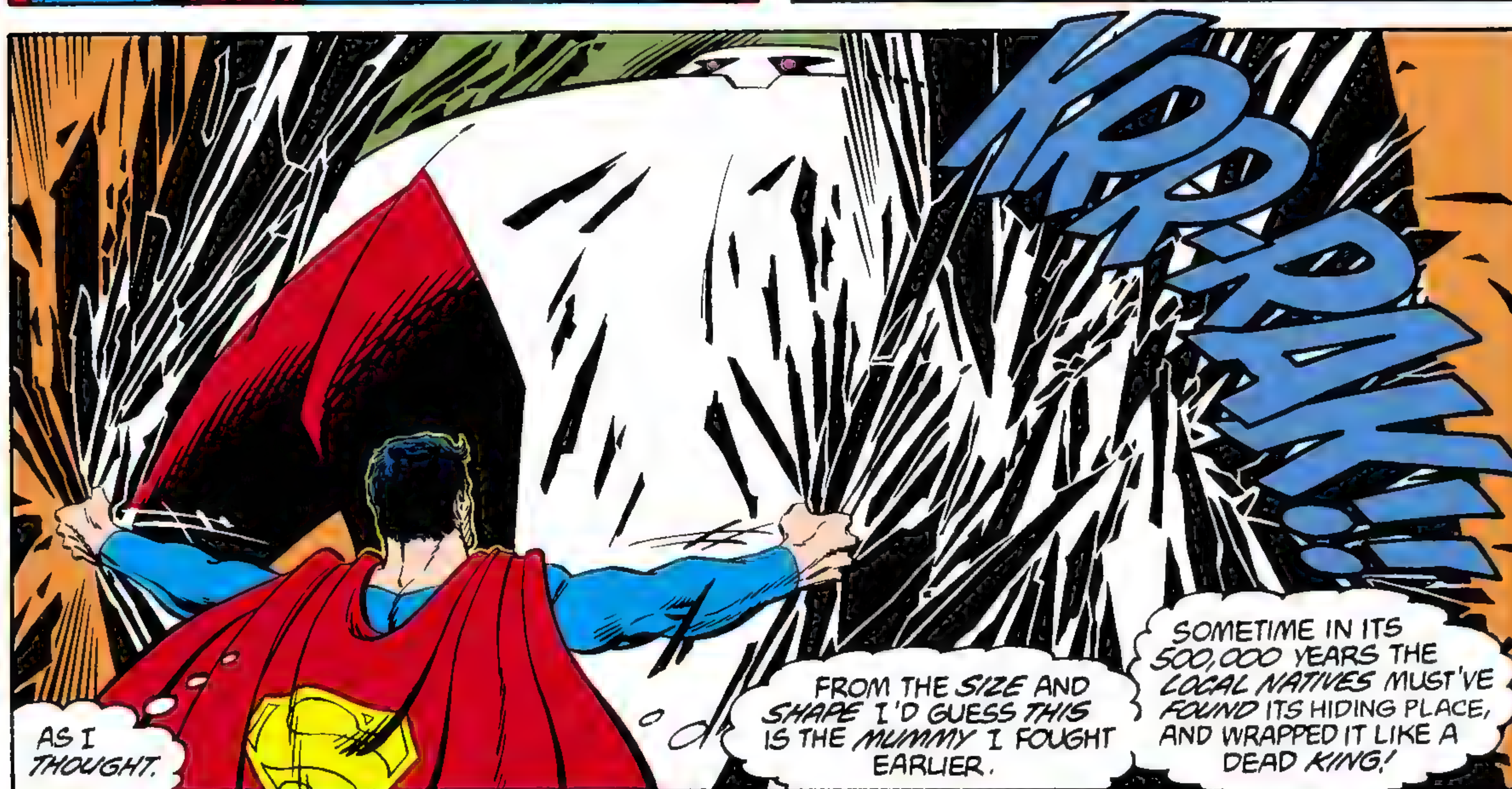
ALL THINGS
CONSIDERED IT
WOULD HAVE BEEN
BETTER ALL 'ROUND
IF THEY'D *STAYED*
THAT WAY!

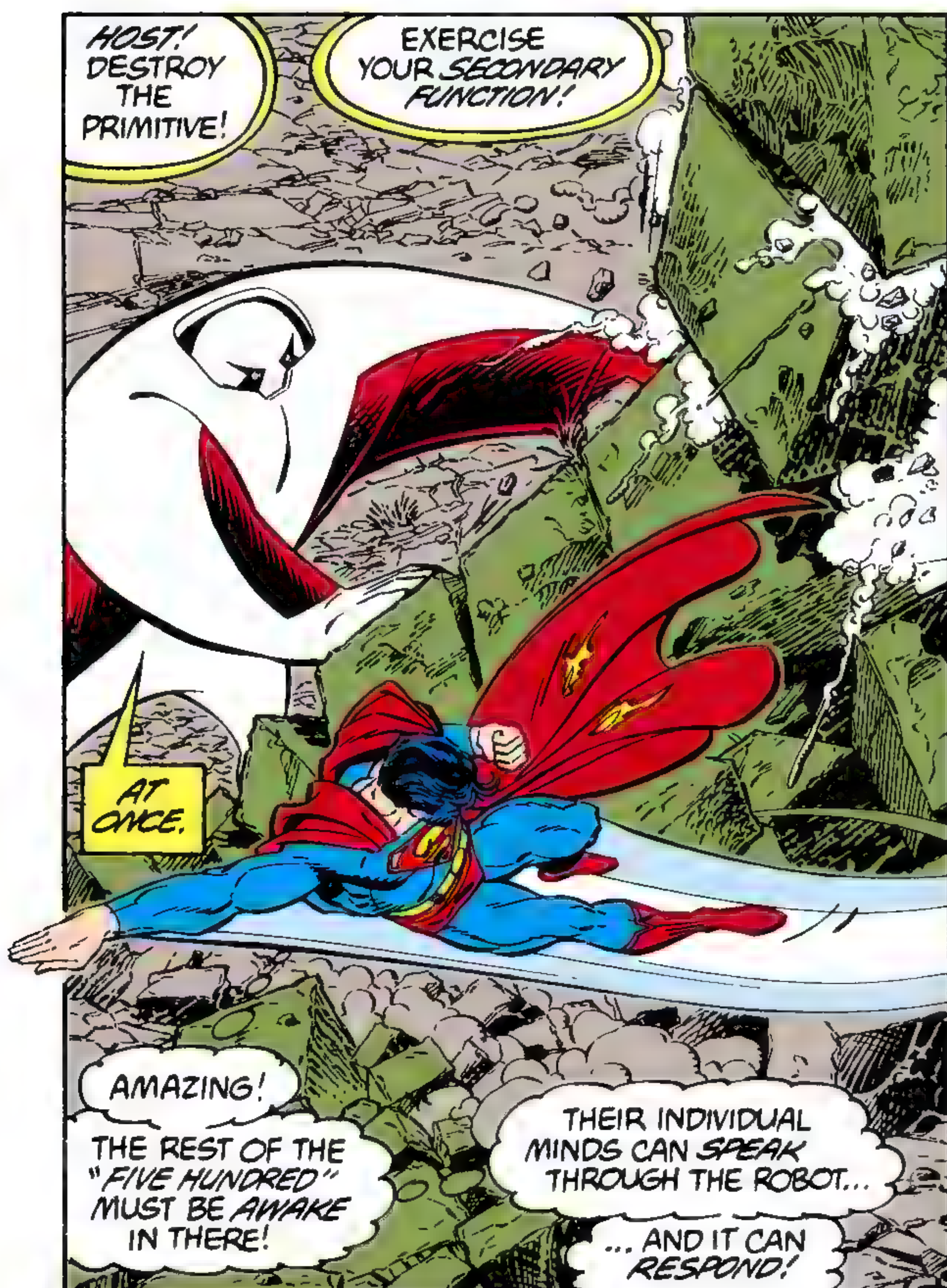
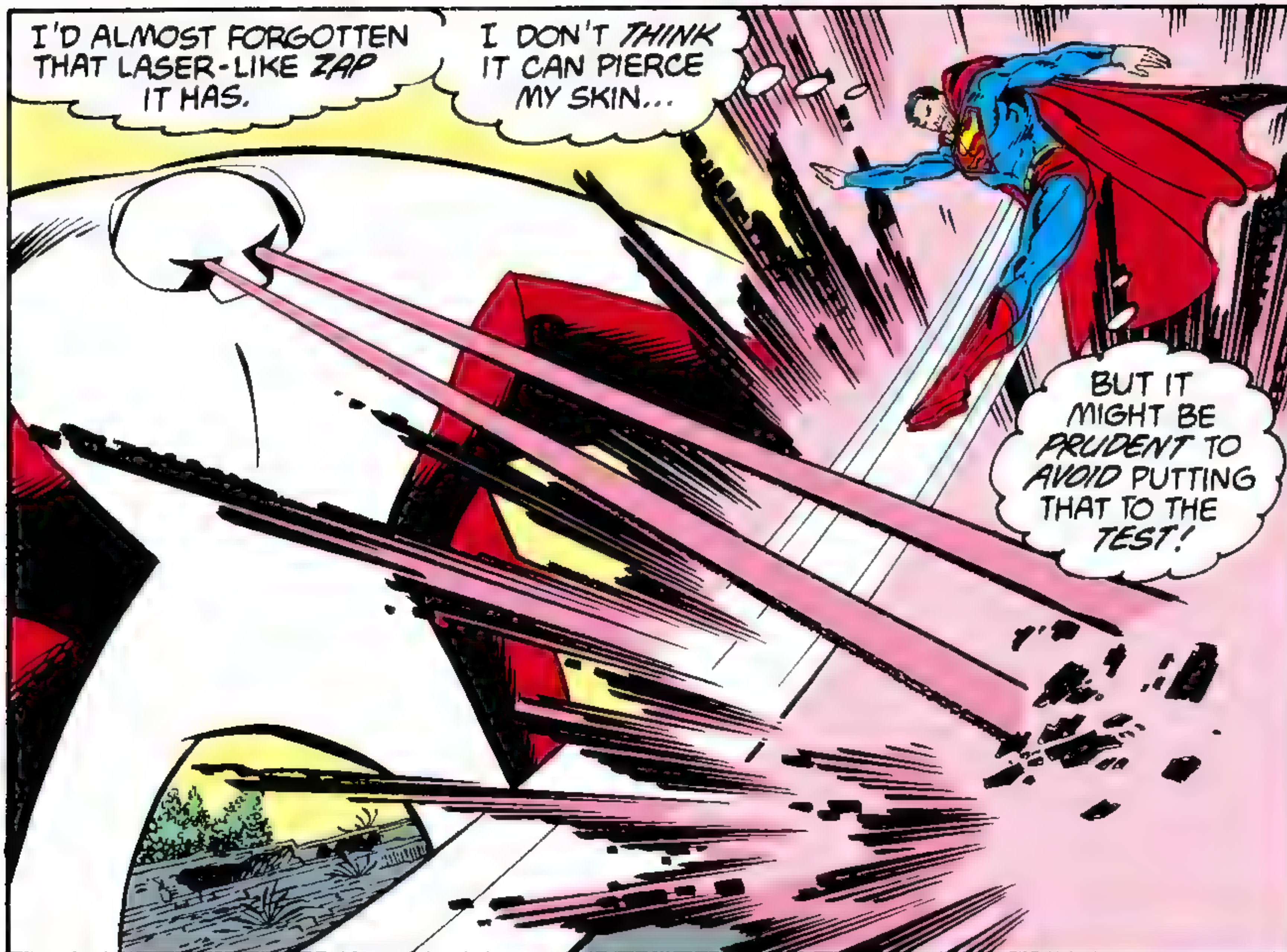
HOST!
RETA LIATE!

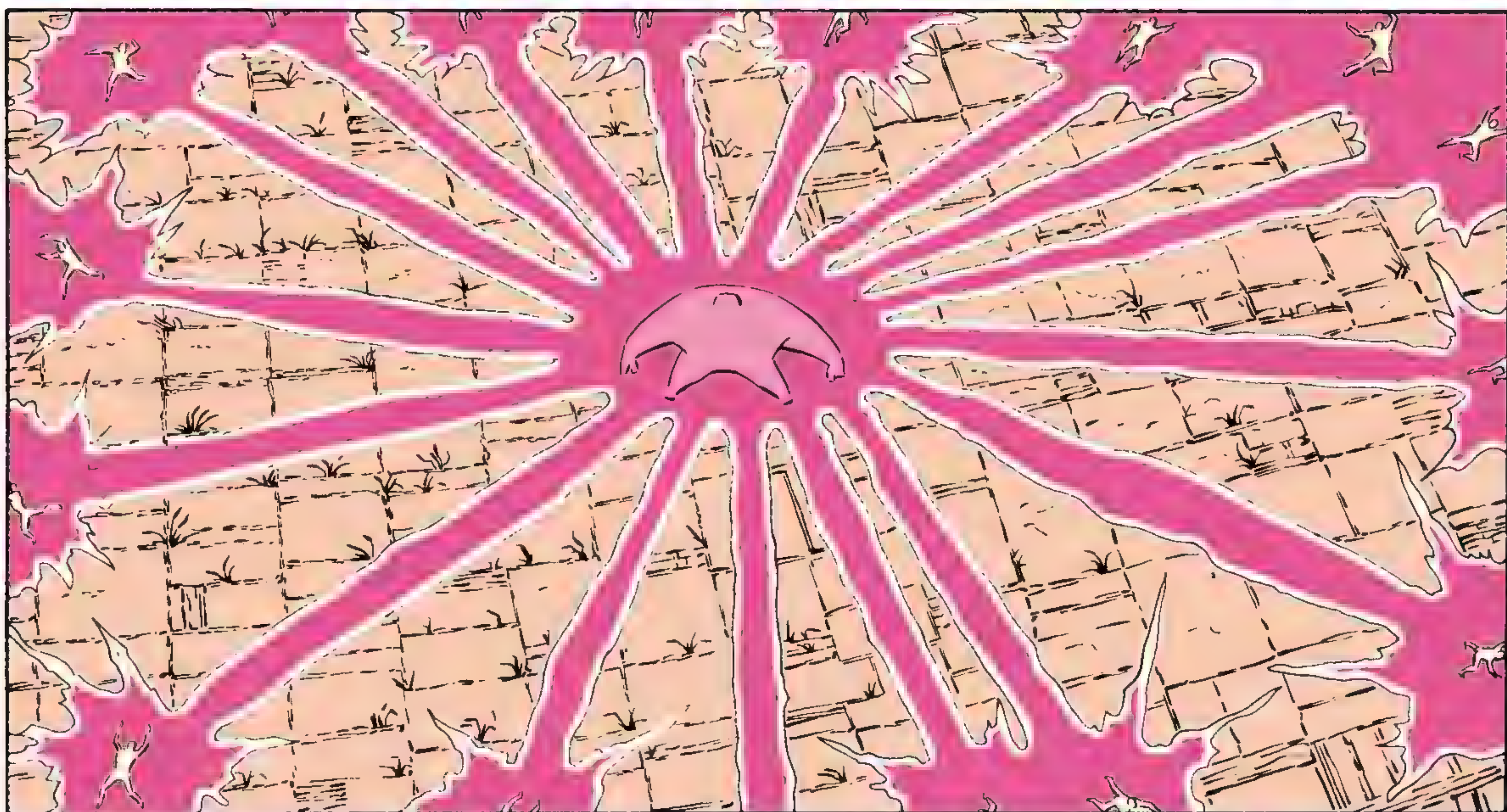
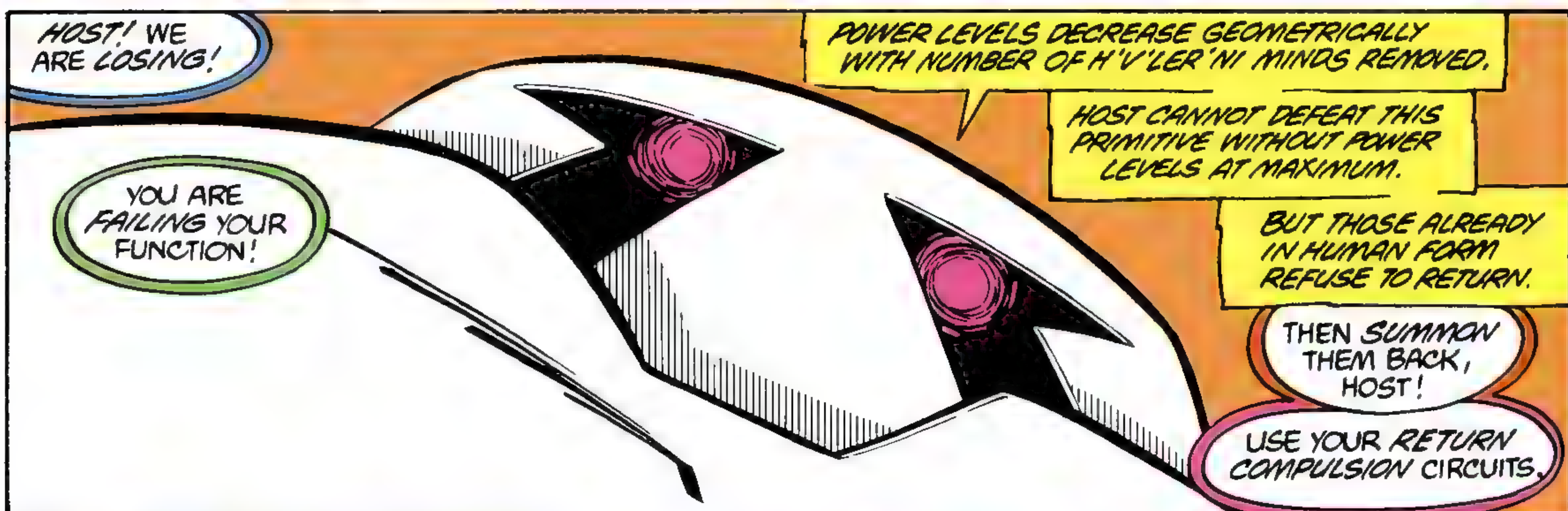
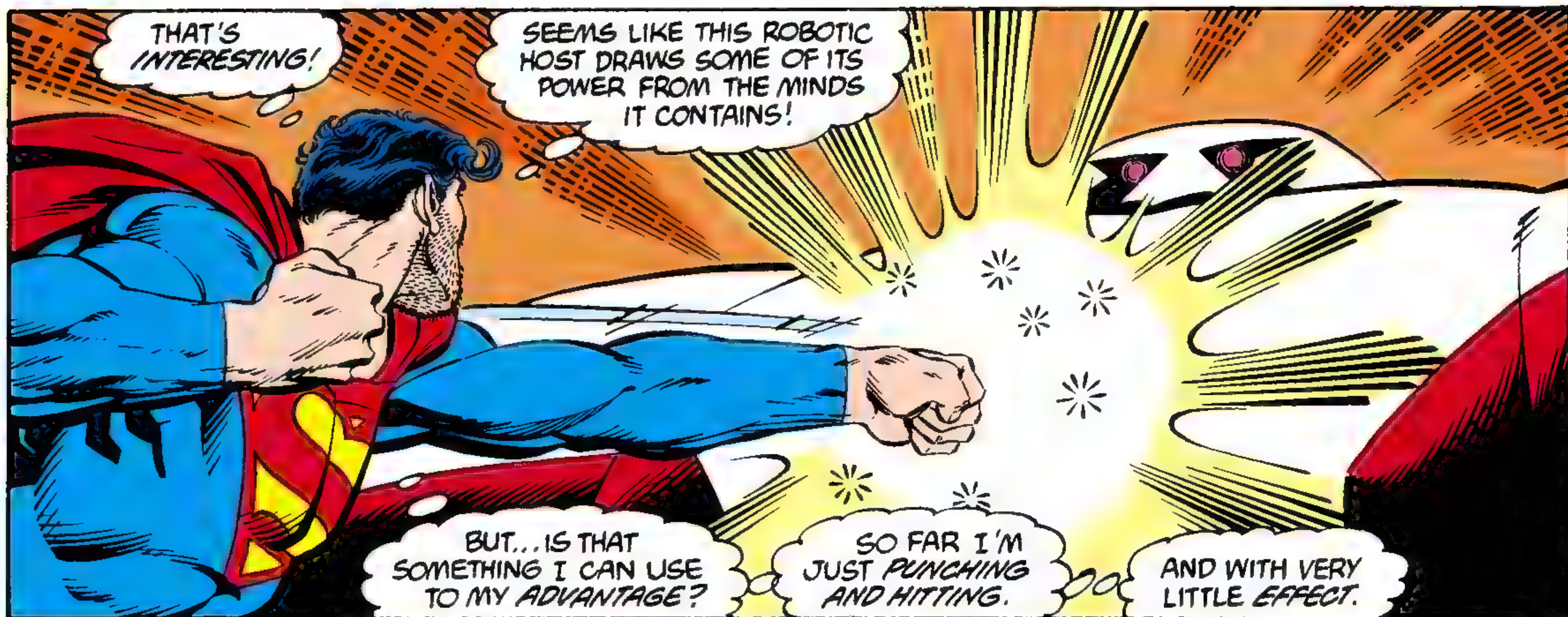
FULL
POWER!

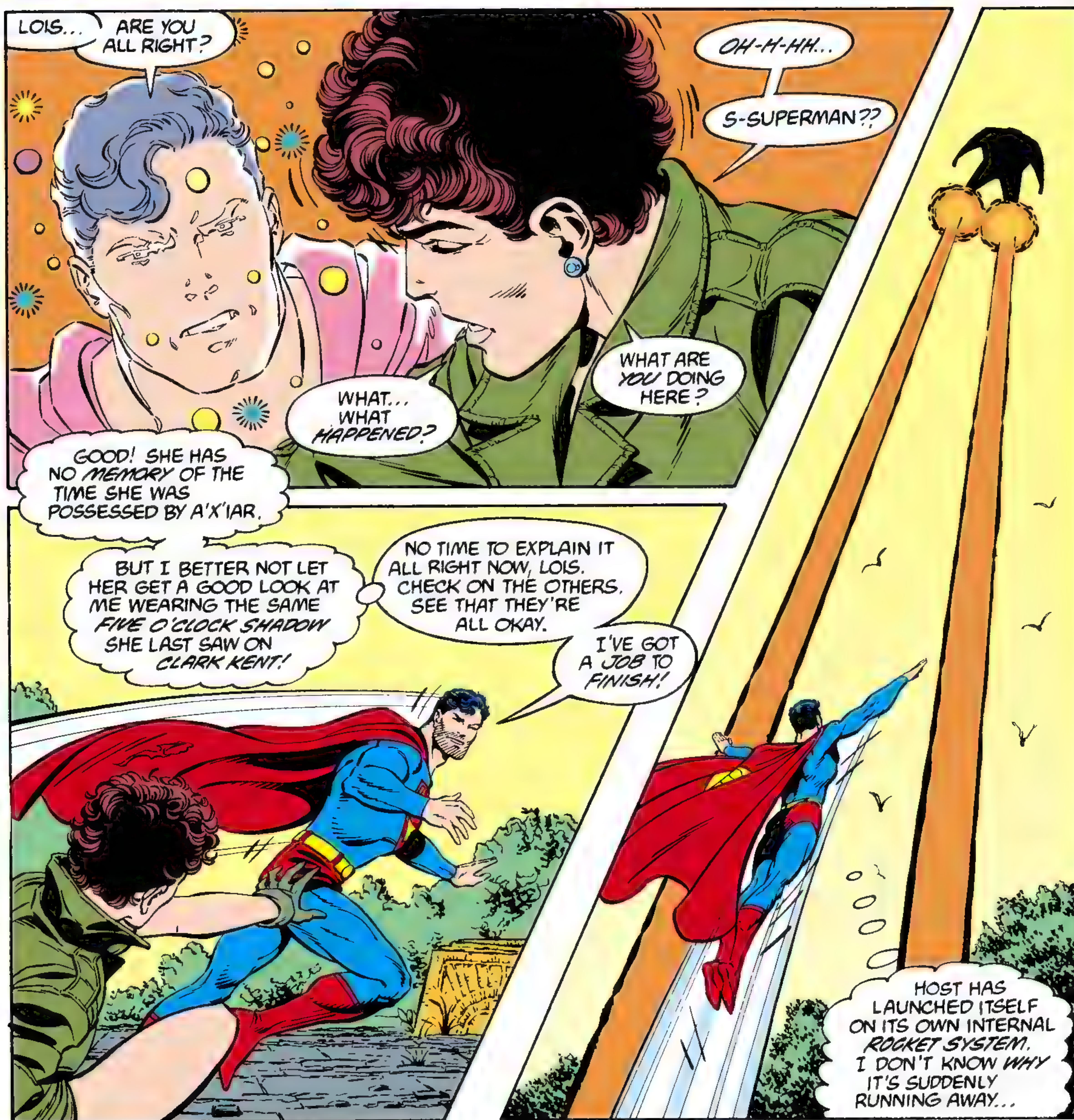
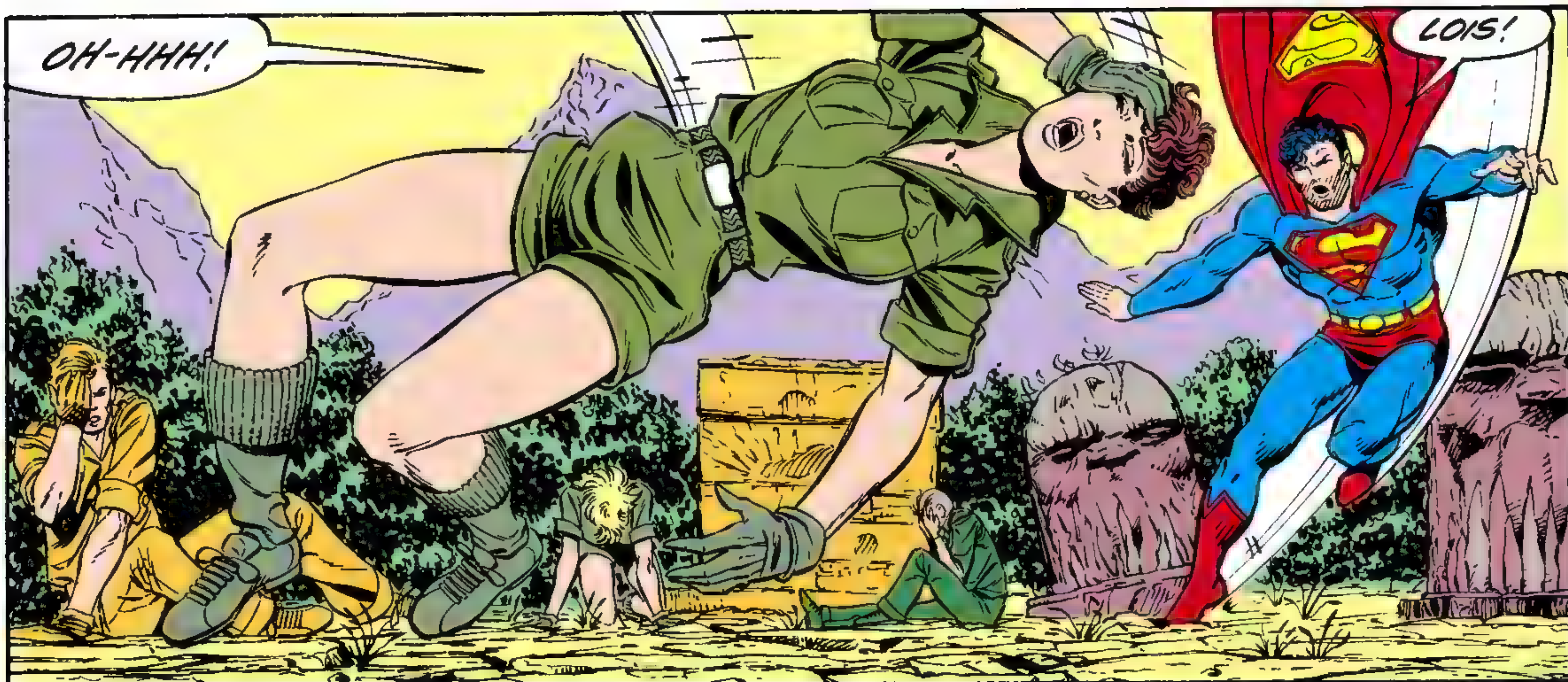
FULL
POWER!!!

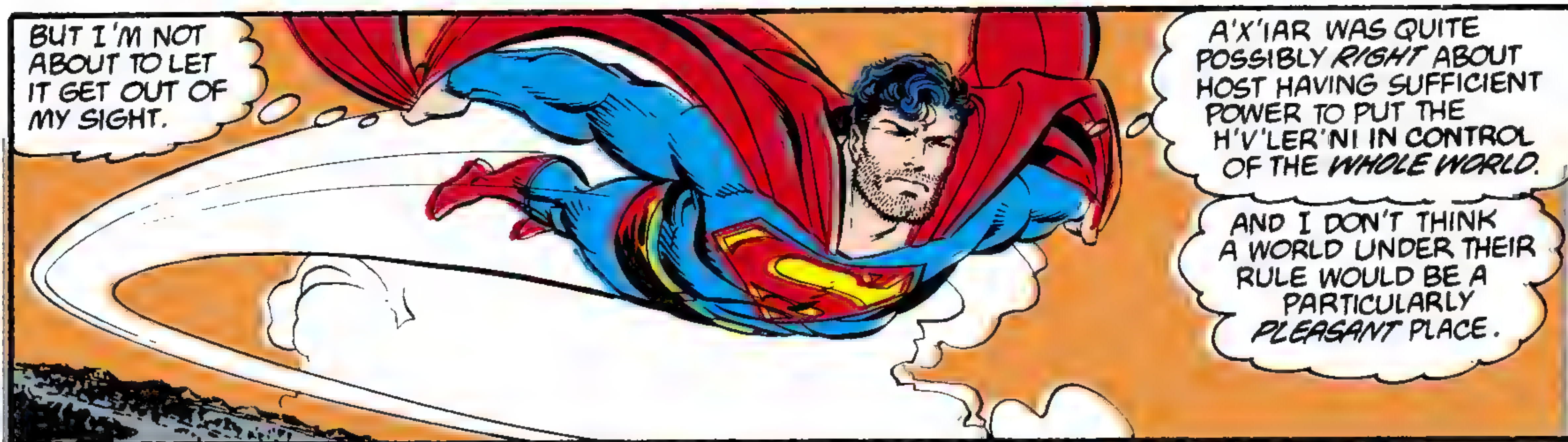
AT
ONCE.







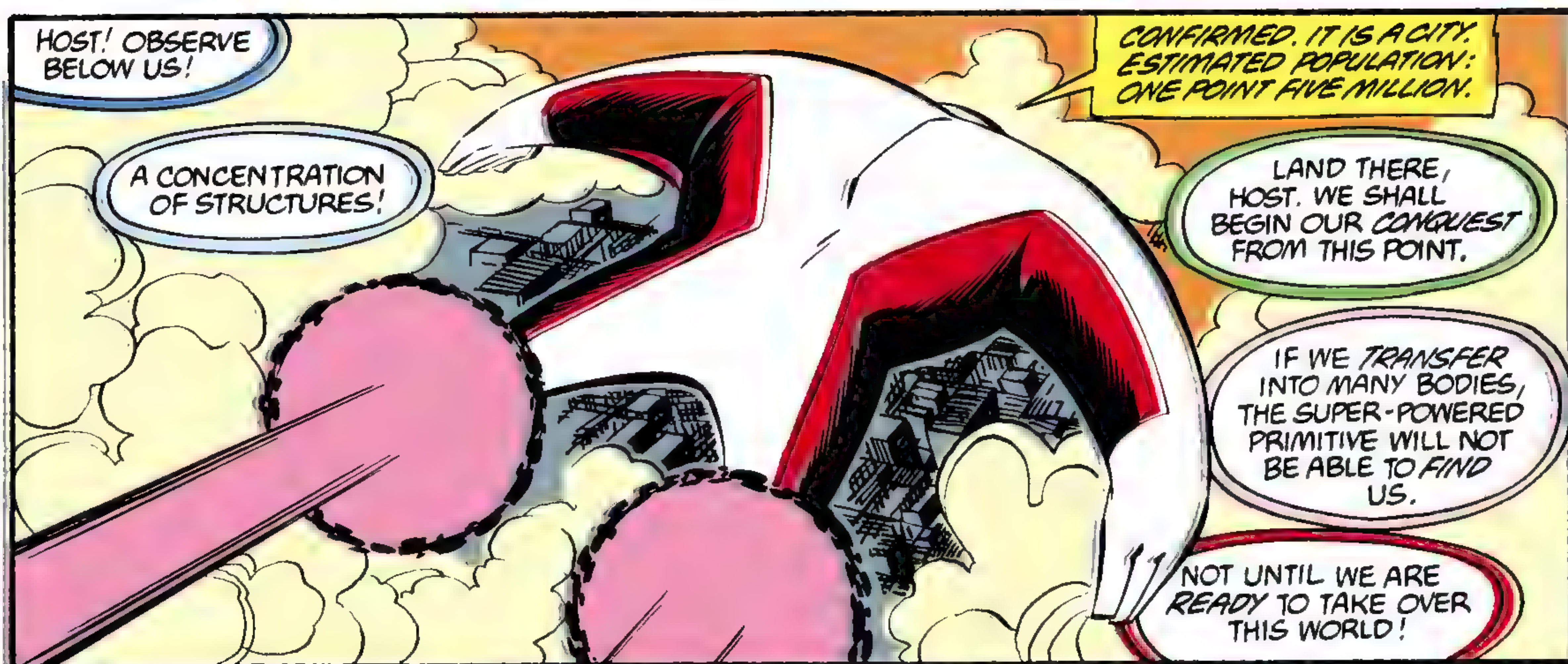




BUT I'M NOT ABOUT TO LET IT GET OUT OF MY SIGHT.

A'X'AR WAS QUITE POSSIBLY *RIGHT* ABOUT HOST HAVING SUFFICIENT POWER TO PUT THE H'V'LER'NI IN CONTROL OF THE *WHOLE WORLD*.

AND I DON'T THINK A WORLD UNDER THEIR RULE WOULD BE A PARTICULARLY PLEASANT PLACE.



HOST! OBSERVE BELOW US!

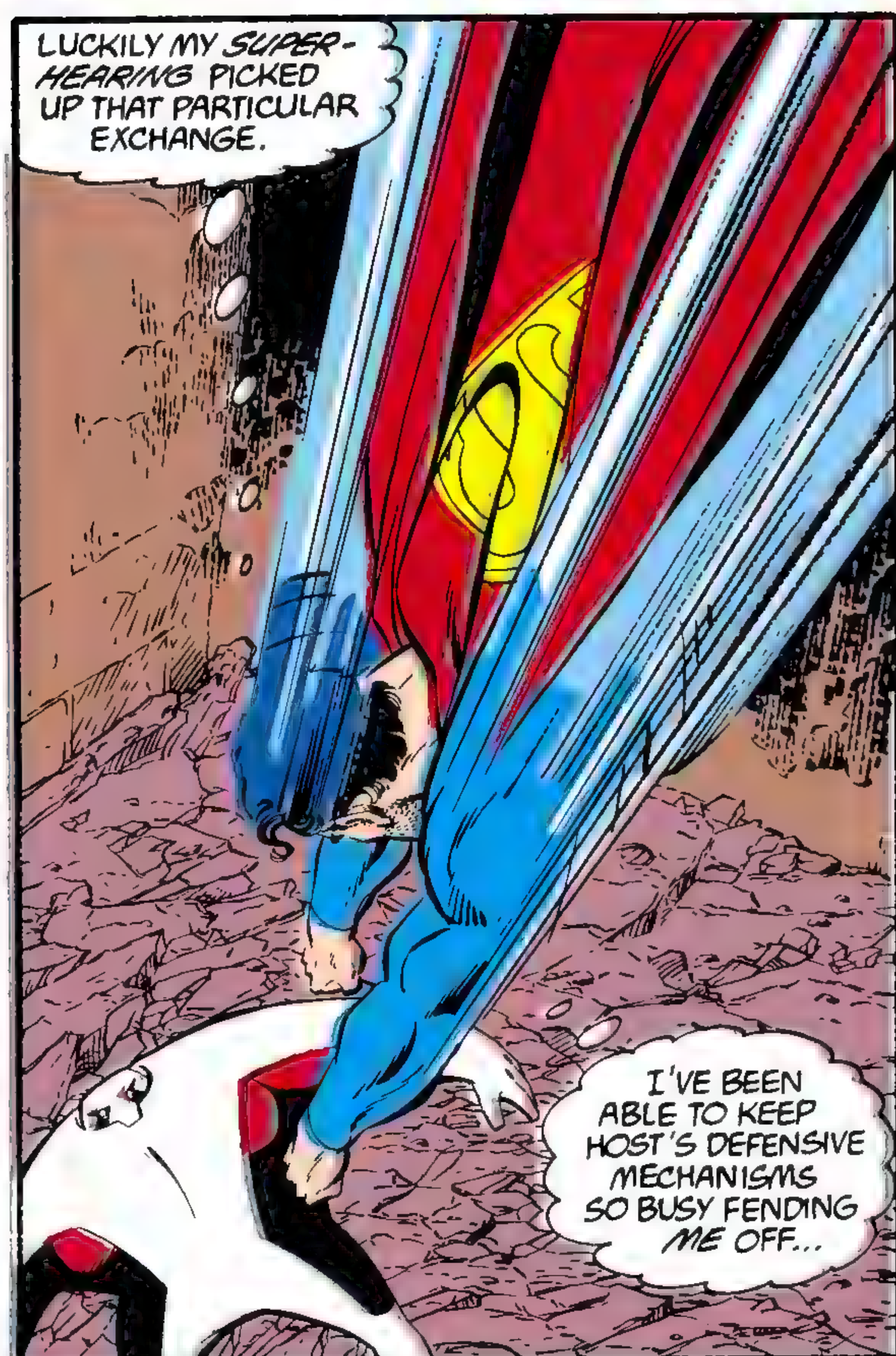
A CONCENTRATION OF STRUCTURES!

CONFIRMED. IT IS A CITY. ESTIMATED POPULATION: ONE POINT FIVE MILLION.

LAND THERE, HOST. WE SHALL BEGIN OUR *CONQUEST* FROM THIS POINT.

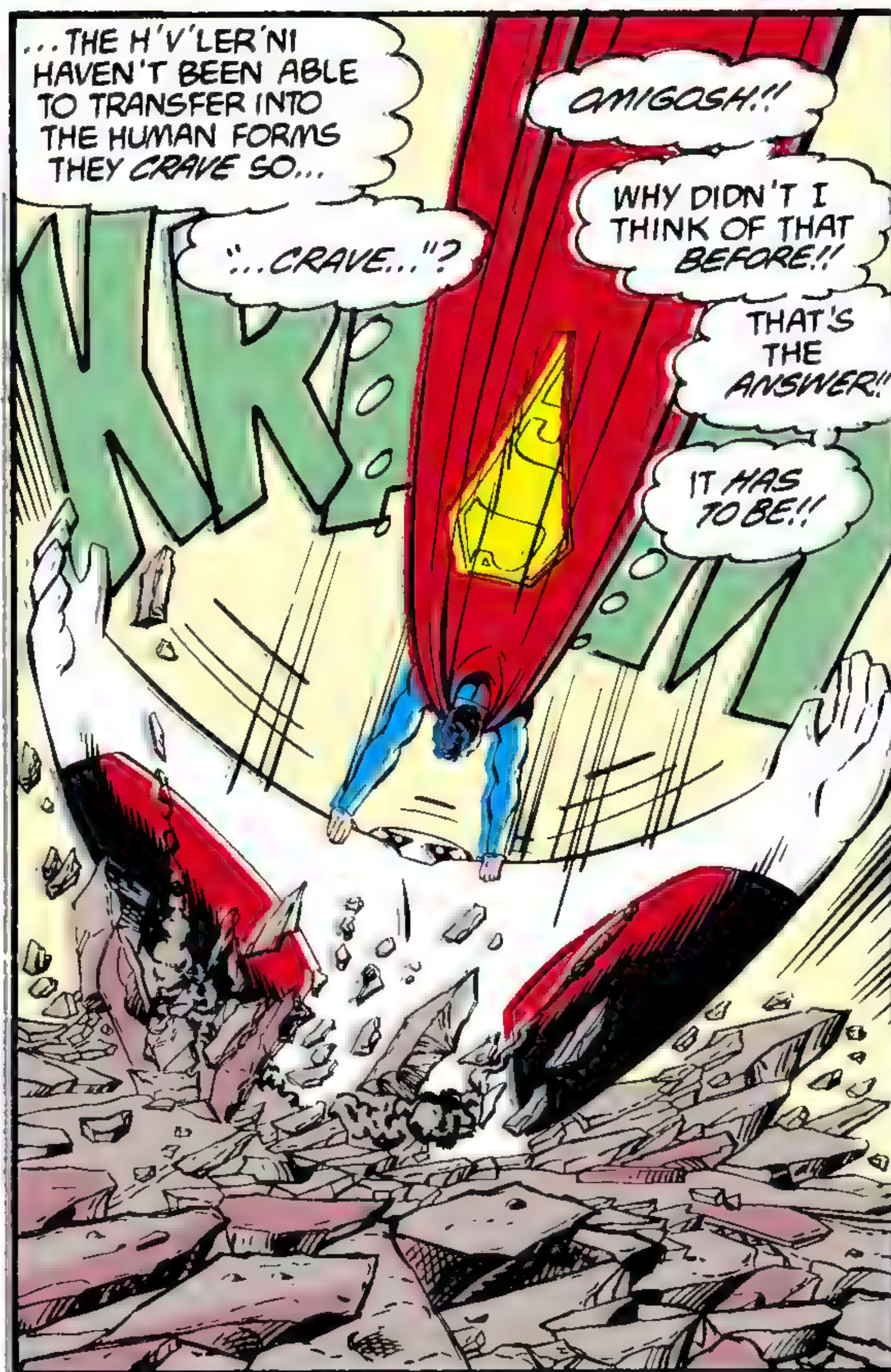
IF WE *TRANSFER* INTO MANY BODIES, THE SUPER-POWERED PRIMITIVE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO FIND US.

NOT UNTIL WE ARE READY TO TAKE OVER THIS WORLD!



LUCKILY MY *SUPER-HEARING* PICKED UP THAT PARTICULAR EXCHANGE.

I'VE BEEN ABLE TO KEEP HOST'S DEFENSIVE MECHANISMS SO BUSY FENDING ME OFF...



...THE H'V'LER'NI HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO TRANSFER INTO THE HUMAN FORMS THEY *CRAVE* SO...

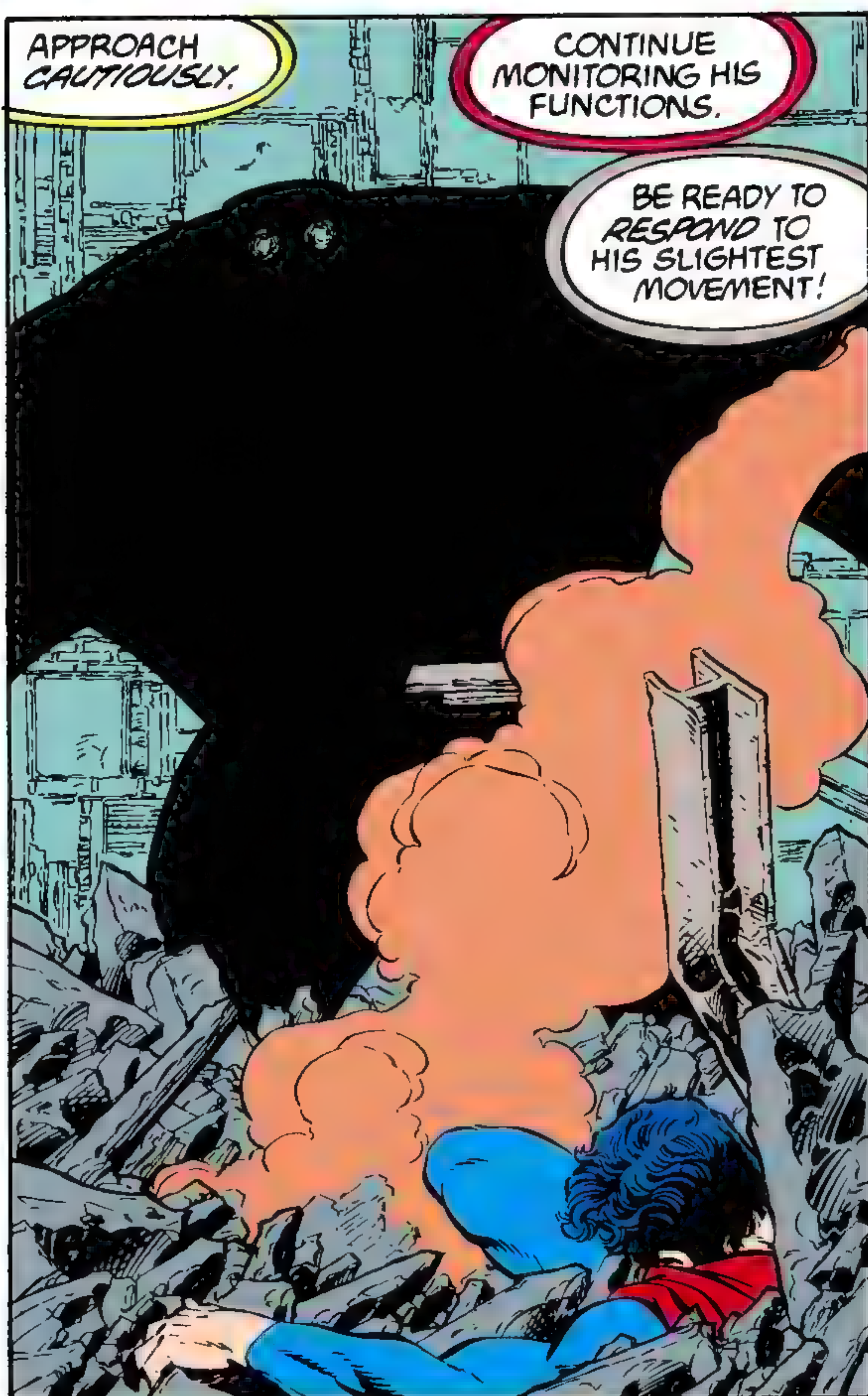
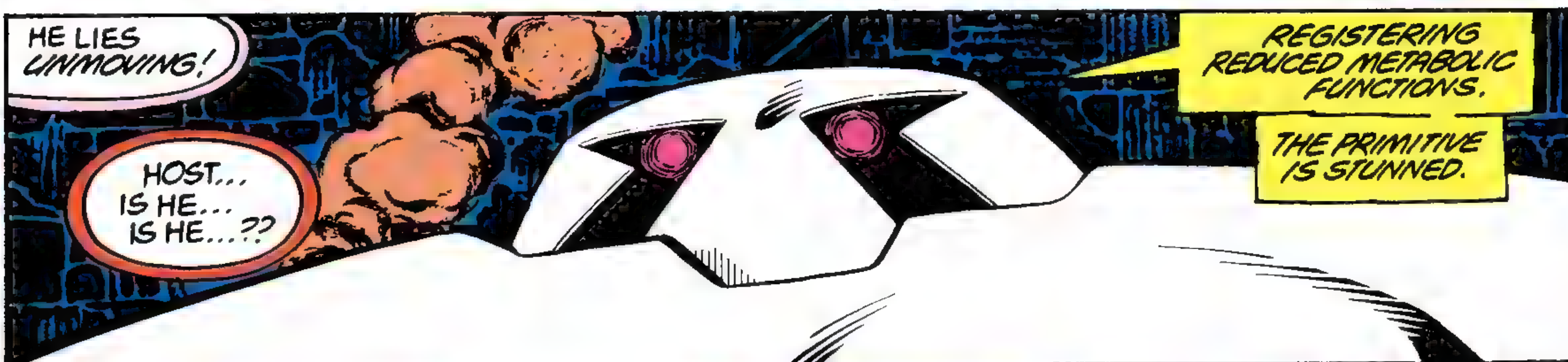
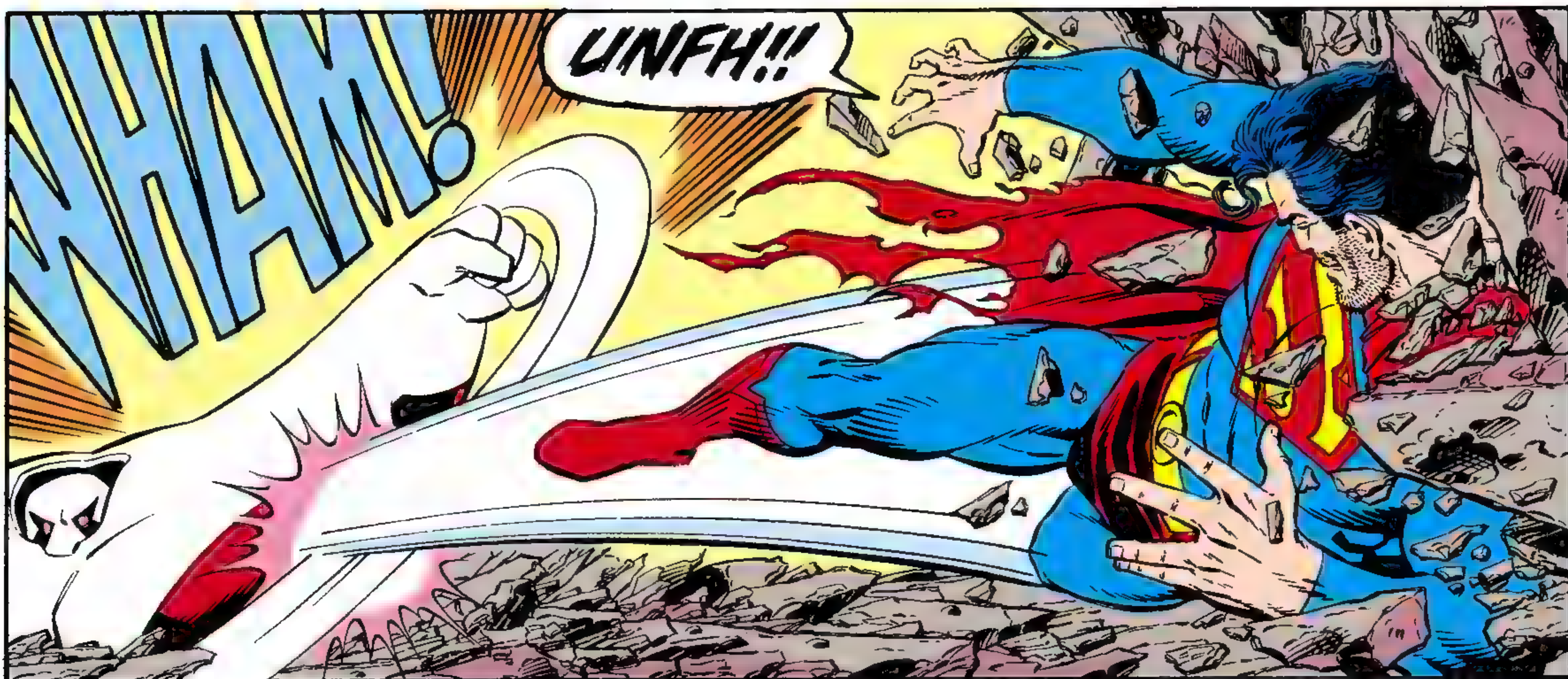
"...CRAVE..."?

OMIGOSH!!

WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE!!

THAT'S THE ANSWER!!

IT HAS TO BE!!



APPROACH CAUTIOUSLY.

CONTINUE MONITORING HIS FUNCTIONS.

BE READY TO RESPOND TO HIS SLIGHTEST MOVEMENT!

HE DOES NOT RESIST. HIS FUNCTIONS CONTINUE AT A REDUCED LEVEL.

IS HE... DYING?

NEGATIVE. ALL INDICATIONS SHOW HIM CONSCIOUS, BUT DAZED.

THEN... INITIATE TRANSFER SEQUENCE!

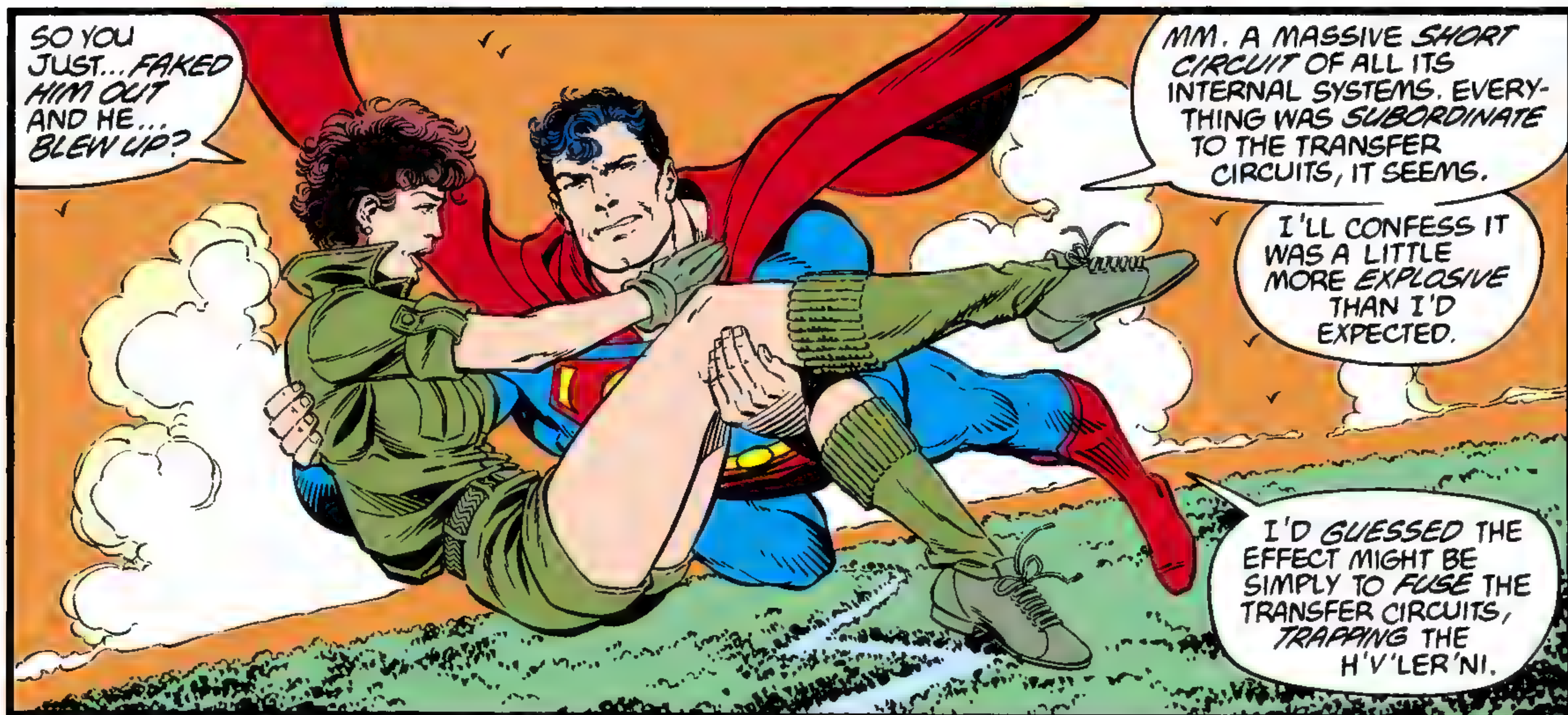
AT ONCE!!

HE LIES UNMOVING!

HOST... IS HE... IS HE...??

REGISTERING REDUCED METABOLIC FUNCTIONS.

THE PRIMITIVE IS STUNNED.

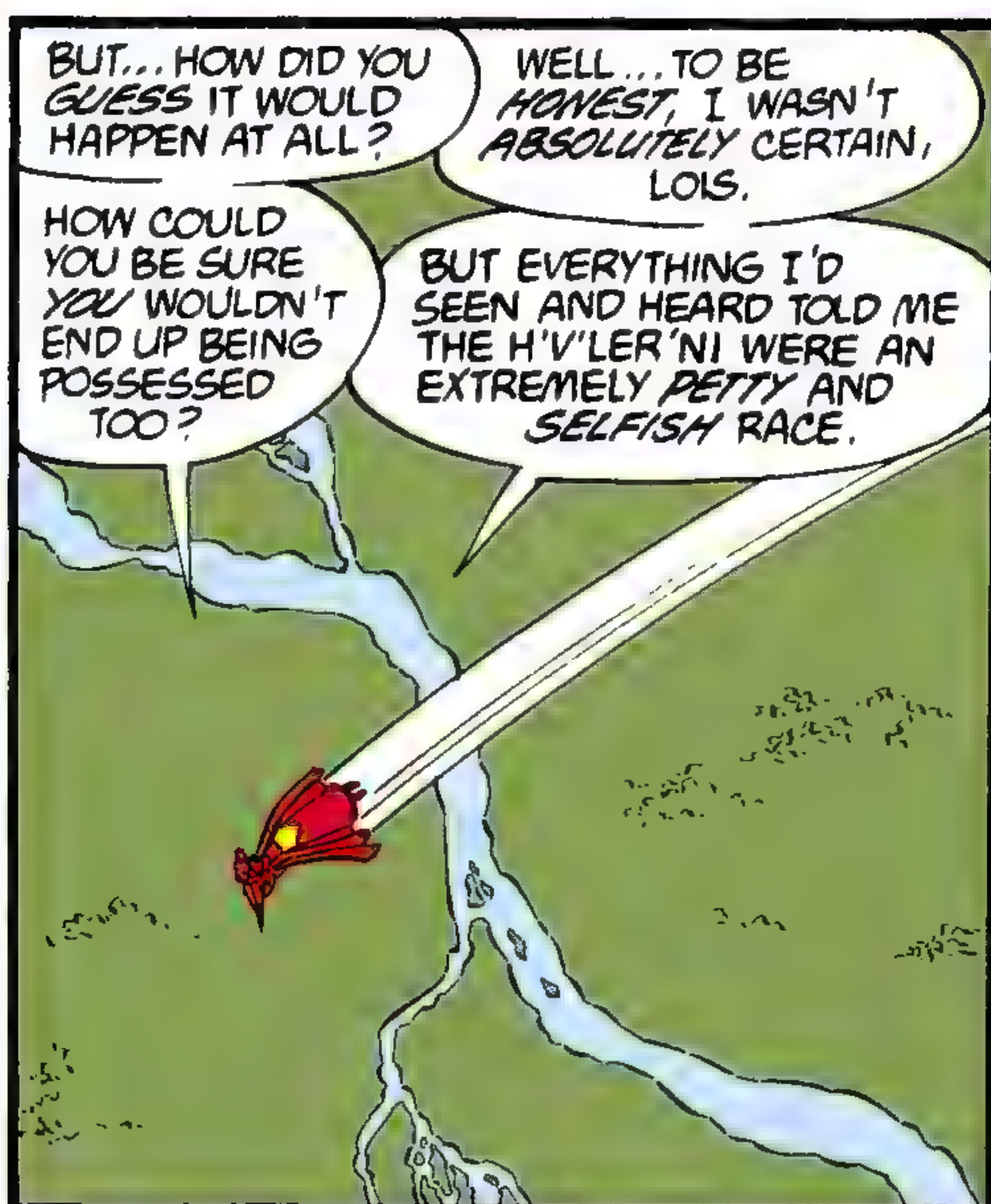


SO YOU JUST... *FAKED HIM OUT* AND HE... *BLEN UP?*

MM. A MASSIVE *SHORT CIRCUIT* OF ALL ITS INTERNAL SYSTEMS. EVERYTHING WAS *SUBORDINATE* TO THE TRANSFER CIRCUITS, IT SEEMS.

I'LL CONFESS IT WAS A LITTLE MORE *EXPLOSIVE* THAN I'D EXPECTED.

I'D *GUESSED* THE EFFECT MIGHT BE SIMPLY TO *FUSE* THE TRANSFER CIRCUITS, *TRAPPING* THE H'V'LER'NI.

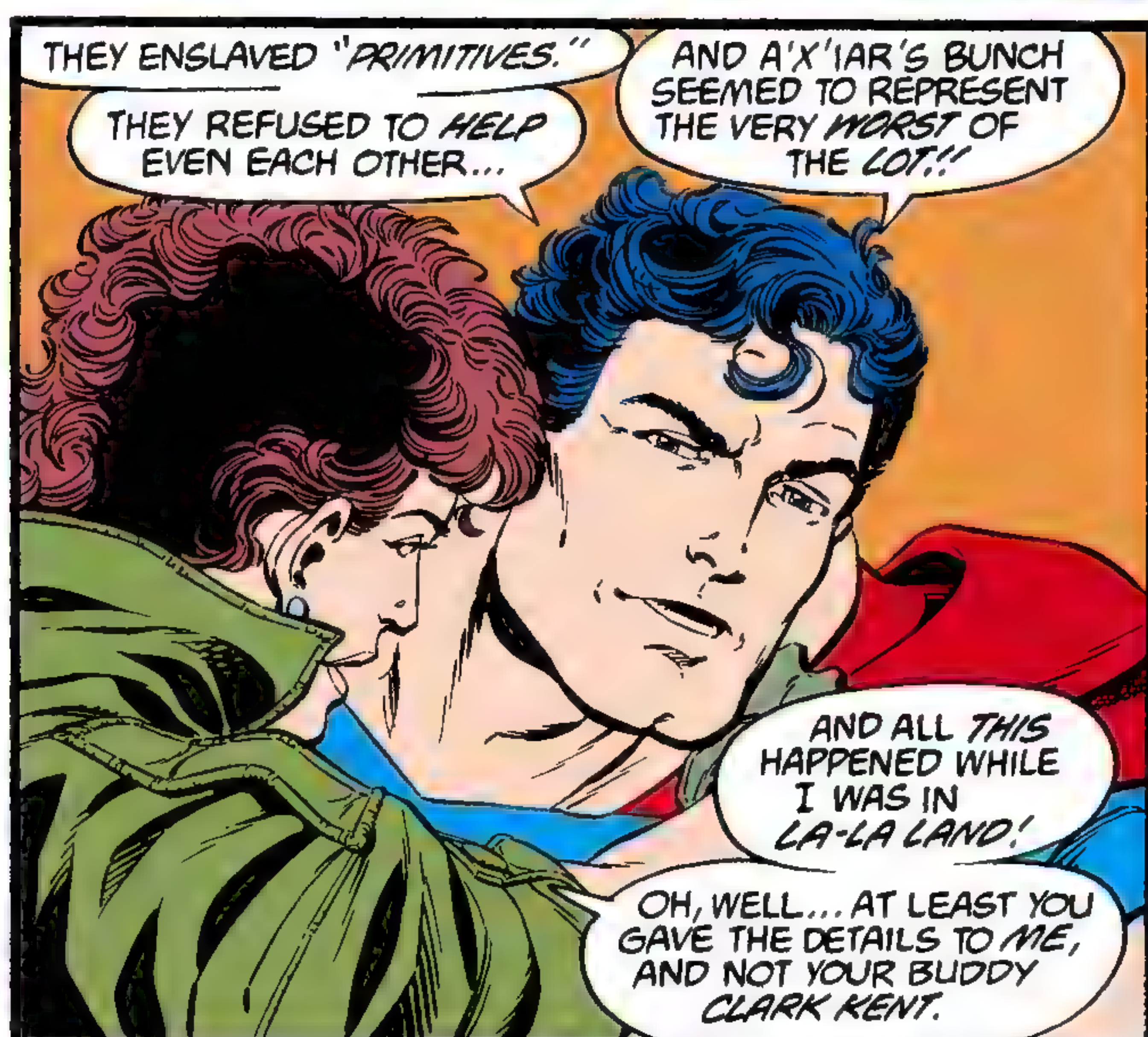


BUT... HOW DID YOU *GUESS* IT WOULD HAPPEN AT ALL?

WELL... TO BE *HONEST*, I WASN'T *ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN*, LOIS.

HOW COULD YOU BE SURE YOU WOULDN'T END UP BEING *POSSESSED* TOO?

BUT EVERYTHING I'D SEEN AND HEARD TOLD ME THE H'V'LER'NI WERE AN EXTREMELY *PETTY* AND *SELFISH* RACE.



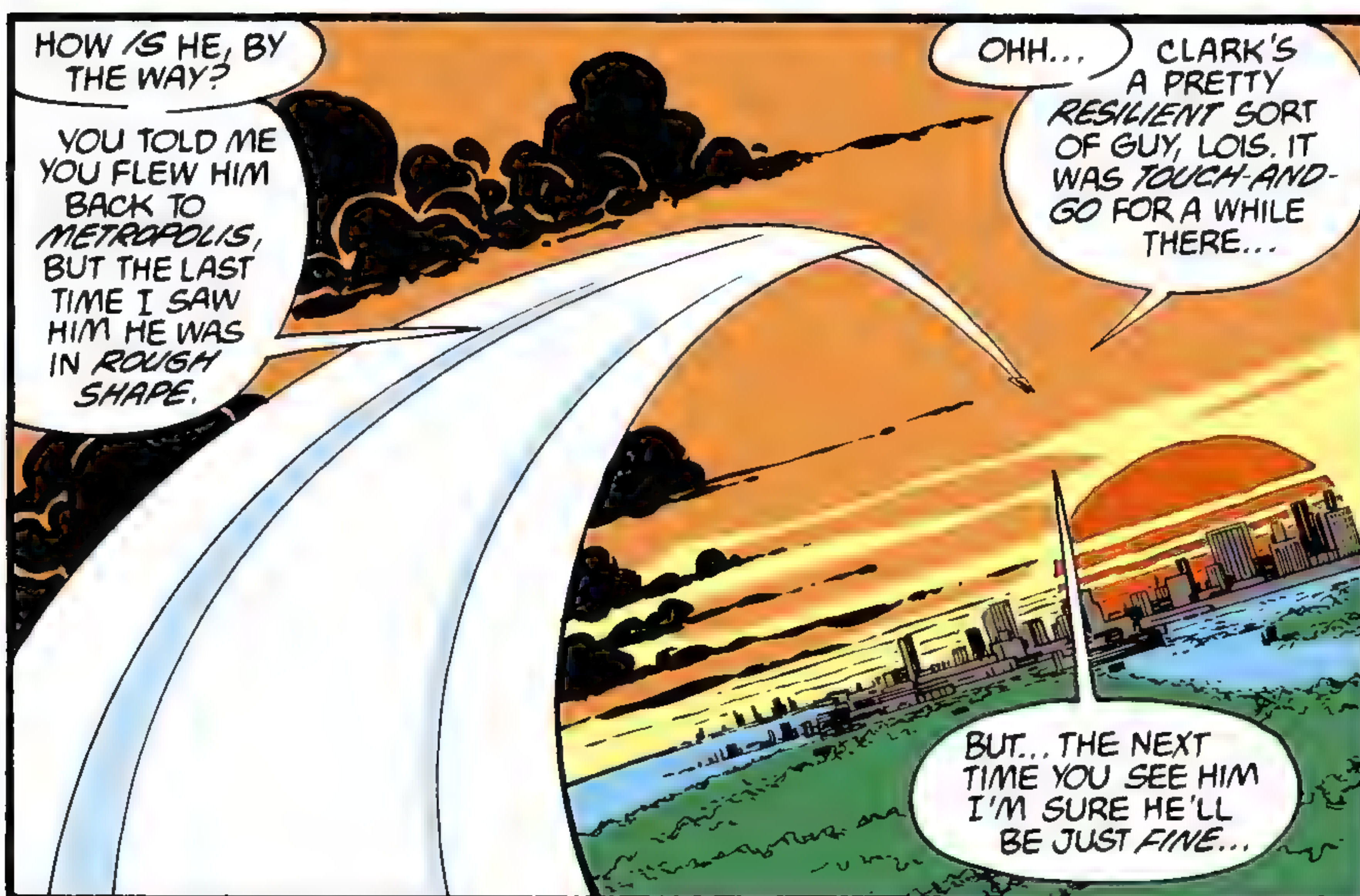
THEY ENSLAVED "*PRIMITIVES*."

THEY REFUSED TO *HELP* EVEN EACH OTHER...

AND A'X'JAR'S BUNCH SEEMED TO REPRESENT THE VERY *WORST* OF THE *LOT!!*

AND ALL *THIS* HAPPENED WHILE I WAS IN *LA-LA LAND!*

OH, WELL... AT LEAST YOU GAVE THE DETAILS TO *ME*, AND NOT YOUR BUDDY *CLARK KENT*.



HOW *IS* HE, BY THE WAY?

YOU TOLD ME YOU FLEW HIM BACK TO *METROPOLIS*, BUT THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM HE WAS IN *ROUGH SHAPE*.

OH... CLARK'S A PRETTY *RESILIENT* SORT OF GUY, LOIS. IT WAS *TOUGH AND-GO* FOR A WHILE THERE...

BUT... THE NEXT TIME YOU SEE HIM I'M SURE HE'LL BE JUST *FINE*...

Superman Post-Crisis Chronology
Volume 012 The Last Five Hundred

"Bloodsport!", first appeared in Superman issue #4, released February, 1987

John Byrne (writer), John Byrne (penciller), Karl Kesel (inker), Terry Austin (inker)

"Mind Games", first appeared in The Adventures of Superman issue #, released February, 1987

Marv Wolfman (writer), Jerry Ordway (penciller), Jerry Ordway (inker)

"Personal Best", first appeared in The Adventures of Superman issue #, released March, 1987

Marv Wolfman (writer), Jerry Ordway (penciller), Jerry Ordway (inker)

"Cityscape!", first appeared in Action Comics issue #587, released February, 1987

John Byrne (writer), John Byrne (penciller), John Byrne (penciller), Dick Giordano (inker), John Byrne (inker), John Byrne (inker)

"The Mummy Strikes!", first appeared in Superman issue #5, released March, 1987

John Byrne (writer), John Byrne (penciller), Karl Kesel (inker)

"The Last Five Hundred", first appeared in Superman issue #6, released April, 1987

John Byrne (writer), John Byrne (penciller), Karl Kesel (inker)



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**...HE
PLAYS
FOR
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THOUGH WE'VE
FOUGHT SIDE BY
SIDE, MAN OF
STEEL --

--YOU MUST
DIE, SO THAT
MILLIONS
MAY LIVE!

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DESTROY
HIM!



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